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THE
AMERICAN
PROSE MISCELLANY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

‘ Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
‘ One line, which dying, he would wish to blot.’

Philadelphia :

PUBLISHED BY ROBERT JOHNSON, C. & A. CONRAD
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THE
AMERICAN
PROSE MISCELLANY.

RULES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR ASSISTING CHILDREN
TO READ WITH PROPRIETY.—MURRAY.

THE compiler of this work having, in the preface to his “English Reader,” explained at large the principles of elocution, nothing on this head seems to be necessary in the present publication, but to give a few plain and simple rules adapted to the younger classes of learners; and to make some observations, calculated to rectify the errors which they are most apt to commit. These rules may be comprehended under the following heads. They are comprised in few words, and a little separated from the observations, that those teachers who wish their pupils to commit them to memory, may more readily distinguish them from the parts which require only an attentive perusal.

I. All the simple sounds should be pronounced with fulness, distinctness, and energy; particularly the vowels, on the proper utterance of which, the force and beauty of pronunciation greatly depend.

The simple sounds, especially those signified by the letters *l*, *r*, *s*, *th* and *sh*, are often very imperfectly pronounced by young persons. *B* and *p* are apt to be con-

founded ; so are *d* and *t*, *s* and *z*, *f* and *v*. The letters *v* and *w* are often sounded the one for the other : thus, wine is pronounced vine ; and vinegar, winegar. The dipthong *ow* is, in some words, vulgarly sounded like *er* : as foller, meller, winder ; instead of follow, mellow, window. When several consonants, proper to be sounded, occur in the beginning or the end of words, it is a very common error to omit one of them in pronunciation : as in the words asps, casks, guests, breadth, fifth, twelfth, strength, hearths. Not sounding the letter *h*, when it is proper to sound this letter, is a great fault in pronunciation, and very difficult wholly to correct.

When children have acquired any improper habits with respect to simple sounds, the best mode of correction is, to make them frequently repeat words and sentences, in which those sounds occur. When the simple sounds are thoroughly understood and acquired, the various combinations of them into syllables and words will be easily effected.

II. In order to give spirit and propriety to pronunciation, due attention must be paid to accent, emphasis, and cadence.

When we distinguish a syllable by a greater stress of the voice, it is called *accent*. When we thus distinguish any word in a sentence, it is called *emphasis*. It is difficult to give precise rules for placing the accent : but the best general direction is, to consult the most approved pronouncing dictionaries, and to imitate the practice of the most correct speakers.

There are, in every sentence, some word or words, on which the senses of the rest depends ; and these must always be distinguished by a fuller and stronger sound of voice, whether they are found in the beginning, the middle, or the end of the sentence. It is highly improper to lay an emphasis on words of little importance. Words put in opposition to each other are always emphatical : as, "*here* I am miserable ; but *there*, I shall be happy." "Children," says Beattie,

are not often taught to read with proper emphasis. When books are put before them which they do not understand, it is impossible they should apply it properly. Let them, therefore, read nothing but what is level to their capacity. Let them read deliberately, and with attention to every word. Let them be set right, not only when they misapply the emphasis ; but also cautioned against the opposite extremes of too forcible and too feeble an application of it : for by the former of these faults, they become affected in their utterance ; and by the latter, insipid." That children may be enabled to supply the emphasis, with judgment, they should carefully study the subject, and ascertain the meaning of every difficult word and sentence, previous to their being called to read to the teacher.

As emphasis consists in raising the voice, cadence signifies the falling of it. Towards the close of a sentence, the cadence takes place, unless the concluding words be emphatical. It should always be easy and gradual, not abrupt ; and should never be expressed in a feeble and languid manner. Even the falling of the voice may be managed with spirit and variety.

III. As the art of reading greatly depends on the proper management of the breath, it should be used with œconomy. The voice ought to be relieved at every stop ; slightly at a comma, more leisurely at a semicolon, or a colon, and completely at a period.

A due attention to this rule will prevent a broken, faint, and languid voice, which is the usual fault of ignorant and vulgar readers. It will enable the reader to preserve the command of his voice ; to pronounce the longest sentence with as much ease as the shortest ; and to acquire that freedom and energy, with which a person of judgment naturally expresses his perceptions, emotions, and passions, in common discourse.

The comma marks the shortest pause ; the semicolon, a pause double that of the comma ; the colon, double that of the semicolon ; and the period, double

that of the colon. A dash following a stop, shows that the pause is to be greater than if the stop were alone ; and when used by itself, requires a pause of such length as the sense alone can determine. A paragraph requires a pause double that which is proper at a period.

The points of interrogation and exclamation, are uncertain as to their time. The pause which they demand is equal to a semicolon, a colon, or a period, as the sense may require. They should be attended with an elevation of the voice. The parenthesis, unless accompanied with a stop, requires but a small pause. It generally marks a moderate depression of the voice.

IV. Let the tone of voice in reading be the same as it would be in speaking on the same subject.

To render this rule proper and effectual, children should be taught to speak slowly, distinctly, and with due attention to the sentiments they express. The mode of speaking is then only to be imitated by the reader, when it is just and natural.

V. Endeavour to vary and modulate the voice according to the nature of the subject, whether it be in a solemn, a serious, a familiar, a gay, a homorous or an ironical strain.

It would be highly improper to read an interesting narrative, with an air of negligence ; to express warm emotions of the heart, with cold indifference ; and to pronounce a passage of Scripture, on a sublime and important subject, with the familiar tone of common conversation. On the other hand, it would be absurd to read a letter on trivial subjects, in a mournful strain ; or a production of gaiety and humor, with grave formality.

VI. In reading verse, the same general directions must be observed, as has been given for reading prose.

Narrative, didactic, descriptive, and pathetic pieces, have the same peculiar tone and manner, in poetry as in prose. A singing note, and making the lines jingle by laying too great stress on the rhyming words,

should be particularly avoided. A very small pause ought to be made at the end of a line, unless the sense, or some of the usual marks of pause, require a considerable one. The great rule for reading verse, as well as prose, is to read slowly, distinctly, and in a natural tone of voice.

We shall now caution the young readers against some faults which many are apt to commit. In doing this, it will unavoidably happen, that a few of the preceding observations will, in some degree, be repeated : but this confirmation of the rules will, it is presumed, be no disadvantage to the learners. A display of the various errors in reading, incident to children, may make a greater impression, than directions which are positive, and point only to the propriety of pronunciation.

1. Avoid too loud, or too low a voice.

An overstrained voice is very inconvenient to the reader, as well as disgusting to the hearer. It exhausts the reader's spirits ; and prevents the proper management and modulation of his voice, according to the sense of his subject ; and it naturally leads into a tone. Too low a voice is not so inconvenient to the speaker, as the other extreme ; but it is very disagreeable to the hearer. It is always offensive to an audience, to observe any thing in the reader or speaker, that marks indolence or inattention. When the voice is naturally too loud, or too low, young persons should correct it in their ordinary conversation : by this means they will learn to avoid both the extremes, in reading. They should begin the sentence with an even moderate voice, which will enable them to rise or fall as the subject requires.

2. Avoid a thick, confused, cluttering voice.

It is very disagreeable to hear a person mumble, clip, or swallow his words ; leaving out some syllables

in the long words, and scarcely ever pronouncing some of the short ones ; but hurrying on without any care to give his words their full sound, or his hearers the full sense of them. The fault is not easily cured. The best means of mending it, is, to endeavor both in conversation and reading, to pronounce every word in a deliberate, clear, and distinct manner.

3. Be careful to read neither too quick nor too slow.

A precipitant reader leaves no room for pauses ; fatigues himself ; and lowers the dignity of his subject. His hearers lose much of what is delivered, and must always be dissatisfied with a reader who hurries and tires them. Children are very apt to read too fast, and to take pleasure in it, thinking that they who pronounce the word with the greatest rapidity, are the best scholars. The heavy, dronish, sleepy reader, and who often makes pauses where there should be none, is also very disagreeable. If he hems and yawns between the periods, he is still more so.

4. Study to avoid an irregular mode of pronunciation.

It is a great fault in reading, to raise and fall the voice by fits and starts ; to elevate and depress it unseasonably, without regard to sense or stops ; or always to begin a sentence with a high voice, and conclude it with a low one ; or, on the contrary, to begin it with a low voice, and conclude with a high one. To avoid these errors, the sentence should not be begun in too high or too low a key ; regard should be had to the nature of the points, and the length of the periods : and the reader's mind should be attentive to the subject, sense, and spirit, of his author.

5. With the utmost care avoid a flat, dull, uniform voice, without emphasis or cadence, or a proper regard to the sense of what is reading.

This is a practice to which children who do not love learning, and who are tired with their lessons, are very prone. When this mode of reading becomes habitual, it is painful to the hearer, and very difficult to

be remedied. The best means of cure are those prescribed for the preceding error; for if the mind be attentive to the sentiments delivered, the voice will be adapted to their nature and importance.

6. Reading with an improper tone, is a great and common fault of learners, and must be carefully avoided.

No habit is more easy to be contracted than this, or harder to be overcome. This unnatural tone in reading is always disgusting to persons of sense and delicacy. Some have a squeaking tone. Persons whose voices are shrill and weak, or overstrained, are apt to fall into this tone—some have a singing or canting note: others assume a high, swelling tone. These lay too much stress on every sentence, and violate every rule of decent pronunciation.—Some affect an awful and striking tone, attended with solemn grimace; as if they wished to move the reader with every word, whether the weight of the subject supports them, or not.—Some have a set, uniform tone of voice, which has already been noticed. Others have a strange, whimsical, whining tone, peculiar to themselves, and not easy to be described. They are continually laying the emphasis on words which do not require or deserve it.

To avoid all kinds of unnatural and disagreeable tones, we should read with the same ease and freedom that would mark our private conversation, on the same subject. We do not hear persons converse in a tone: if we did, we should laugh at them. “Do not,” says Dr. Watts, “affect to change that natural and easy sound with which you speak, for a strange, new, awkward tone, as some do, when they begin to read. We should almost be persuaded that the speaker and the reader were two different persons, if our eyes did not tell us the contrary.”

We shall close these rules and observations, by a remark of considerable importance to young persons who are desirous of learning to read well. Few rules

on the subject are intelligible to children, unless illustrated by the voice of a competent instructor. They should, therefore, pay great attention to the manner in which their teacher, and other persons of approved skill, perform the business of reading. They should observe their mode of pronouncing the words, placing the emphasis, making the pauses, managing the voice, and adapting it to the various subjects they read ; and, in all these respects, endeavor to imitate them as nearly as possible.

SELECT SENTENCES.

When blessed with health and prosperity, cultivate an humble and compassionate disposition : think of the distresses of human life ; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Avoid all harshness in behaviour: treat every one with that courtesy which springs from a mild and gentle heart.

Be slow in forming intimate connexions: they may bring dishonor and misery.

Almost all our desires are apt to wander into an improper course : to direct them properly requires care ; but that care will render us safe and happy through life.

The days that are past, are gone for ever ; those that are to come, may not come to us ; the present time only is ours : let us, therefore, improve it as much as possible.

They who are moderate in their expectations meet with few disappointments : the eager and presumptuous are continually disappointed.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well : but it is impossible to do any thing well without attention.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

NATHANIEL GREENE,

Major-General of the Forces of the United States of America.

MATHEW CAREY.

THIS gallant officer, whose death is so generally and so justly regretted, was born in the town of Warwick, Kent county, Rhode-Island, in or about the year 1741. and was the second son of a respectable citizen of the same name, (descended from one of the first settlers of the colony) who was extensively concerned in lucrative iron works, the property of which, at his death, (prior to the war) he left to his children.

The General was endowed with an uncommon degree of judgment and penetration, which, with a benevolent manner and affable behaviour, acquired him a number of valuable friends, by whose interest and influence he was, at an early period of life, chosen a member of the assembly of the then colony of Rhode-Island. This trust, in which he gave the highest satisfaction to his constituents, he continued to possess, until, and at the period, when the folly and madness of England severed a world from her empire.

After the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord, when a spirit of resistance spread, like wild-fire, over the continent, Rhode-Island was not deficient in her contributions for the general defence. She raised three regiments of militia, the command whereof was given to Mr. Greene, who was nominated brigadier-general. The liberty, safety, and prosperity of his country being exposed to imminent danger, the pacific principles of quakerism, in which he had been educat-

ed, proved insufficient to repress the ardent spirit of liberty with which his bosom glowed.

He led the troops under his command to Cambridge, and was present at the evacuation of Boston by a force which, in England, had been vauntingly stated as treble the number that would be requisite to dragoon America into unconditional submission.

General Greene's merit and abilities, as well in the council as in the field, were not long unnoticed by Gen. Washington, who reposed in him the utmost confidence, and paid a particular deference to his advice and opinion, on all occasions of doubt and difficulty. This excited the jealousy of several officers, of older date and higher rank, who were not wanting in endeavors to supplant him : but in vain—the commander in chief knew and prized his worth as it deserved.

He was appointed major-general by Congress, the 26th August, 1776. Towards the close of that year, he was at the Trenton surprise ; and, at the beginning of the next, was at the battle of Princeton, two enterprises not more happily planned than judiciously and bravely executed, in both of which he displayed his talents, serving his noviciate under the American Fabius.

At the battle of Brandywine, general Greene distinguished himself by supporting the right wing of the American army, when it gave way, and judiciously covering the whole, when routed and retreating in confusion ; and their safety from utter ruin was generally ascribed to his skill and exertions, which were well seconded by the troops under his command.

At the battle of Germantown, he commanded the left wing of the American army, and his utmost endeavors were exerted in endeavoring to retrieve the fortune of that day, in which his conduct met with the approbation of the commander in chief.

In March, 1778, he was appointed quarter-master general, which office he accepted under the stipulation

that his rank in the army should not be affected by it, and that he should retain his right to command in time of action, according to his rank and seniority.

In this station, he fully answered the expectations formed of his abilities ; and enabled the American army to move with additional celerity and vigor.

At the battle of Monmouth, the commander in chief, disgusted with the behaviour of general Lee, deposed him in the field of battle, and appointed general Greene to command the right wing, where he greatly contributed to retrieve the errors of his predecessor, and to the subsequent events of the day.

About the middle of the year 1778, an attack being planned by the Americans, in conjunction with the French fleet, on the British garrison at Newport, Rhode-Island, general Sullivan was appointed to the command, under whom general Greene served. This attempt was unsuccessful. The French fleet having sailed out of harbor, to engage lord Howe's fleet, they were dispersed by a storm, and the Americans were obliged to raise the siege of Newport ; in doing which general Greene displayed a great degree of skill in drawing off the army in safety.

After the hopes of the British generals to execute some decisive stroke to the northward, were frustrated, they turned their attention to the southern states, as less capable of defence, and more likely to reward the invaders with ample plunder. A grand expedition was, in consequence, planned at New York, where the army embarked on the 26th of December, 1779, and landed on the 11th of February, 1780, within about thirty miles of Charleston, which, after a brave defence, was surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, on the 12th of May.

A series of ill success followed this unfortunate event. The American arms in South Carolina were in general unsuccessful, and the inhabitants were obliged to submit to the invaders, whose impolitic severity

was extremely ill calculated to answer any of the objects for which the war had been commenced.

Affairs were thus circumstanced, when general Washington appointed general Greene to the command of the American forces in the southern district. He arrived at Charlotte, on the 2d day of December, 1780, accompanied by general Morgan, a brave officer, who had distinguished himself to the northward, in the expedition against Burgoyne. He found the force he was to command, reduced to a very small number, by defeat and by desertion. The returns were nine hundred and seventy continentals, and one thousand and thirteen militia. Military stores, provisions, forage, and all things necessary, were, if possible, in a more reduced state than his army. His men were without pay, and almost without clothing, and supplies of the latter were not to be had but from a distance of two hundred miles. In this perilous and embarrassed situation, he had to oppose a respectable and victorious army. Fortunately for him, the conduct of some of the friends of royalty obliged numbers, otherwise disposed to remain neuter, to take up arms in their own defence. This and the prudent measures the general took for removing the innumerable difficulties and disadvantages he was surrounded with, and for conciliating the affections of the inhabitants, soon brought together a considerable force, far inferior, however, to that of the British, who esteemed the country perfectly subjugated.

After he had recruited his forces, with all the friends to the revolution that he could assemble, he sent a considerable detachment, under general Morgan, to the western extremities of the state, to protect the well disposed inhabitants from the ravages of the tories. This force, which was the first that had for a considerable time appeared there, on the side of the Americans, inspired the friends of liberty with new courage, so that numbers of them crowded to the standard of

general Morgan. He at length became so formidable, that lord Cornwallis thought proper to send colonel Tarleton to dislodge him from the station he had taken. This officer was at the head of a thousand regular troops, and had two field pieces. He came up on the 17th of January, 1781, at a place called Cowpens, with general Morgan, whose force was much inferior, and was composed of two-thirds militia, and one-third continentals. An engagement was the immediate consequence.

The brevity of this sketch will not permit me to go into a detail of the dispositions made on either side. Let it suffice to say, that the brave Morgan gained a complete victory over an officer, the rapidity and success of whose attacks, until that time, might have entitled him to make use of the declaration of Cæsar, '*veni. vidi, vici.*' Upwards of five hundred of the British laid down their arms, and were made prisoners—a very considerable number was killed. Eight hundred stand of arms, two field-pieces, and thirty-five baggage-waggons, fell into the hands of the victors, who had only twelve killed, and sixty wounded.

This brilliant success quite disconcerted the plan of operations formed by lord Cornwallis. Having entertained no idea of any enemy to oppose in South Carolina, the conquest of which he had deemed complete, he had made every preparation for carrying his army to the northward, to gather the laurels which he imagined waited for him. He now found himself obliged to postpone this design. He marched with rapidity after general Morgan, in hopes not only to recover the prisoners, but to revenge Tarleton's losses. The Americans, by a rapidity of movements, and the interference of Providence,* eluded his efforts, and general

* 'The British urged the pursuit with so much rapidity, that they came to the ford of the Catawba on the evening of the

Greene effected a junction of the two divisions of his little army, on the 7th of February. Still was he so far inferior to lord Cornwallis, that he was obliged to retreat northward, and, notwithstanding the vigilance and activity of his enemy, he brought his men in safety into Virginia.

In this state he received some reinforcements, and had the promise of more—on which he returned again into North Carolina, where, on their arrival, he hoped to be able to act on the offensive. He encamped in the vicinity of lord Cornwallis's army.—By a variety of the best concerted manœuvres, and by the secrecy and promptitude of his motions, he so judiciously supported the arrangement of his troops, that during three weeks, while the enemy remained near him, he prevented them from taking any advantage of their superiority, and even cut off all opportunity of their receiving succours from the royalists.

About the beginning of March, he effected a junction with a continental regiment, and two considerable bodies of Virginia and Carolina militia. He then determined on attacking the British commander without loss of time, 'being persuaded,' as he declared in his subsequent dispatches, 'that if he was successful, it would prove ruinous to the enemy—and, if otherwise, that it would be but a partial evil to him.' On the 14th he arrived at Guilford court-house, the British then lying at twelve miles distance.

'same day on which the Americans had crossed it. Before the next day, a heavy fall of rain rendered it impassable. Had it risen a few hours earlier, the Americans would have had no chance of escape, and their prisoners would have been retaken by the enemy. Some time after, the same providential interference took place in passing the Yadkin. A sudden and rapid rise, after the Americans had crossed, prevented lord Cornwallis from getting over.' [Vide Ramsay, Vol. II, page 206, 208.]

His army consisted of about four thousand five hundred men, of whom near two thirds were North Carolina and Virginia militia. The British were about two thousand four hundred, all regular troops, and the greater part inured to toil and service in their long expedition under lord Cornwallis, who, on the morning of the 15th, being apprised of general Greene's intentions, marched to meet him. The latter disposed his army in three lines; the militia of North Carolina were in front—the second line was composed of those of Virginia,—and the third, which was the flower of the army, was formed of continental troops, near fifteen hundred in number. They were flanked on both sides by cavalry and riflemen, and were posted on a rising ground, a mile and a half from Guilford Court-house.

The engagement commenced at half an hour after one o'clock, by a brisk cannonade. After which, the British advanced in three columns, and attacked the first line, composed, as has been observed, of North Carolina militia. These, who probably had never been in action before, were panic struck at the approach of the enemy, and many of them ran away without firing a gun, or being fired upon, and even before the British had come nearer than 140 yards to them. Part of them, however, fired, but they then followed the example of their comrades. Their officers made every possible effort to rally them—but neither the advantages of their position, nor any other consideration, could induce them to maintain their ground. This shameful cowardice had a great effect upon the issue of the battle. The next line, however, behaved much better. They fought with great bravery; and after they were thrown into disorder, rallied, returned to the charge, and kept up a heavy fire for a long time, but were at length broken, and driven on the third line, when the engagement became general, very severe, and very bloody. At length, superiority of discipline carried the day from superiority of numbers. The

conflict endured an hour and a half, and was terminated by general Greene's ordering a retreat, when he perceived that the enemy were on the point of encircling his troops.

This was a hard fought action. Lord Cornwallis stated his losses in killed, wounded and missing, at 532, among whom were several officers of considerable rank. To those who are used to consider the thousands killed in the plains of Germany, very frequently without producing any visible consequence on the face of a war, the number here mentioned must appear insignificant. But this battle was, nevertheless, decisive in its consequences. Lord Cornwallis was, three days after, obliged to make a retrograde motion, and return to Wilmington, situated two hundred miles from the place of action. He was even under the necessity of abandoning a considerable number of those who were most dangerously wounded.

The loss of the Americans was about four hundred killed and wounded. However, this was not so severely felt, as the desertion of a considerable number of militia, who fled homewards, and came no more near the army.

Some time after this engagement, general Greene determined to return to South-Carolina, to endeavor to expel the British from that state. His first object was to attempt the reduction of Camden, where lord Rawdon was posted with about nine hundred men. The strength of this place, which was covered on the south and east sides by a river and a creek, and to the westward and northward, by six redoubts, rendered it impracticable to carry it by storm, with the small army general Green had, consisting of about seven hundred continentals. He, therefore, encamped at about a mile from the town, in order to prevent supplies from being brought in, and to take advantage of such favorable circumstances as might occur.

Lord Rawdon's situation was extremely delicate.

Colonel Watson, whom he had some time before detached for the protection of the eastern frontiers, and to whom he had, on intelligence of general Greene's intentions, sent orders to return to Camden, was so effectually watched by general Marian, that it was impossible for him to obey. His lordship's supplies were, moreover, very precarious:—and, should general Greene's reinforcements arrive, he might be so closely invested, as to be at length obliged to surrender. In this dilemma, the best expedient that suggested itself was a bold attack; for which purpose he armed his musicians and drummers, and every person capable of carrying a musket. He sallied out on the 25th of April, and attacked general Greene in his camp. The defence was obstinate, and, for some part of the engagement, the advantage appeared to be in favor of America. Lieutenant colonel Washington, who commanded the cavalry, had at one time not less than two hundred British prisoners. However, by the misconduct of one of the American regiments, victory was snatched from general Greene, who was compelled to retreat. He lost in the action about two hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.—Lord Rawdon lost two hundred and fifty-eight.

There was a great similarity between the consequence of the affair at Guilford, and those of this action. In the former, lord Cornwallis was successful—but was obliged to retreat two hundred miles from the scene of action, and for a time abandon the grand object of penetrating to the northward. In the latter, lord Rawdon had the honor of the field, but was shortly after reduced to the necessity of abandoning his post, and leaving behind him a number of sick and wounded.

The evacuation of Camden, with the vigilance of general Greene, and of the several officers he employed, gave a new face to affairs in South Carolina, where the British ascendancy declined more rapidly than it had

been established. The numerous forts, garrisoned by the enemy, fell, one after the other, into the hands of the Americans. Orangeburg, Motte, Watson, Georgetown, Granby, and all the others, fort Ninety-six excepted, were surrendered; and a very considerable number of prisoners of war, with military stores and artillery, were found in them.

On the 22d of May, general Greene sat down before Ninety-six, with the main part of his little army. The siege was carried on for a considerable time with great spirit; and the place was defended with equal bravery. At length, the works were so far reduced, that a surrender must have been made in a few days, when a reinforcement, of three regiments, from Europe, arrived at Charleston, which enabled lord Rawdon to proceed to relieve this important post. The superiority of the enemy's force, reduced general Greene to the alternative of abandoning the siege altogether, or, previous to their arrival, of attempting the fort by storm. The latter was more agreeable to his enterprising spirit, and an attack was made on the morning of the 29th of June. He was repulsed, with the loss of one hundred and fifty men. He raised the siege, and retreated over the Saluda.

Doctor Ramsay, to whom the writer of this sketch is indebted, for most of the facts herein contained, speaking of the state of affairs about this period, says, — 'truly distressing was the situation of the American army: when in the grasp of victory, to be obliged to expose themselves to a hazardous assault, and afterwards to abandon the siege: when they were nearly masters of the whole country, to be compelled to retreat to its extremity: after subduing the greatest part of the force sent against them, to be under the necessity of encountering still greater reinforcements, when their remote situation precluded them from the hope of receiving a single recruit—in this gloomy situation, there were not wanting persons who advised general

Greene to leave the state, and retire with his remaining forces to Virginia. To arguments and suggestions of this kind he nobly replied—‘ I will recover the country, or die in the attempt.’ This distinguished officer, whose genius was most vigorous in those extremities, when feeble minds abandon themselves to despair, adopted the only resource, now left him, of avoiding an engagement, until the British force should be divided.’

Some skirmishes of no great moment took place between detached parties of both armies in July and August. September the 9th, general Greene having assembled about two thousand men, proceeded to attack the British, who, under the command of col. Stewart, were posted at Eutaw Springs. The American force was drawn up in two lines: the first, composed of Carolina militia, was commanded by generals Marian and Pickens, and col. de Malmédy.—The second, which consisted of continental troops from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, was commanded by general Sumpter, lieutenant colonel Campbell, and colonel Williams; lieutenant-colonel Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank; and lieutenant-colonel Henderson, with the state troops, covered the left. A corps de reserve was formed of the cavalry, under lieutenant-colonel Washington, and the Delaware troops under captain Kirkwood. As the Americans came forward to the attack, they fell in with some advanced parties of the enemy, at about two or three miles a head of the main body. These being closely pursued, were driven back—and the action soon became general. The militia were at length forced to give way, but were bravely supported by the second line. In the hottest part of the engagement, general Greene ordered the Maryland and Virginia continentals to charge with trailed arms. This decided the fate of the day. ‘ Nothing,’ says Dr. Ramsay, ‘ could surpass the intrepidity of both officers and men on this occa-

sion.—They rushed on, in good order, through a heavy cannonade, and a shower of musquetry, with such unshaken resolution, that they bore down all before them.' The British were broken, closely pursued, and upwards of five hundred of them were taken prisoners.—They however made a fresh stand, in a favorable position, in impenetrable shrubs and a picquetted garden. Lieutenant-colonel Washington, after having made every effort to dislodge them, was wounded and taken prisoner. Four six pounders were brought forward to play upon them, but they fell into their hands; and the endeavors to drive them from their station being found impracticable, the Americans retired, leaving a strong picquet on the field of battle. Their loss was about five hundred; that of the British upwards of eleven hundred.

General Greene was honored by congress with a British standard, and a gold medal, emblematical of the engagement and success, 'for his wise, decisive, and magnanimous conduct, in the action at Eutaw springs, in which, with a force inferior in number to that of the enemy, he obtained a most signal victory.'

In the evening of the succeeding day, colonel Stewart abandoned his post, and retreated towards Charleston, leaving behind upwards of seventy of his wounded, and a thousand stand of arms. He was pursued a considerable distance—but in vain.

The battle of Eutaw produced most signal consequences in favor of America. The British, who had for such a length of time, lorded it absolutely in South Carolina, were, shortly after the event, obliged to confine themselves in Charleston, whence they never ventured but to make predatory excursions, with bodies of cavalry, which in general met with a very warm and very unwelcome reception.

During the relaxation that followed, a dangerous plot was formed, by some turbulent and mutinous persons in the army, to deliver up their brave general to

the British. This treasonable design owed its rise to the hardships, wants, and calamities of the soldiers, who were ill paid, ill clothed, and ill fed. The conspirators did not exceed twelve in number ; and a providential discovery defeated the project.

The surrender of lord Cornwallis, whose enterprising spirit had been by the British ministry expected to repair the losses, and wipe away the disgrace, which had been incurred through the inactivity and indolence of other generals, having convinced them of the impracticability of subjugating America, they discontinued offensive operations in every quarter. From the beginning of the year 1782, it was currently reported, that Charleston was speedily to be evacuated : it was officially announced the seventh of August, but did not take place until the seventeenth of December.

The happy period at length arrived, when, by the virtue and bravery of her sons, aided by the bounty of heaven, America compelled her invaders to recognise her independence. Then her armies quitted the tented fields, and retired to cultivate the arts of peace and happiness. Among the rest, general Greene revisited his native country, where he proved himself as valuable a citizen, as the Carolinas had witnessed him a gallant officer. Dissensions and jealousies had extended their destructive influence among the Rhode Islanders, whose animosity had risen to such a degree, as to threaten the most serious ill consequences : gen. Greene exerted himself to restore harmony and peace among them once more, and was happily successful.

In October, 1785, he sailed to Georgia, where he had a considerable estate, not far distant from Savannah. Here he passed away his time, occupied in his domestic concerns, until the hour of his mortality approached. Walking out one day in June 1786, he was overpowered by the extreme heat of the sun, which

brought on a disorder that carried him off a few days after, on the 19th of the same month.

When the melancholy account of his death arrived at Savannah, the people were struck with the deepest sorrow. All business was suspended. The shops and stores throughout the town were shut ; and the shipping in the harbor had their colors half-masted.

The body was brought to Savannah, and interred on the 20th. The funeral procession was attended by the Cincinnati, militia, &c. &c.

Immediately after the interment of the corpse, the members of the Cincinnati retired to the coffee-house in Savannah, and came to the following resolution :

“ That as a token of the high respect and veneration in which this society hold the memory of their late illustrious brother, major-general Greene, deceased, George Washington Greene, his eldest son, be admitted a member of this society, to take his seat on his arriving at the age of 18 years.”

General Greene left behind him a wife and five children, the eldest of whom was about 11 years old.

On Tuesday the 12th of August, the United States in Congress assembled, came to the following resolution :

“ That a monument be erected to the memory of Nethaniel Greene, Esq. at the seat of the federal government, with the following inscription :

Sacred to the memory of

NATHANIEL GREENE, ESQ.

Who departed this life, the 19th of June, 1786,

LATE MAJOR-GENERAL

In the service of the United States,

And commander of their army in the
southern department.

The United States, in Congress assembled,

In honor of his

patriotism, valor, and ability,

have erected

THIS MONUMENT.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

BORN in the country of affliction—his days were days of sorrow. He tilled the soil of his fathers, and was an alien in their land. He tasted not of the fruits which grew by the sweat of his brow. He fed a foreign landlord, whose face he never saw, and a minister of the gospel, whose name he hardly knew—an unfeeling bailiff was his tyrant, and the tax-gatherer, his oppressor. Hunted by unrighteous magistrates, and punished by unjust judges. The soldier devoured his substance, and laughed his complaints to scorn. He toiled the hopeless day, and at night lay down in weariness. Yet noble he was of heart, though his estate was lowly. His cottage was open to the poor. He brake his children's bread, and ate of it sparingly, that the hungry might have share. He welcomed the benighted traveller, and rose with the stars of the morning, to put him on his way. But his soul repined within him, and he sought relief in change. He had heard of a land where the poor were in peace, and the laborer thought worthy of his hire—where the blood of his fathers had purchased an asylum. He leads the aged parent whom love grappled to his heart. He bears his infant in his arms. His wife followed his weary steps. They escape from the barbarous laws that would make their country their prison. They cross the trackless ocean—they descry the promised land; and hope brightens the prospect to their view; but happiness is not for him. The ruthless spirit of persecution pursues him through the waste of the ocean. Shall his foot never find rest, nor his heart repose? No! The prowling bird of prey hovers on Columbia's coast. Wafted on eagle wings, the British pirate comes—ravishes the poor fugitive from the partner of his sorrows, and the tender pledges of

their love. See the haggard eyes of a father, to which nature denies a tear? a stupid monument of living death. He would interpose his feeble arm, but it is motionless—he would bid adieu, but his voice refuses its office. The prop of his declining years torn remorselessly from before him, he stands like the blasted oak, dead to hope and every earthly joy!!

Was it not then enough, that this victim of oppression had left his native land to the rapacity of its invaders? Might he not have been permitted to seek a shelter in the gloom of the wilderness? No! The ruthless spirit of persecution is not yet sated with his sufferings. The torments of one element exhausted those of another, are now prepared for him. Enslaved to scornful masters, the authors of his misery, and forced to fight the battles of those his soul abhors. Death, that relieves the wretch, brings no relief to him, for he lived not for himself, but for those more dear to him than life. Not for himself does he feel the winter's blast, but for those who are now unprotected, houseless, and forlorn. Where shall his wife now wander, when maddened with despair? Where shall his father lay his wearied bones? Where shall his innocent babes find food, unless the ravens feed them? Oh hard and cruel men! Oh worse than Hellish fiends!—may not the poor find pity? What's he that now reviles them? Beshrew his withered heart.

Oh Stewart!—Oh West! children of genius—sons of Columbia!—where are now your pencils? Will you profane the bounteous gifts of nature, in flattering the mighty and the great; and withhold a nobler aid to the cause of the poor and the afflicted?

EXTRACT FROM MR. PULTENEY'S SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR REDUCING THE ARMY.

SIR—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year ; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing ; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by : they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people ; they are governed by different laws ; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means : by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties ; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbors ? No, Sir ; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so ; I hope it is so ; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army ; I believe they would not join in any such measures ; but their lives are uncertain ; nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command ; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men ; we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar ? Where was there ever

any army that served their country more faithfully ? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honor and integrity of their under-officers, are not to be depended on : by the military law the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander ; he must not consult his own inclinations : if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it ; he dares not disobey ; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house ; I know it would be ~~our~~ duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby ; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things : I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army : not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them ; if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favorite general ; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the

army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army alter the case ; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament ; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together : the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world ; Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together ; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world ; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed ; the previous ceremonies were performed ; and nothing now remained but her being

conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student ; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both ; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion ; and though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love : and Alcander being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion ; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were privately married by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius : in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the

highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The

attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodgings in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alexander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence, and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and,

struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude ; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related ? Alcander was acquitted ; shared the friendship and honors of the principal citizens of Rome ; lived afterwards in happiness and ease ; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, ' That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.'

FRIENDLY MONITIONS FOR AMERICA.

MIRABEAU.

. AMERICANS ! Place constantly before the sight the deplorable scenes of your servitude, and the enchanting picture of your deliverance ! . . . Begin with the infant in his cradle. Let the first word he lisps, be WASHINGTON. Let his first lessons of history be the wrongs which you suffered, and the courage which set you free. Let his daily prayers be expressions of gratitude to God, for raising you up accomplished chiefs ; for leading on your armies ; and for strengthening the arms of your peasants, against the discipline and the tyranny of Europe. Let the youth, the hopes of his country, grow up amidst annual festivals, commemorative of the events of the war, and sacred to the memory of your heroes. Let him learn from his father to weep over the tombs of

those heroes, and to bless their virtues. Let his first study be your declaration of independence, and the code of your constitution. which were sketched out amidst the clashing of arms. Let him stop at the end of the field which he ploughs, and while the tears start into his eyes, let him read, engraven upon the rude stones : ‘ here savages in the pay of despotism, ‘ cast an infirm old man into the flames : here, they ‘ dashed against the trees, children snatched away ‘ from the breasts of their dying mothers ; there the ‘ satellites of oppression bent the knee, demanded ‘ their lives, and became captives.’

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. Should the return of peace, and the pride of independence, lean the Americans to security and dissipation—should they lose those virtuous and simple manners, by which alone republics can long subsist—should false refinement, luxury and impiety, spread amongst them—excessive jealousy distract their governments—and clashing interests, subject to no control, break their federal union the consequence will be, that the fairest experiment ever tried in human affairs, will miscarry : and a REVOLUTION, which had revived the hopes of good men, and promised an opening to better times, will become a discouragement to all future efforts in favor of Liberty, and prove only an opening to a new scene of human degeneracy and misery

PRICE.

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A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION, OR TOLERATION
AND PHILANTHROPY INCULCATED.

DR. FRANKLIN.

AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down

of the sun. And behold a man bent with age, was coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way. And the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleaven bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth? And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name: for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name: therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness. And God said, have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me: and could'st not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME, AND OF INDOLENCE,
PARTICULARLY AS RESPECTING THE STATE AT
LARGE.

DR. FRANKLIN.

ALL that live must be subsisted. Subsistence costs something. He that is industrious produces, by his

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industry, something that is an equivalent and pays for his subsistence ; he is therefore no charge or burden to society. The indolent are an expence uncompensated.

There can be no-doubt but all kinds of employment that can be followed without prejudice from interruptions ; work that can be taken up, and laid down often in a day, without damage, (such as spinning, knitting, weaving, &c.) are highly advantageous to a community ; because, in them may be collected all the produce of those fragments of time that occur in family business, between the constant and necessary parts of it, that usually occupy females, as the time between rising and preparing the breakfast, between breakfast and preparing for dinner, &c. &c. The amount of all these fragments is, in the course of a year, very considerable to a single family ; to a state proportionably. Highly profitable, therefore, it is in this case, to follow that divine direction, *gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost*. Lost time is lost subsistence ; it is therefore lost treasure.

Hereby, in several families, many yards of linen have been produced from the employment of those fragments only in one year, though such families were just the same in number as when not so employed.

It was an excellent saying of some Chinese emperor, ‘ I will, if possible, have no idleness in my dominions ; for if there be one man idle, some other man must suffer cold and hunger.’ I take this emperor’s meaning to be, that the labor due to the public by each individual, not being performed by the indolent, must naturally fall to the share of others, who must thereby suffer.

SCHEMES OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY.

JOHNSON.

OMAR, the son of Hussan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive Califs had filled his house, with gold and silver ; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel ; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigor of Omar began to fail ; the curls of beauty fell from his head ; strength departed from his hands ; and agility from his feet. He gave back to the califf the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy ; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent : Omar admired his wit and loved his docility. ‘ Tell me,’ said Caled, ‘ thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the Prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful : impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune.’

‘ Young man,’ said Omar, ‘ it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head : ‘ Seventy years are

allowed to man: I have yet fifty remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed, will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment; and shall never more be weary of myself. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide: with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling; pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state. Such was the scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

‘The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak

upon doubtful questions ; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the califf. I was heard with attention ; I was consulted with confidence ; and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

‘ I still wished to see distant countries ; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers ; and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty ; but my presence was always necessary ; and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude ; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

‘ In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past ; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement ; and for retirement I never found time, till disease forced me from public employment.

‘ Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement ; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city ; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried ; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat.’

ORTOGRUL ; OR THE VANITY OF RICHES.

JOHNSON.

AS Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the variety of mer-

chandise which the shops offered to his view ; and observing the different occupations which busied the multitude on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation, by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartment, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

‘ Surely,’ said he to himself, ‘ this palace is the seat of happiness ; where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained ? The dishes of luxury cover his table ; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers ; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed ; he wishes, and his wish is gratified ; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire ; and who hast no amusement in thy power, that can withhold thee from thy own reflections ! They tell thee that thou art wise ; but what does wisdom avail with poverty ? None will flatter the poor ; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him ; and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not

found it; I will from this moment endeavor to be rich.'

Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich. He sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings in India; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him how to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill, shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. 'Ortogrul,' said the old man, 'I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite mountain.' Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. 'Now, said his father, behold the valley that lies between the hills.' Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. 'Tell me now,' said his father, 'dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain-torrent; or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?' 'Let me be quickly rich,' said Ortogrul; 'let the golden stream be quick and violent.' 'Look round thee,' said his father, 'once again.' Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it into a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich, by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony he engaged in merchandise; and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of

Pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrui heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults. ‘How long,’ said he, with a deep sigh, ‘have I been laboring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered!’

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

STERNE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim decamped from my father’s house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe---When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;---The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; ’tis for a poor gentleman,---I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing

'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.---*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*---

---If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,---added the landlord,---I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.---I hope in God he will still mend, continued he---we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,---and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow,---Trim,---yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;---And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.---Step after him, said my uncle Toby,---do Trim,---and ask if he knows his name.

---I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,---but I can ask his son again:---He has a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.---A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;---but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;---he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—— Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.

Trim !---said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs---Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow ;---my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal ! said my uncle Toby---the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.---Your honor's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas ;---and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your groin,---I fear so, replied my uncle Toby ; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.---I wish I had not known so much of this affair---added my uncle Toby,---or that I had known more of it :---How shall we manage it ?---Leave it, an't please your honor, to me, quoth the corporal ;---I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour.---Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.---I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe ; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,---he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant---Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby---He is said the corporal---And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby---I'll tell your honor, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it---Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it---'Your honor is good: '---And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,---and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where the servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked---That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby---I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him;---that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came---If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,---we can hire the horses from hence,---But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,---for I heard the death-watch all night long:---and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the

thin toast the landlord spoke of ;---but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.---Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, while I did it.---I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.---I am sure, said I, his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.---The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.---Poor youth ! said my uncle Toby,---he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend ;---I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company :---What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor ? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose---but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought that it was proper to tell him that I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father ;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it :—he made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast :—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—

I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side ; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. —I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could never have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate ;—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson ;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches ;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day ;—harrassing others to-morrow :—detached here ;—countermanded there ;—resting this night upon his arms ;—beat up in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. —Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—

It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will shew it thee to-morrow :—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :---I hope not, said the corporal.---But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,---he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it :---The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling---the book was laid upon the bed,---and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side :---If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boys thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,---if he was of Leven's---said the lieutenant.---I told him your honor was.——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him---but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me ---You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,---said he, a second time, musing ;---possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your honor, said I, very well.——

Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.---In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice. —Here, Billy, said he,---the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,---then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honor, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;---shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance that his modesty omitted;---and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon;---'Tis finished already, said the corporal,---for I could stay no longer,---so wished his honor a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off his bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders---But alas! said the corporal,---the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor,---though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment up-

on the counterscarp : and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and, except that he had ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade---he left Dendermond to itself,---to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good : and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou has left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,---and I will tell thee in what, Trim :---In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,---as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,---that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honor knows, said the corporal, I had no orders ;——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,---but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,——thou shouldst have offered him my house too :——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him ;——thou are an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ;——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby smiling,---he might march.---He will never march, an' please your honor, in the world, said the corporal :——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off :

---An' please your honor, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.---He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. ---He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?---He shall not drop, said my uncle, firmly.---A-well-o'day,---do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,---put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids;---and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,---when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,---how he had rested in the night,---what was his complaint,---where was his pain,---and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

——You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,---and we'll have an apothecary, --and the corporal shall be your nurse ;---and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,---which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,---rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,---he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,---then cast a look upon his boy,---and that ligament, fine as it was,---was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulse flutter'd---stopp'd---went on---throbb'd---stopp'd again---mov'd---stopp'd---shall I go on ?——No.

THE GRATEFUL GIRL.

MRS. STARKE.

ONE day, as I was walking with my family near Careggi, we saw a girl, perhaps ten or twelve years of age, watching a flock of goats, and at the same time spinning with great diligence ; her tattered garments bespoke extreme poverty, but her air was dignified,

and her countenance so interesting, that we were irresistibly impelled to present her with two or three cracie. Joy and gratitude instantly animated her fine eyes, while, to our astonishment, she exclaimed, 'Never, till this moment, was I worth so much mōney!' Struck by her manner, we inquired her name, asking likewise, where her parents lived. 'My name (replied she) is Teresa; but, alas, I have no parents!' 'Who, then, takes care of you?' 'The Madonna.' 'But who brought you up?' 'A peasant of Valombrosa; I was her nurse child; I have heard her say my parents delivered me into her care, but she did not know their name. As I grew up, she almost starved me; and, what was still worse, beat me so cruelly, that at length I ran away from her.' 'And where do you live now?' 'Yonder, in the plain, (pointing to Val d'Arno) I have luckily found a mistress who feeds me, and lets me sleep in her barn: this is her flock.' 'And are you happy now?' 'O yes, very happy---at first, to be sure, 'twas lonesome lying in the barn by myself, 'tis so far from the house: but I am used to it now: and indeed I have not much time for sleep, being obliged to work at night when I come home: and I always go out with these goats at day break: however, I do very well, for I get plenty of bread and grapes, and my mistress never beats me.' Having learnt thus much, we presented our new acquaintance with a paul; but to describe the extasy this gift produced is impossible. 'Now, (cried she, when a flood of tears had enabled her to speak) now, I can purchase a corona---now, I can go to mass, and petition the Madonna to preserve the good ladies at Careggi.' On taking leave of this grateful girl, we desired she would sometimes pay us a visit; but, to our surprise, we neither saw nor heard of her again till the day before our departure from Careggi, when it appeared, that immediately after her interview with us, she had been seized with the natural small pox,

and, though unassisted by medicine, air and low living had at length restored her to health. During the next summer we again resided at Careggi ; but for a considerable time saw nothing of Teresa ; one day, however, we observed a beautiful white goat browsing near our gate, on opening which, we perceive our *protegee* with her whole flock. We eagerly inquired why we had not seen her before. ‘ I was fearful of obtruding (replied she), but I have watched you at a distance, ladies, ever since your return ; and I could not forbear coming a little nearer than usual to-day, in the hope that you might notice me.’ We now presented her with a scudo, and entreated that she would sometimes call upon us. ‘ No ladies (answered the scrupulous girl) I am not properly dressed to enter your door ; but with the money you have kindly given me, I shall immediately purchase a stock of flax, and then, if I should have health to work very hard, I may soon be able, by selling my thread, to get decent apparel, and wait upon you clothed with the fruits of your bounty.’ And indeed it was not long ere we had the pleasure of seeing her come to visit us neatly clad, and exhibiting a picture of contentment.

The following causes gave rise to the frequency of deliberate assassinations, so common in the 14th and 15th centuries ; particularly among the French and Scots.

ROBERTSON’S SCOTLAND.

RESENTMENT is, for obvious and wise reasons, one of the strongest passions in the human mind. The natural demand of this passion is, that the person who feels the injury should himself inflict the vengeance due on that account. The permitting this, however, would have been destructive to society ; and punish-

ment would have known no bounds, either in severity or in duration. For this reason, in the very infancy of the social state, the sword was taken out of private hands, and committed to the magistrate. The earliest and most simple punishment for crimes was retaliation: the offender forfeited limb for limb, and life for life. The payment of a compensation to the person injured, succeeded to the rigor of the former institution. In both these the gratification of private revenge was the object of law: and he who suffered the wrong, was the only person who had a right to pursue, to exact, or to remit, the punishment. While laws allowed such full scope to the revenge of one party, the interests of the other were not neglected. If the evidence of the guilt did not amount to a full proof, or if he reckoned himself to be unjustly accused, the person to whom a crime was imputed had a right to challenge his adversary to single combat, and on obtaining the victory vindicated his own honor. In almost every considerable cause, whether civil or criminal, arms were appealed to in defence, either of the innocence, or the property of the parties. Justice had seldom occasion to use her balance; the sword alone decided every contest. The passion of revenge was nourished by all these means, and grew, by daily indulgence, to be incredibly strong. Mankind became habituated to blood, not only in times of war, but of peace; and from this as well as other causes, contracted an amazing ferocity of temper, and of manners. This ferocity, however, made it necessary to discourage the trial by combat; to abolish the payment of compensations in criminal cases; and to think of some milder method of terminating disputes concerning civil rights. The punishments for crimes became more severe, and the regulations concerning property more fixed: but the princes, whose province it was to inflict the one, and to enforce the other, possessed little power. Great offenders despised their authority;

smaller ones sheltered themselves under the jurisdiction of these, from whose protection they expected impunity. The administration of justice was extremely feeble and dilatory. An attempt to punish the crimes of a chieftain, or even of his vassals, often excited rebellions and civil wars. To nobles, haughty and independent, among whom the causes of discord were many and unavoidable, who were quick in discerning an injury, and impatient to revenge it; who esteemed it infamous to submit to an enemy, and cowardly to forgive him; who considered the right of punishing those who had injured them as the privilege of their order, and a mark of independency; such slow proceedings were extremely unsatisfactory. The blood of their adversary was, in their opinion, the only thing which could wash away an affront; where that was not shed, their revenge was disappointed, their courage became suspected, and a stain was left upon their honor. That vengeance, which the impotent hand of the magistrate could not inflict, their own could easily execute: under governments so feeble men assumed, as in a state of nature, the right of judging and redressing their own wrongs. And thus assassination, a crime of all others the most destructive to society, came not only to be allowed, but to be deemed honorable.



FRIENDLY MONITIONS FOR AMERICA.

RAYNAL.

PEOPLE of America! let the example of all the nations which have preceded you, and especially that of the mother country, instruct you! Be afraid of the affluence of gold, which brings with luxury the corruption of manners, and contempt of laws! Be afraid

of too unequal a distribution of riches, which shows a small number of citizens in wealth, and a great number in misery—whence arises the insolence of the one, and disgrace of the other. Guard against the spirit of conquest. The tranquillity of empire decreases, as it is extended. Have arms for your defence, but have none for offence. Seek ease and health in labor; prosperity in agriculture and manufactures; strength in good manners and virtue. Make the sciences and arts prosper, which distinguish the civilized man from the savage. Especially watch over the education of your children.

It is from public schools, be assured, that skilful magistrates, disciplined and courageous soldiers, good fathers, good husbands, good brothers, good friends, and honest men come forth. Wherever we see the youth depraved, the nation is on the decline. Let LIBERTY have an immoveable foundation in the wisdom of your constitutions: and let it be the cement which unites your states, which cannot be destroyed. Establish no legal preference in your different modes of worship. Superstition is every where innocent, where it is neither protected nor persecuted. And MAY YOUR DURATION BE, IF POSSIBLE, EQUAL TO THAT OF THE WORD.

ON AN EARLY TASTE FOR READING.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

THE first indications of genius disclose themselves at a very early period. A sagacious observer of the varieties of intellect, will frequently be able to pronounce with some confidence upon a child of tender years, that he exhibits marks of future eminence in eloquence, invention or judgment.

The embryo seed that contains in it the promise of talent, if not born with a man, ordinarily takes its station in him at no great distance from the period of birth. The mind is then, but rarely afterwards, in a state to receive and to foster it.

The talents of the mind, like the herbs of the ground, seem to distribute themselves at random. The winds disperse from one spot to another the invisible germs; they take root in many cases without a planter; and grow up without care or observation.

It would be truly worthy of regret, if chance, so to speak, could do that, which all the sagacity of man was unable to effect; if the distribution of the noblest ornament of our nature, could be subjected to no rules, and reduced to no system.

He that would extend in this respect the province of education, must proceed, like the improvers of other sciences, by experiment and observation. He must watch the progress of the dawning mind, and discover what it is that gives it its first determination.

The sower of seed cannot foretell which seed shall fall useless to the ground, destined to wither and to perish, and which shall take root, and display the most exuberant fertility. As among the seeds of the earth, so among the perceptions of the human mind, some are reserved, as it were, for instant and entire oblivion, and some, undying and immortal, assume an importance never to be superseded. For the first we ought not torment ourselves with an irrational anxiety; the last cannot obtain from us an attention superior to their worth.

There is perhaps nothing that has a greater tendency to decide favorably or unfavorably respecting a man's future intellect, than the question whether or not he be impressed with an early taste for reading.

Books are the depositary of every thing that is most honorable to man. Literature, taken in all its bearings, forms the grand line of demarcation between the hu-

man and animal kingdoms. He that loves reading, has every thing within his reach. He has but to desire ; and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge, and power to perform.

The chief point of difference between the man of talent and the man without, consists in the different ways in which their minds are employed during the same interval. They are obliged, let us suppose, to walk from Temple-Bar to Hyde-Park Corner. The dull man goes straight forward ; he has so many furlongs to traverse. He observes if he meets any of his acquaintance ; he inquires respecting their health and their family. He glances perhaps the shops as he passes ; he admires the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn. If he experience any flights of fancy, they are of a short extent ; of the same nature as the flights of a forest bird, clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a farm-yard. On the other hand, the man of talent gives full scope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. Undebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. He enters into nice calculations ; he digests sagacious reasonings. In imagination he declaims or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He makes a thousand new and admirable combinations. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-coloured events of human life. He consults by the aid of memory the books he has read, and projects others for the future instruction and delight of mankind. If he observes the passengers, he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom or folly, their virtue or vice, their satisfaction or misery. If he observe the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connois-

seur or an artist. Every object is capable of suggesting to him a volume of reflections. The time of these two persons in one respect resembles ; it has brought them both to Hyde-Park Corner. In almost every other respect it is dissimilar.

What is it that tends to generate these very opposite habits of mind ?

Probably nothing has contributed more than an early taste for reading. Books gratify and excite our curiosity in innumerable ways. They force us to reflect. They hurry us from point to point. They present direct ideas of various kinds, and they suggest indirect ones. In a well-written book we are presented with the maturest reflections, or the happiest flights, of a mind of uncommon excellence. It is impossible that we can be much accustomed to such companions, without attaining some resemblance of them. When I read Thomson, I become Thomson ; when I read Milton, I become Milton. I find myself a sort of intellectual camelion, assuming the colour of the substances on which I rest. He that revells in a well-chosen library, has innumerable dishes, and all of admirable flavor. His taste is rendered so acute as easily to distinguish the nicest shades of difference. His mind becomes ductile, susceptible to every impression, and gaining new refinement from them all. His varieties of thinking baffle calculation, and his powers, whether of reason or fancy, become eminently vigorous.

Much seems to depend in this case upon the period at which the taste for reading has commenced. If it be late, the mind seems frequently to have acquired a greivous obstinacy and untractableness. The late reader makes a superficial acquaintance with his author, but is never admitted into the familiarity of a friend. Stiffness and formality are always visible between them. He does not become the creature of his author ; neither bends with all his caprices, nor sympathises with all his sensations. This mode of read-

ing, upon which we depend for the consummation of our improvement, can scarcely be acquired, unless we begin to read with pleasure at a period too early for memory to record, lisp the numbers of the poet, and in our unpractised imagination adhere to the letter of the moralising allegorist. In that case we shall soon be induced ourselves to 'build' the unpolished 'rhyme,'* and shall act over in fond imitation the scenes we have reviewed.

An early taste for reading, though a most promising indication, must not be exclusively depended on. It must be aided by favorable circumstances, or the early reader may degenerate into an unproductive pedant, or a literary idler. It seems to appear, that genius, when ripened to the birth, may yet be extinguished. Much more may the materials of genius suffer an untimely blight, and terminate in an abortion. But what is most to be feared, is that some adverse gale should hurry the adventurer a thousand miles athwart into the chaos of laborious slavery, removing him from the genial influence of a tranquil leisure, or transporting him to a dreary climate where the half-formed blossoms of hope shall be irremediably destroyed.† That the mind may expatiate in its true element, it is necessary that it should become neither the victim of labor, nor the slave of terror, discouragement and disgust. This is the true danger; as to pedantry, it may be questioned whether it is the offspring of early reading, or not rather of a taste for reading taken up at a late and inauspicious period.

* Milton.

† The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

SHAKESPEARE,

OF AVARICE AND PROFUSION.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

WHICH character deserves our preference, the man of avaricious habits, or of profuse ones? Which of the two conducts himself in the manner most beneficial to society? Which of the two is actuated by motives the most consonant to justice and virtue?

Riches and poverty are in some degree necessarily incidental to the social existence of man. There is no alternative, but that men must either have their portion of labor assigned them by the society at large, and the produce collected into a common stock; or that each man must be left to exert the portion of industry, and cultivate the habits of economy, to which his mind shall prompt him.

The first of these modes of existence deserves our fixed disapprobation. It is a state of slavery and imbecility. It reduces the exertions of a human being to the level of a piece of mechanism, prompted by no personal motives, compensated and alleviated by no genuine passions. It puts an end to that independence and individuality, which are the genuine characteristics of an intellectual existence, and without which nothing eminently honorable, generous or delightful can in any degree subsist.

Inequality therefore being to a certain extent unavoidable, it is the province of justice and virtue to counteract the practical evils which inequality has a tendency to produce. It is certain that men will differ from each other in their degrees of industry and economy. But it is not less certain, that the wants of one man are similar to the wants of another, and that the same things will conduce to the improvement and happiness of each, except so far as either is corrupted

by the oppressive and tyrannical condition of the society in which he was born. The nature of man requires, that each man should be trusted with a discretionary power. The principles of virtue require, that the advantages existing in any community should be equally administered, or that the inequalities which inevitably arise, should be repressed, and kept down within as narrow limits as possible.

Does the conduct of the avaricious man, or of the man of profusion, best contribute to this end ?

That we may try the question in the most impartial manner, we will set out of the view the man who subjects himself to expences which he is unable to discharge. We will suppose it is admitted, that the conduct of the man, whose proceedings tend to a continual accumulation of debt, is eminently pernicious. It does not contribute to his own happiness. It drives him to the perpetual practice of subterfuges. It obliges him to treat men, not according to their wants or their merits, but according to their importunity. It fixes on him an ever gnawing anxiety that poisons all his pleasures. He is altogether a stranger to that genuine lightness of heart, which characterises the man at ease, and the man of virtue. Care has placed her brand conspicuous on his brow. He is subject to occasional paroxysms of anguish which no luxuries or splendor can compensate. He accuses the system of nature of poisonous infection, but the evil is in his own system of conduct.

The pains he suffers in himself are the obvious counterpart of the evils he inflicts upon others. He might have foreseen the effects of his own conduct, and that foresight might have taught him to avoid it. But foresight was in many instances to them impracticable. They suffer, not in consequence of their own extravagance. They cannot take to themselves the miserable consolation, that, if now they are distressed,

they have at least lavished their money themselves, and had their period of profusion and riot.

There is no reason to be found in the code of impartial justice, why one man should work, while another man is idle. Mechanical and daily labor is the deadliest foe to all that is great and admirable in the human mind. But the spendthrift is not merely content, that other men should labor, while he is idle. They have reconciled themselves to that. They have found that, though unjust in itself, they cannot change the system of political society, and they submit to their lot. They console themselves with recollecting the stipulated compensations of their labors. But he is not satisfied, that they should labor for his gratification: he obliges them to do this gratuitously; he trifles with their expectations; he baffles their hopes; he subjects them to a long succession of tormenting uncertainties. They labor indeed; but they do not consume the commodities they produce, nor derive the smallest advantage from their industry. 'We have labored; and other men have entered into the fruits of our labors.'*

Setting therefore out of the question the man who subjects himself to expences which he is unable to discharge, it may prove instructive to us to inquire into the propriety of the maxim so currently established in human society, that it is the duty of the rich man to live up to his fortune.

Industry has been thought a pleasing spectacle. What more delightful than to see our provinces covered with corn, and our ports crowded with vessels? What more admirable than the products of human ingenuity? Magnificent buildings, plentiful markets, immense cities? How innumerable the arts of the less favored members of society to extort from the wealthy some portion of their riches? How many paths have been struck out for the acquisition of money? How

* John, chap. iv. verse 38.

various are the channels of our trade? How costly and curious the different classes of our manufactures? Is not this much better, than that the great mass of society should wear out a miserable existence in idleness and want.

It is thus that superficial observers have reasoned, and these have been termed the elements of political wisdom." It has been inferred, that the most commendable proceeding in a man of wealth, is to encourage the manufacture of his country, and to spend as large a portion of his property as possible in generating this beautiful spectacle of a multitude of human beings, industriously employed, well fed, warmly clothed, cleanly and contented.

Another view of the subject which has led to the same conclusion is, that the wealth any man possesses is so much of pleasure and happiness, capable of being enjoyed, partly by himself, partly by others; that it is his duty to scatter the seeds of pleasure and happiness as widely as possible; and that it is more useful that he should exchange his superfluity for their labor, than that he should maintain them in idleness and dependence.

These views of the subject are both of them erroneous. Money is the representative and the means of exchange to real commodities; it is no real commodity itself. The wages of the laborer and the artisan have always been small; and, as long as the extreme inequality of conditions subsists, will always remain so. If the rich man would substantially relieve the burthens of the poor, exclusive of the improvement he may communicate to their understandings or their temper, it must be by taking upon himself a part of their labor, and not by setting them tasks. All other relief is partial and temporary.

Three or four hundred years ago in England, there was little of manufacture, and little comparatively of manual labor. Yet the great proprietors found then,

as they find now, that they could not center the employment of their wealth entirely in themselves ; they could not devour to their own share all the corn and oxen and sheep they were pleased to call their property. There were not then commodities, decorations of their persons, their wives and their houses, sufficient to consume their superfluity. Those which existed, were cumbrous and durable, a legacy handed down from one generation to another ; not as now, a perpetual drain for wealth and spur to industry. They generously therefore gave away what they could not expend, that it might not rot upon their hands. It was equitable however in their idea, that they should receive some compensation for their benefits. What they required of their beneficiaries was, that they should wear their liveries, and by their personal attendance contribute to the splendor of their lords.

It happened then, as it must always happen, that the lower orders of the community could not be entirely starved out of the world.

The commodities that substantially contribute to the subsistence of the human species, form a very short catalogue. They demand from us but a slender portion of industry. If these only were produced, and sufficiently produced, the species of man would be continued. If the labor necessarily required to produce them were equitably divided among the poor, and still more if it were equitably divided among all, each man's share of labor would be light, and his portion of leisure would be ample. There was a time, when this leisure would have been of small comparative value. It is to be hoped that the time will come, when it will be applied to the most important purposes. Those hours which are not required for the production of the necessaries of life, may be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, the enlarging our stock of knowledge, the refining our taste, and thus opening to us new and more exquisite sources of enjoyment. It is

not necessary that all our hours of leisure should be dedicated to intellectual pursuits ; it is probable that the well-being of man would be best promoted by the production of some superfluities and luxuries, though certainly not of such as an ill-imagined and exclusive vanity now teaches us to admire ; but there is no reason in the system of the universe or the nature of man, why any individual should be deprived of the means of intellectual cultivation.

It was perhaps necessary that a period of monopoly and oppression should subsist, before a period of cultivated equality could subsist. Savages perhaps would never have been excited to the discovery of truth and the invention of art, but by the narrow motives which such a period affords. But surely after the savage state has ceased, and men have set out in the glorious career of discovery and invention, monopoly and oppression cannot be necessary to prevent them from returning to a state of barbarism. Thus much is certain, that a state of cultivated equality, is that state which, in speculation and theory, appears most consonant to the nature of man, and most conducive to the extensive diffusion of felicity.

It is reasonable therefore to take this state as a sort of polar star, in our speculations upon the tendency of human actions. Without entering into the question whether such a state can be realised in its utmost extent, we may venture to pronounce that mode of society best, which most nearly approaches this state. It is desirable that there should be, in any rank of society, as little as may be of that luxury, the object of which is to contribute to the spurious gratifications of vanity ; that those who are least favored with the gifts of fortune, should be condemned to the smallest practicable portion of compulsory labor ; and that no man should be obliged to devote his life to the servitude of a galley-slave, and the ignorance of a beast.

How far does the conduct of the rich man who lives

up to his fortune on the one hand, and of the avaricious man on the other, contribute to the placing of human beings in the condition in which they ought to be placed?

Every man who invents a new luxury, adds so much to the quantity of labor entailed on the lower orders of society. The same may be affirmed of every man who adds a new dish to his table, or who imposes a new tax upon the inhabitants of his country. It is a gross and ridiculous error to suppose that the rich pay for any thing. There is no wealth in the world except this, the labor of man. What is misnamed wealth, is merely a power vested in certain individuals by the institutions of society, to compel others to labor for their benefit. So much labor is requisite to produce the necessaries of life; so much more to produce those superfluities which at present exist in any country. Every new luxury is a new weight thrown into the scale. The poor are scarcely ever benefited by this. It adds a certain portion to the mass of their labor; but it adds nothing to their conveniences. Their wages are not changed. They are paid no more now for the work of ten hours, than before for the work of eight. They support the burthen; but they come in for no share of the fruit. If a rich man employ the poor in breaking up land and cultivating its useful productions, he may be their benefactor. But, if he employ them in erecting palaces, in sinking canals, in laying out his parks, and modelling his pleasure-grounds, he will be found, when rightly considered, their enemy. He is adding to the weight of oppression, and the vast accumulation of labor, by which they are already sunk beneath the level of the brutes. His mistaken munificence spreads its baleful effects on every side; and he is entailing curses on men he never saw, and posterity yet unborn.

Such is the real tendency of the conduct of that so frequently applauded character, the rich man who lives up to his fortune. His houses, his gardens, his equipages, his horses, the luxury of his table, and the number of his servants, are so many articles that may assume the name of munificence, but that in reality are but added expedients for grinding the poor, and filling up the measure of human calamity. Let us see what is the tendency of the conduct of the avaricious man in this respect.

He recognises, in his proceedings at least, if not as an article of his creed, that great principle of austere and immutable justice, that the claims of the rich man are no more extensive than those of the poor, to the sumptuousness and pamperings of human existence. He watches over his expenditure with unintermitted scrupulosity ; and, though enabled to indulge himself in luxuries, he has the courage to practise an entire self-denial.

It may be alleged indeed that, if he do not consume his wealth upon himself, neither does he impart it to another ; he carefully locks it up, and pertinaciously withholds it from general use. But this point does not seem to have been rightly understood. The true developement and definition of the nature of wealth have not been applied to illustrate it. Wealth consists in this only, the commodities raised and fostered by human labor. But he locks up neither corn, nor oxen, nor clothes, nor houses. These things are used and consumed by his contemporaries, as truly and to as great an extent, as if he were a beggar. He is the lineal successor of those religious fanatics of former ages, who conveyed to their heirs all that they had, and took themselves an oath of voluntary poverty. If he mean to act as the enemy of mankind, he is wretchedly deceived. Like the dotard in Esop's fables, when he examines his hoard, he will find that he has locked up nothing but pebbles and dirt.

His conduct is much less pernicious to mankind, and much more nearly conformable to the unalterable principles of justice, than that of the man who disburses his income in what has been termed, a liberal and spirited style. It remains to compare their motives, and to consider which of them has familiarised himself most truly with the principles of morality.

It is to be supposed, when a man, like the person of splendor and magnificence, is found continually offending against the rights, and adding to the miseries, of mankind; and when it appears, in addition to this, that all his expences are directed to the pampering his debauched appetites, or the indulging an ostentatious and arrogant temper;—It is not, I say, to be supposed in this case, that the man is actuated by very virtuous and commendable motives.

It would be idle to hold up the miser as a pattern of benevolence. But it will not perhaps be found an untenable position to say, that his mind is in the habit of frequently recurring to the best principles of morality. He strips the world of its gaudy plumage, and views it in its genuine colors. He estimates splendid equipages and costly attire, exactly, or nearly, at their true value. He feels with acute sensibility the folly of wasting the wealth of a province upon a meal. He knows that a man may be as alert, as vigorous, and as happy, whose food is the roots of the earth, and whose drink the running stream. He understands all this in the same sense and with the same perspicuity, as the profoundest philosopher.

It is true indeed that he exaggerates his principles, and applies them to points to which, upon better examination, they would not be found applicable. His system would not only drive out of the world that luxury, which unnerves and debases the men that practise it, and is the principal source of all the oppression, ignorance and guilt which infest the face of the earth: it is also inimical to those arts, by which life is

improved, the understanding cultivated, and the taste refined. It would destroy painting, and music, and the splendor of public exhibitions. Literature itself would languish under its frigid empire. But our censure would be extensive indeed, if we condemned every enthusiast of any science or principle, who exaggerated its maxims.

After every deduction, it will be found that the miser himself as a man, is entitled to expend upon himself only what the wants of man require. He sees, and truly sees, the folly of profusion. It is this perception of the genuine principles of morality, it is this consciousness of unassailable truth, that supports him in the system of conduct he has chosen. He perceives, when you endeavor to persuade him to alter his system, that your arguments are the arguments of sophistry and misrepresentation. Were it not for this, he could not submit to the uniform practice of self-denial, and the general obloquy he encounters from a world, of which he is comparatively the benefactor.

Such appears to be the genuine result of the comparison between the votary of avarice and the man of profusion. It by no means follows from the preference, we feel compelled to cede to the former, that he is not fairly chargeable with enormous mistakes. Money, though in itself destitute of any real value, is an engine enabling us to vest the actual commodities of life in such persons and objects, as our understandings may point out to us. This engine, which might be applied to most admirable purposes, the miser constantly refuses to employ. The use of wealth is no doubt a science attended with uncommon difficulties. But it is not less evident that, by a master in the science, it might be applied, to cheer the miserable, to relieve the oppressed, to assist the manly adventurer, to advance science, and to encourage art. A rich man, guided by the genuine principles of virtue, would

be munificent, though not with that spurious munificence that has so often usurped the name. It may however almost be doubted whether the conduct of the miser, who wholly abstains from the use of riches, be not more advantageous to mankind, than the conduct of the man who, with honorable intentions, is continually misapplying his wealth to what he calls public benefits and charitable uses.

It deserves to be remarked that the prejudice and folly of the world has frequently bestowed the epithet of a miser upon a man, merely for the parsimony and simplicity of his stile of living, who has been found, whenever a real and unquestionable occasion occurred, to be actuated by the best charities and the most liberal spirit in his treatment of others. Such a man might answer his calumniators in the words of Louis the twelfth of France, I had rather my countrymen should laugh at my parsimony, than weep for my injustice and oppression.

This speculation upon the comparative merits of avarice and profusion, may perhaps be found to be of greater importance than at first sight might be imagined. It includes in it the first principles of morality, and of justice between man and man. It strikes at the root of a deception that has long been continued, and long proved a curse to all the civilised nations of the earth. It tends to familiarise the mind to those strict and severe principles of judging, without which our energy, as well as our usefulness, will lie in a very narrow compass. It contains the germ of a code of political science, and may perhaps be found intimately connected with the diffusion of liberty and happiness.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

DR. PRIDEAUX.

PTOLEMY SOTER being a learned prince, as appears by the history of the life of Alexander, written by him (which was in great repute among the ancients, though now not extant) out of the affection he had for learning, founded at Alexandria a museum or college of learned men for the improving of philosophy, and all other knowledge, like that of the Royal Society at London, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. And for this use he got together a library of books, which being augmented by his successors, grew afterwards to a very great bulk. Ptolemy Philadelphus, the son of Soter, left in it at the time of his death 100,000 volumes. Those that reigned after him, of that race, still added more to them, till at length they amounted to the number of 700,000 volumes.

Their method in the collecting of them was thus : They seized all the books that were by any Greek or other foreigner brought into Egypt, and sending them to the Museum, caused them there to be written out by those of that society, whom they there maintained, and then sent the transcripts to the owners, and kept the originals to lay up in the library. And particularly it is said of Ptolemy Euergetes, that having thus borrowed of the Athenians the works of Sophocles, Euripides and Æschylus, he sent them back the copies, which he had caused very fairly to be transcribed, and retained the originals for his library, giving them 15 talents (3093*l.* 15*s.* sterling) over and above for the same.

The museum being placed in the region of the city called Bruchium, near the king's palace, there the library was at first placed also, and had great resort made to it ; but afterwards, when it was filled with

books to the number of 400,000 volumes, the other library, within the scrapium, was erected by way of supplement to it, and it was therefore called the daughter of the former. And that grew up to have 300,000 volumes placed in it. And these two put together made up the number of 700,000 volumes in the whole, of which the royal libraries of the Ptolemian kings at Alexandria were said to consist. When Julius Cæsar waged war against the Alexandrians, it happened that the library in Bruchium was burnt, and the 400,000 volumes that were laid up in it were all consumed. But that in the scrapium still remained, and there we may suppose it was, that Cleopatra laid up the 200,000 volumes of the library of Pergamus, which Antony gave unto her; with which and other books there deposited, the latter Alexandrian library being much augmented, soon grew up to be larger, and of more eminent note, than the former. And although it had been sometimes rifled on the commotions and revolutions that happened in the Roman empire, (as Cæsius particularly complains it had been in his time) yet it was as often repaired and replenished again with its full number of books, and continued for many ages to be of great fame and use in those parts, till at length it underwent the same fate with the other, and was also burnt and finally destroyed by the Saracens, on their making themselves masters of that city.

This happened A. D. 642, in the manner as followeth: Johannes Grammaticus, the famous Aristotelian philosopher, being then living at Alexandria, when the city was taken, and having much ingratiated himself with Amros Ebnolas, the general of the Saracen army, and by reason of his great learning made himself acceptable unto him, he begged of him the royal library of Alexandria: to this Amros replied, that this was not in his power, but was wholly in the disposal of the caliph or emperor of the Saracens; but he promised that he would send to him his request, and ac-

cordingly he wrote to Omar, the then caliph, about it; his answer thereto was, that if those books contained what was agreeing with the Alcoran, there was no need of them, for the Alcoran alone was sufficient of itself for all truth; but if they contained what was disagreeing with the Alcoran, they were not to be endured, and therefore he ordered that whatsoever the contents of them were, they should all be destroyed; whereon being distributed among the public baths, they served as fuel for six months time to heat all the baths of Alexandria, which shews how great the number of them was, and in this manner was that inestimable treasure of learning destroyed.

INDIAN MAGNANIMITY.

AN Indian who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The planter bid him begone, for he would give him none. ‘Will you give me then a cup of your beer?’ said the Indian. ‘No, you shall have none here,’ replied the planter. ‘But I am very faint,’ said the savage, ‘will you give me only a draught of cold water?’ ‘Get you gone, you Indian dog, you shall have nothing here,’ said the planter. It happened some months after, that the planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company, and lost his way; and night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam. He approached the savage’s habitation, and asked him to shew him the way to a plantation on that side the country. ‘It is too late for you to go there this evening, sir,’ said the In-

dian ; but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome.' He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his store afforded ; and having laid some bear skins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way. Accordingly in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him in the road he was to go ; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the planter, then turning round, and staring full in his face, bid him say, whether he recollected his features. The planter was now struck with shame and horror, when he beheld, in his kind protector, the Indian whom he had so harshly treated. He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behaviour ; to which the Indian only replied : " When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, ' Get you gone, you Indian dog ! ' " The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say, which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

AN AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

DURING the war before last, a company of Indian savages defeated an English detachment. The conquered could not escape so swiftly as the conquerors pursued. They were taken, and treated with such barbarity, as is hardly to be equalled even in these savage countries.

A young English officer being pursued by two savages, who approached him with uplifted hatchets, and seeing that death was inevitable, determined to sell his life dearly. At this instant an old savage, armed with a bow, was preparing to pierce his heart with an ar-

row ; but scarcely had he assumed that posture, when he suddenly let fall his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and his barbarian combatants, who instantly retired with respect.

The old Indian took the Englishman by the hand, dispelled all his fears by his caresses, and conducted him to his cabin, where he always treated him with that tenderness, which cannot be affected. He was less his master than his companion ; taught him the Indian language, and made the rude arts of that country familiar to him. They lived contentedly together, and one thing only disturbed the young Englishman's tranquillity : the old man would sometimes fix his eyes on him, and, while he surveyed him attentively, tears fell in torrents from his eyes.

On the return of spring, however, they recommenced hostilities, and every one appeared in arms. The old man, who had yet strength sufficient to support the toils of war, set off with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred leagues through forests, at last arrived on the borders of a plain, where they discovered the English camp.

The old savage, observing the young man's countenance, shewed him the English camp. ' There are thy brethren (said he to him) waiting to fight us. Be attentive. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow, and arrows ; to surprise an enemy in the forest, to manage the hatchet, and to carry off a scalp. What wast thou, when I first conducted thee into my cabin ? Thy hands were like those of a child ; they served neither to support nor defend thee : thy soul was buried in the obscurity of night ; you knew nothing ; but from me you have learned every thing. Wilt thou be so ungrateful, with a view to reconcile yourself to your brethren, as to lift up the hatchet against us.'

The young Englishman protested, that he would re-

than a thousand times lose his own life, than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends

The old savage covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head. After having been some time in that posture, he looked on the young Englishman, and said to him, in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief, 'hast thou a father?'—He was living (said the young man) when I quitted my country." Oh! how unfortunate is he! cried the old man; and after a moment's silence, he added, 'knowest thou that I have been a father? I am no more such! I saw my son fall in battle; he fought by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and died like a man! but I revenged his death, yes, I revenged it.'

He pronounced these words in great agitation: his whole body trembled, and sighs and groans, which with difficulty found their way, almost suffocated him; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his sighs could not find a passage from his heart. By degrees he became more serene, and turning towards the east, where the sun was rising, he said to the young man; 'seest thou that gilded heaven, which spreads abroad its resplendent light? Does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?' 'Yes,' said the Englishman, 'the sight adds new vigor to my heart.' Ah, thou happy man; but to me it affords no pleasure!' replied the savage, shedding a flood of tears. A moment afterwards, he shewed the young man a shrub in bloom; 'seest thou that beautiful flower? (said he) hast thou pleasure in beholding it?' 'Yes, I have,' replied the young man. 'To me it no longer affords any,' answered the savage hastily, and then concluded with these words: 'Be gone, hasten to thy own country, that thy father may have pleasure in beholding the rising sun, and the flowers of the spring.'

The following Preface to Travels in the United States of America, written by J. P. BRISSOT, and published at Paris early in the year 1791, abounds with the most interesting reflections. It was written in a prophetic spirit, and evinces that the author had, alas! too just a conception of the character and views of the most conspicuous of the self-named patriots of France. It is in the recollection of every one acquainted with the events of the French Revolution, that Brissot and his party, the friends to a federative representative republic, were guillotined by the Terrorists of France, at the close of the year 1793.

[EDITOR.

BRISSOT'S PREFACE

TO TRAVELS IN THE U. STATES OF AMERICA.

THE publication of Voyages and Travels will doubtless appear, at first view, an operation foreign to the present circumstances of France. I should even myself regret the time I have spent in reducing this work to order, if I did not think that it might be useful and necessary in supporting our Revolution. The object of these Travels was not to study antiques, or to search for unknown plants, but to study men who had just acquired their liberty. A free people can no longer be strangers to the French.

We have now, likewise, acquired our liberty. It is no longer necessary to learn of the Americans the manner of acquiring it. This secret consists in the morals of the people; the Americans have it; and I see with grief, not only that we do not yet possess it, but that we are not even thoroughly persuaded of its absolute necessity in the preservation of liberty. This is an important point; it involves the salvation of the re-

volution, and therefore merits a close examination.

What is liberty? It is that perfect state of human felicity, in which each man confidently depends upon those laws which he contributes to make ;—in which, to make them good, he ought to perfect the powers of his mind ; in which, to execute them well, he must employ all his reason ; for all coercive measures are disgraceful to freemen—they are useless in a free state ; and when the magistrate calls them to his aid, liberty is on the decline. Morals are nothing more than reason applied to all the actions of life ; in their force consists the execution of the laws. Reason or morals are to the execution of the laws among a free people, what fetters, scourges, and gibbets are among slaves. Destroy morals, or practical reason, and you must supply their place by fetters and scourges, or else society will cease to be any thing but a state of war, a scene of deplorable anarchy, to be terminated by its destruction.

Without morals there can be no liberty. If you have not the former, you cannot love the latter, and you will soon take it away from others ; for if you abandon yourself to luxury, to ostentation, to excessive gaming, to enormous expences, you necessarily open your heart to corruption ; you make a traffic of your popularity, and of your talents ; you sell the people to that despotism which is always endeavoring to absorb them within its chains.

Some men endeavor to make a distinction between public and private morals. This is a false and chimerical distinction ; invented by vice, in order to disguise its danger. Undoubtedly a man may possess the private virtues, without the public ; as for instance, he may be a good father, without being an ardent friend of liberty. But he who has not the private virtues, ~~can~~ never possess the public. In this respect they are

inseparable ; their basis is the same, it is *practical reason*.

What ! within the walls of your house, you trample reason under foot ; and do you respect it abroad, in your intercourse with your fellow citizens ? The man who respects not reason in the lonely presence of his household gods, can have no sincere attachment to it at all ; and his apparent veneration to the law is but the effect of fear, or the grimace of hypocrisy. Place him out of danger from the public force, his fears vanish, and his vice appears. Besides, the hypocrisy of public virtue entrains another evil ; it spreads a dangerous snare to liberty over the abyss of despotism.

What confidence can be placed in those men who, regarding the revolution but as their road to fortune, assume the appearance of virtue only to deceive the people ; who deceive the people but to pillage and enslave them ; and who, in their artful discourses, which are paid for with gold, preach to others the sacrifice of private interest, while they themselves sacrifice all that is sacred to their own ? Men whose private conduct is the assassin of virtue, an opprobrium to liberty, and gives the lie to the doctrines which they preach :

Qui curios simulant, et Bacchanalia vivunt.

Happy the people who despise this hypocrisy, who have the courage to degrade, to chastise, to excommunicate these double men ; possessing the tongue of Cato, and the soul of Tiberius. Happy the people who, well convinced that liberty is not supported by eloquence, but by the exercise of virtue, esteem not, but rather despise, the former, when it is separated from the latter. Such a people, by their severe opinions, compel men of talents to acquire morals ; they exclude corruption from their body, and lay the foundation for liberty and long prosperity.

But if such a people should become so improvident

and irresolute, as to be dazzled by the eloquence of an orator who flatters their passions, to pardon his vices in favor of his talents—if they feel not an indignation at seeing an Alcibiades training a mantle of purple, lavishing his sumptuous repasts, lolling on the bosom of his mistress, or ravishing a wife from her tender husband—if the view of his enormous wealth, his exterior graces, the soft sound of his speech, and his traits of courage, could reconcile them to his crimes—if they should render him the homage which is due only to talents united with virtue—if they should lavish upon him praises, places, and honors—*then* it is that people discover the full measure of their weakness, their irresolution, and their own proper corruption; they become their own executioners; and the time is not distant, when they will be ready to be sold, by their own Alcibiades, *to the great king, and to his satraps.*

Is it an ideal picture which I here trace, or, is it not ours? I tremble at the resemblance! Great God! shall we have achieved a revolution the most inconceivable, the most unexpected, but for the sake of drawing from nihilism a few intriguing, low, ambitious men, to whom nothing is sacred, who have not even the mouth of gold to accompany their soul of clay? Infamous wretches! they endeavour to excuse their weakness, their venality, their eternal capitulations with despotism, by saying, These people are too much corrupted to be trusted with complete liberty. They themselves give them the example of corruption; they give them new shackles, as if shackles could enlighten and ameliorate men.

O Providence! to what destiny reservest thou the people of France? They are good, but they are flexible; they are credulous, they are enthusiastic, they are easily deceived. How often, in their infatuation, have they applauded secret traitors, who have advised them to the most perfidious measures! Infatuation announces either a people whose aged weakness indicates

approaching dissolution, or an infant people, or a mechanical people, a people not yet ripe for liberty : for the man of liberty is by nature a man of reason ; he is rational in his applause, he is sparing in his admiration, if, indeed, he ever indulges this passion ; he never profanes these effusions, by lavishing them on men who dishonor themselves. A people degraded to this degree, are ready to caress the gilded chains that may be offered them. Behold the people of England dragging in the dirt that parliament to whom they owed their liberty, and crowning with laurels the infamous head of Monk, who sold them to a new tyrant.

I have scrutinized those men, by whom the people are so easily infatuated. How few patriots was I able to number among them ! How few men, who sincerely love the people, who labor for their happiness and amelioration, without regard to their personal interest ! These true friends, these real brothers of the people, are not to be found in those infamous gambling-houses, where the representatives sport with the blood of their fellow citizens ; they are not found among those vile courtesans who, preserving their disposition, have only changed their mask ; they are not found among those patriots of a day, who, while they are preaching the Rights of Man, are gravely occupied with a gilded phaeton, or an embroidered vest. The man of this frivolous taste has never descended into those profound meditations, which make of humanity, and the exercise of reason, a constant pleasure and a daily duty. The simplicity of wants and of pleasures, may be taken as a sure sign of patriotism. He that has few wants, has never that of selling himself ; while the citizen, who has the rage of ostentation, the fury of gambling, and of expensive frivolities, is always to be sold to the highest bid-

der ; and every thing around him betrays his corruption !

Would you prove to me your patriotism ? Let me penetrate into the interior of your house. What ! I see your antichamber full of insolent lackies, who regard me with disdain, because I am like Curius, *incomptis capillis* : they address you with the appellation of *lordship* ; they give you still those vain titles which liberty treads under foot, and you suffer it ; and you call yourself a patriot !—I penetrate a little further : your ceilings are gilded ; magnificent vases adorn your chimney pieces ; I walk upon the richest carpets ; the most costly wines, the most exquisite dishes, cover your table ; a crowd of servants surround it ; you treat them with haughtiness :—No, you are not a patriot, the most consummate pride reigns in your heart, the pride of birth, of riches, and of power. With this triple pride, a man never believes in the doctrine of equality : you belie your conscience when you prostitute the word patriot.

But whence comes this display of wealth ? you are not rich. Is it from the people ? They are still poor. Who will prove to me that it is not the price of their blood ? Who will assure me that there is not this moment existing a secret contract between you and the court ? Who will assure me that you have not said to the court, Trust to me the power which remains to you, and I will bring back the people to your feet ; I will attach them to your car ; I will enchain the tongues and pens of those independent who brave you. A people may sometimes be subjugated without the aid of bastiles.

I do not know if so many pictures as every day strike our eyes, will convince us of the extreme difficulty of connecting public incorruptibility with corruption of morals ; but I am convinced, that if we wish to preserve our constitution, it will be easy, it will be necessary, to demonstrate this maxim : ‘ *Without private*

*'virtue, there can be no public virtue, no public spirit,
'no true liberty.'*

But how can we create private virtue among a people who have just risen suddenly from the dregs of servitude, dregs which have been settling for twelve centuries on their heads?

Numerous means offer themselves to our hands; laws, instruction, good examples, education, encouragement to a rural life, parcelling of real property among heirs, respect to the useful arts.

Is it not evident, for instance, that private morals associate naturally with a rural life; that, of consequence, manners would much improve, by inducing men to return from the city to the country, and by discouraging them from migrating from the country to the city? The reason why the Americans possess such pure morals is, because nine-tenths of them live dispersed in the country. I do not say that we should make laws direct to force people to quit the town, or to fix their limits; all prohibition, all restraint, is unjust, absurd, and ineffectual. Do you wish a person to do well? Make it his interest to do it. Would you re-people the country? Make it his interest to keep his children at home. Wise laws and taxes well distributed will produce this effect. Laws which tend to an equal distribution of real property, to diffuse a certain degree of ease among the people, will contribute much to the resurrection of private and public morals; *for misery can take no interest in the public good, and want is often the limit of virtue.*

Would you extend public spirit through all France? Into all the departments, all the villages, favor the propagation of knowledge, the low price of books and of newspapers. How rapidly would the revolution consolidate, if the government had the wisdom to frank the public papers from the expence of postage! It has often been repeated, that three or four millions of livres expended in this way, would prevent a great

number of disorders which ignorance may countenance or commit, and the reparation of which costs many more millions. The communication of knowledge would accelerate a number of useful undertakings, which greatly diffuse public prosperity.

I will still propose another law, which would infallibly extend public spirit and good morals ; it is the short duration of public officers in public offices, and the impossibility of re-electing them without an interval. By that the legislative body would send out every two years, into the provinces, three or four hundred patriots, who, during their abode at Paris, would have arisen to the horizon of the revolution, and obtained instruction, activity in business, and a public spirit. The commonwealth, better understood, would become thus successively the business of *all* ; and it is thus that you would repair the defect with which representative republics are reproached, that the commonwealth is the business of but few.

I cannot enlarge upon all the means ; but it would be rendering a great service to the Revolution, to seek and point out those which may give us morals and public spirit.

Yet I cannot leave this subject without indulging one reflection, which appears to me important ; *Liberty, either political or individual, cannot exist a long time without personal independence. There can be no independence without a property, a profession, a trade, or an honest industry, which may insure against want and dependence.*

I assure you that the Americans are and will be for a long time free ; it is because nine tenths of them live by agriculture ; and when there shall be five hundred millions of men in America, all may be proprietors.

We are not in that happy situation in France : the productive lands in France amount to fifty millions of acres ; this equally divided, would be two acres to a

person ; these two acres would not be sufficient for his subsistence ; the nature of things calls a great number of the French to live in cities. Commerce, the mechanic arts, and divers kinds of industry, procure there subsistence to the inhabitants ; for we must not count much at present on the produce of public offices. Salaries indemnify, but do not enrich : neither do they insure against future want. A man who should speculate upon salaries for a living, would only be the slave of the people, or of foreign powers : every man, therefore, who wishes sincerely to be free, ought to exercise some art or trade. At this word, *trade*, the patriots still shiver ; they begin to pay some respect to commerce ; but though they pretend to cherish equality, they do not feel themselves frankly the equals of a mechanic. They have not yet abjured the prejudice which regards the tradesman, as below the banker or the merchant. This vulgar aristocracy will be the most difficult to destroy. If you wish to honor the mechanic arts, give instruction to those who exercise them : choose among them the best instructed, and advance them in public employments ; and disdain not to confer upon them distinguished places in the assemblies.

I regret that the National Assembly has not yet given this salutary example ; that they have not yet crowned the genius of agriculture, by calling to the president's chair the good cultivator, Gerard ; that the merchants and other members of the Assembly, who exercise mechanic arts, have not enjoyed the same honor. Why this exclusion ? It is very well to insert in the Declaration of Rights, that all men are equal ; but we must practise this equality, engrave it in our hearts, consecrate it in all our actions, and it belongs to the National Assembly to give the great example. It would perhaps force the executive power

to respect it likewise. Has he ever been known to descend into the class of professions, there to choose his ministers, his agents, from men of simplicity, of manners, not rich, but well instructed, and no courtesans?

Our democrats of the court praise indeed, with a borrowed enthusiasm, a Franklin or an Adams; they say, and even with a silly astonishment, that the one was a printer, and the other a schoolmaster! But, do they go to seek in the work-shops the men of information? No.—But what signifies at present the conduct of an administration, whose detestable foundation renders them anti-popular, and consequently perverse? They can never appear virtuous but by hypocrisy. To endeavor to convert them is a folly; to oppose to them independent adversaries, is wisdom: the secret of independence is in this maxim, *Have few wants, and a steady employment to satisfy them.*

With these ideas man bends not his front before man. The artisan glories in his trade that supports him: he envies not places of honor; he knows he can attain them, if he deserves them: he idolizes no man; he respects himself too much to be an idolater: he esteems not men because they are in place, but because they deserve well from their country. The leaders of the revolution in Holland, in the sixteenth century, seated on the grass at a repast of herrings and onions, received, with a stern simplicity, the deputies of the haughty Spaniard. This is the portrait of men who feel their dignity, and know the superiority of freemen over the slaves of kings.

Quem neque pauper, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.

When shall we have this elevated idea of ourselves? When will all the citizens look with disdain on those

idols on whom they formerly prostituted their adoration? Indeed, when shall we experience a general diffusion of public spirit?

I have no uneasiness about the rising generation: the pure souls of our young men breathe nothing but liberty; the contagious breath of personal interest has not yet infected them. An education truly national, will create men surpassing the Greeks and Romans; but people advanced in life, accustomed to servitude, familiarized with the idolatry of the great—What will reclaim them? What will strip them of the old man? Instruction; and the best means of diffusing it, is to multiply popular clubs, where all those citizens so unjustly denominated passive, come to gain information on the principles of the constitution, and on the political occurrences of every day. It is there that may be placed under the eyes of the people the great examples of virtue furnished by ancient and modern history; it is there that detached parts of the work, which I now publish, may serve to shew my fellow-citizens the means of preserving their liberty.

O Frenchmen! who wish for this invaluable instruction, study the Americans of the present day. Open this book: you will here see to what degree of prosperity the blessings of freedom can elevate the industry of man; how they dignify his nature, and dispose him to universal fraternity: you will here learn by what means liberty is preserved; that the great secret of its duration is in good morals. It is a truth that the observation of the present state of America demonstrates at every step. Thus you will see, in these Travels, the prodigious effects of liberty on morals, on industry, and on the amelioration of men. You will see those stern presbyterians, who, on the first settlement of their country, infected with the gloomy superstitions of Europe, could erect gibbets for those who thought differently from themselves. You will see them admitting all sects to equal charity and brother-

hood, rejecting those superstitions which, to adore the Supreme Being, make martyrs of part of the human race. Thus you will see all the Americans, in whose minds the jealousy of the mother country had disseminated the most absurd prejudices against foreign nations, abjure those prejudices, reject every idea of war, and open the way to a universal confederation of the human race. You will see independent America contemplating no other limits but those of the universe, no other restraint but the laws made by her representatives. You will see them attempting all sorts of speculations ; opening the fertile bosom of the soil, lately covered by forests ; tracing unknown seas ; establishing new communications, new markets ; naturalizing, in their own country, those precious manufactures which England had reserved to herself ; and, by this accumulation of the means of industry, they change the balance that was formerly against America, and turn it to their own advantage. You will see them faithful to their engagements, while their enemies are proclaiming their bankruptcy. You will see them invigorating their minds, and cultivating their virtues ; reforming their government, employing only the language of reason to convince the refractory ; multiplying every where moral institutions and patriotic establishments ; and, above all, never separating the idea of public from private virtues. Such is the consoling picture which these Travels will offer to the friend of liberty.

The reverse is not less consoling ; if liberty is a sure guarantee of prosperity ; if, in perfecting the talents of man, it gives him virtues, these virtues, in their turn, become the surest support of liberty. *A people of universal good morals would have no need of government ; the law would have no need of an executive power.* This is the reason why liberty in America is safely carried to so high a degree that it borders on a state of nature, and why the government has so

little force. This, by ignorant men, is called anarchy : enlightened men, who have examined the effects on the spot, discern in it the excellence of the government ; because, notwithstanding its weakness, society is there in a flourishing state. *The prosperity of a society is always in proportion to the extent of liberty ; liberty is in the inverse proportion to the extent of the governing power : the latter cannot increase itself, but at the expence of the former.*

Can a people without government be happy ? Yes ; if you can suppose a whole people with good morals ; and this is not a chimera. Will you see an example ? Observe the Quakers of America. Though numerous, though dispersed over the surface of Pennsylvania, they have passed more than a century without municipal government, without police, without coercive measures, to administer the State, or to govern the hospitals. And why ? See the picture of their manners ; you will there find the explanation of the phenomenon.

Coercive measures and liberty never go together : a free people hate the former ; but if these measures are not employed, how will you execute the law ? By the force of reason and good morals ;—take away these, and you must borrow the arm of violence, or fall into anarchy. If, then, a people desire to banish the dishonorable means of coercion, they must exercise their reason, which will shew them the necessity of a constant respect for the law.

The exercise of this faculty produces among the Americans a great number of men designated by the name of *principled* men. This appellation indicates the character of a class of men so little known among us, that they have not acquired a name. There will be one formed, I have no doubt ; but, in the mean time, I see none but vibrating, unsteady beings, who do good by enthusiasm, and never by reflection. There can be no durable revolution, but where reflect-

tion marks the operation, and matures the ideas. It is amongst those men of principle, that you find the true heroes of humanity, the Howards, Fothergills, Penns, Franklins, Washingtons, Sidneys, and Ludlows.

Shew me a man of this kind, whose wants are circumscribed, who admits no luxury, who has no secret passion, no ambition, but that of serving his country—a man who, as Montaigne says, *aie des opinions supercelestes, sans avoir des mœurs souterreines*;—a man whom reflection guides in every thing; this is the man of the people.

In a word, my countrymen, would you be always free, always independent in your elections, and in your opinions? Would you confine the executive power within narrow limits, and diminish the number of your laws?—have morals!—*in pessima republica plurimæ leges. Morals supply perfectly, the necessity of laws; laws supply but imperfectly, and in a miserable manner, the place of morals.* Would you augment your population, that chief wealth of nations? Would you augment the ease of individuals, industry, agriculture, and every thing that contributes to general prosperity?—*have morals!*

Such is the double effect of morals in the United States, whose form of government still frightens pusillanimous and superstitious men. The portraits offered to view, in these Travels, will justify that republicanism which knaves calumniate with design, which ignorant men do not understand, but which they will learn to know and respect. How can we better judge of a government than by its effects? Reasoning may deceive; experience is always right. If liberty produces good morals, and diffuses information, why do freemen continue to carp at that kind of government, which, being founded on the greatest degree of liberty, secures the greatest degree of prosperity?

I thought it very useful and very necessary to prove

these principles from great examples ; and this is my reason for publishing these Travels. Examples are more powerful than precepts. Morality, put in action, carries something of the dramatic, and the French love the drama.

This, then, is my first object ; it is national, it is universal : for, when it is demonstrated that liberty creates morals, and morals, in their turn, extend and maintain liberty, it is evident that to restrain the progress of liberty is an execrable object ; since it is to restrain the happiness, the prosperity, and the union of the human race.

A second object which guides me in this publication, is likewise national. I wished to describe to my countrymen a people with whom we ought, on every account, to connect ourselves in the most intimate manner.

The comparative view of their constitution with ours, requires a critical and profound examination. Experience has already determined the qualities of one ; the other is still in its infancy. Perhaps, indeed, it requires a time of more calmness, less ignorance and prejudice in the public mind, to judge wisely of the American constitution. We must prepare the way for this maturity of judgment ; and these Travels will accelerate it, in setting forth with truth the advantages of the only government which merits any confidence.

If I had consulted what is called the Love of Glory, and the Spirit of Ancient Literature, I could have spent several years in polishing this work ; but I believed, that, though necessary at present, it might be too late, and, perhaps, useless, in a few years. We have arrived at the time when men of letters ought to study, above all things, to be useful ; when they ought, for fear of losing time, to precipitate the propagation of truths, which the people ought to know ; when, of consequence, we ought to occupy ourselves more in

things than in words ; when the care of style, and the perfection of taste, are but signs of a trifling vanity, and a literary aristocracy. Were Montesquieu to rise from the dead, he would surely blush at having labored twenty years at making epigrams on laws : he would write for the people ; for the revolution cannot be maintained but by the people, and by the people instructed : he would write, then, directly and simply from his own soul, and not torment his ideas to render them brilliant.

When a man would travel usefully, he should study, first, *men* ; secondly, *books* ; and thirdly, *places*. To study men, he should see them of all classes, of all parties of all ages, and in all situations.

I read in the Gazettes, that the ambassadors of Tip-poo Sultan were feasted by every body ; they were carried to the balls, to the spectacles, to the manufactures, to the arsenals, to the palaces, to the camps. After being thus feasted for six months, I wonder if, on returning home, they conceived that they knew France. If such was their opinion, they were in an error ; for they saw only the brilliant part, the surface ; and it is not by the surface that one can judge of the force of a nation. The ambassador should descend from his dignity, travel in a common carriage without his attendants, go into the stables to see the horses, into the barns to see the grain and other productions of the country. It is thus that Mr. Jefferson travelled in France and Italy ; he had but one servant with him ; he saw every thing with his own eyes. I believe that few voyages have been made with so much judgment and utility as those of that philosopher. But his modesty conceals his observations from the public eye.

People disguise every thing, to deceive men in place. A prince goes to an hospital ; he tastes the soup and the meat. Does any one suppose that the superintendant was fool enough not to have given orders to the cook that day ?

True observation is that of every day. A traveller,

before setting out, ought to know from books and men the country he goes to visit.

He will have some *data* ; he will confront what he sees, with what he has heard.

He ought to have a plan of observation ; if he wishes that nothing should escape him, he should accustom himself to seize objects rapidly, and to write, every night, what he has seen in the day.

The choice of persons to consult, and to rely upon, is difficult.

The inhabitants of a country have generally a predilection in favor of it, and strangers have prejudices against it. In America I found this prejudice in almost every stranger. The American revolution confounds them. They cannot familiarize the idea of a *king-people* and an *elective chief*, who shakes hands with a laborer, who has no guards at his gate, who walks on foot, &c. The foreign consuls are those who decry, with the most virulence, the American constitution ; and, I say it with grief, I saw much of this virulence among some of ours. According to them, the United States, when I landed in America, were just falling to ruin. They had no government left, the constitution was detestable ; there was no confidence to be placed in the Americans, the public debt would never be paid, and there was no faith, no justice among them.

Being a friend of liberty, these calumnies against the American government were revolting to me : I combated them with reasoning. My adversaries, who objected to me then their long abode there, and the shortness of mine, ought to be convinced by this time that the telescope of reason is rather better than the microscope of office. They have, in general, some abilities and some information ; but they have generally been educated in the inferior places in the French administration, and they have well imbibed its preju-

dices. A republic is a monstrous thing in their sight ; a minister is an idol that they adore ; the people, in their view, is a herd that must be governed with rigor. A man who lives upon the rapines of despotism, is always a bad judge of a free country ; they feel that they should be nothing in such a state ; and a man does not like to fall into nothing.

I met in our French travellers the same prejudices as in the consuls. The greater part of Frenchmen who travel or emigrate, have little information, and are not prepared to the art of observation. Presumptuous to excess, and admirers of their own customs and manners, they ridicule those of other nations. Ridicule gives them a double pleasure ; it feeds their own pride, and humbles others. At Philadelphia, for instance, the men are grave, the women serious, no finical airs, no libertine wives, no coffee-houses, no agreeable walks. My Frenchman finds every thing detestable at Philadelphia ; because he could not strut upon a bouvelard, babble in a coffee-house, nor seduce a pretty woman by his important airs and his fine curls. He was almost offended that they did not admire him ; that they did not speak French.

He was greatly troubled that he could not speak American with the same facility ; he lost so much in not being able to show his wit.

If, then, a person of this cast attempts to describe the Americans, he shews his own character, but not theirs. A people grave, serious and reflecting, cannot be judged of and appreciated, but by a person of a like character.

It is to be hoped that the revolution will change the character of the French. If they ameliorate their morals, and augment their information, they will go far ; for it is the property of reason and enlightened liberty to perfect themselves without ceasing, to substitute truth to error, and principle to prejudice. They will then insensibly lay aside their political prejudices,

which furnish still the glorious constitution which they have founded. They will imitate the Americans as far as local and physical circumstances will permit ;— they will imitate them, and they will be the happier for it ; for general happiness does not consist with absurdities and contradictions ; it cannot arise from the complication, nor from the shock of powers. There is but one real power in government, and it is in referring it back to its source as often as possible, that it is to be rendered beneficent ; it becomes dangerous in proportion as it is distant from its source : in one word, *the less active and powerful the government, the more active, powerful, and happy is the society.* This is the phenomenon demonstrated in the present History of the United States.

These Travels give the proof of the second part of this political axiom ; they prove the activity, the power, the happiness of the Americans ; that they are destined to be the first people on earth, without being the terror of others.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

As it is proposed under this head to give extracts from some of the speeches of the justly celebrated Mr. Curran, it is believed it would be acceptable to preface them by a brief sketch of the person, manner, and delivery of the Orator. He is low in stature, delicately formed, and his visage wan and sallow. If ever man had ‘ an eye like Mars, to threaten and command,’ that man is Curran. There is a certain satirical archness nestles about his mouth, which leaves you in doubt whether to expect the bitterness of satire, or the playfulness of wit. Yet, with all these advantages, the figure and appearance of Mr. Curran is rather unprepossessing than otherwise.

His voice is powerful and melodious, under perfect command, and susceptible of all the modulations and inflexions necessary to the expression of all the passions and feelings. His action and manner of delivery are peculiarly and admirably appropriate to the subject upon which he is speaking. As the energies of his intellect and the vigor of his imagination concentrate, and his whole soul becomes filled with a zealous devotion to impress his hearers, so does his whole frame appear to imbibe mind and feeling, and to scatter them around him as the rays of heaven's luminary penetrating and animating with light and life all within the sphere of its action. Every individual particle of his body seems to catch a portion of his spirit, and all are brought directly to aid the cause which his tongue so eloquently advocates. His hearers are indeed as clay in the potter's hand; he moulds and forms them as he pleases, and his voice, as it dies upon the ear, sinks deep into the heart. Take him, as an orator, for all in all, I ne'er expect to look upon his like again.

[EDITOR.]

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

TRIAL OF A. H. ROWAN FOR A LIBEL.

THIS paper, Gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the Legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it

seems it was a libel to propose : in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren?—Has the bigotted malignity of any individuals been crushed?—Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country been weakened?—Or, is one million of subjects stronger than three millions?—Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance?—If you think so, you must say to them, ‘ You have demanded your emancipation, and you have got it ; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success ; and we will stigmatise, by a criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country.’ I ask you, Gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrised, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their Sovereign?—Or, do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions?—Do you think it was wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate?—I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by Justice over Bigotry and Oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of Religion from the abuses of the Church—the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, ‘ UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION !’—I speak in the spirit of the British Law, which makes Liberty com-

mensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of Slavery ;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION !—

CHARACTER OF A. H. ROWAN.

TRIAL OF A. H. ROWAN FOR A LIBEL.

Gentlemen, let me suggest another observation or two.—If still you have any doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, give me leave to suggest to you what circumstances you ought to consider in order to found your verdict : You should consider the character of the person accused, and in this your task is easy. I will venture to say, there is not a man in this nation more known than the gentleman who is the subject of this prosecution, not only by the part he has taken in public concerns, and which he has taken in common with many, but still more so by that extraordinary sympathy for human affliction, which, I am

sorry to think, he shares with so small a number. There is not a day that you hear the cries of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings—that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head soliciting for their relief, searching the frozen heart of charity, for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses—the authority of his own generous example. Or if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the private abode of disease and famine and despair, the messenger of Heaven, bearing with him food, and medicine, and consolation. Are these the materials of which anarchy and public rapine are to be formed?—Is this the man on whom to fasten the abominable charge of goading on a frantic populace to mutiny and bloodshed?—Is this the man likely to apostatise from every principle that can bind him to the State, his birth, his property, his education, his character and his children?—Let me tell you, Gentlemen of the jury, if you agree with his prosecutors, in thinking that there ought to be a sacrifice of such a man, on such an occasion, and upon the credit of such evidence, you are to convict him—never did you, never can you give a sentence, consigning any man to public punishment with less danger to his person or to his fame: For where could the hireling be found to fling contumely or ingratitude at his head, whose private distresses he had not labored to alleviate, or whose public condition he had not labored to improve.

* * * * *

Feeling, as I am persuaded you do, you cannot be surprised, however you may be distressed at the mournful presage, with which an anxious public is led to fear the worst from your possible determination. But I will not, for the justice and honor of our common

country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipation ; I will not relinquish the confidence, that this day will be the period of his sufferings ; and however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which Heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to Power and Authority, because he would not bow down before the Golden Calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace ; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the Constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.—



THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

TRIAL OF P. FINERTY FOR A LIBEL.

GENTLEMEN of the Jury, other matters have been mentioned, which I must repeat for the same purpose ; that of shewing you, that they have nothing to do with the question. The learned counsel has been pleased to say, that he comes forward in this prosecution as the real advocate for the Liberty of the Press, and to protect a mild and merciful Government from its licentiousness ! and he has been pleased to add, that the Constitution can never be lost whilst its freedom remains ; and that its licentiousness alone can destroy that freedom. As to that, Gentlemen, he might as well have said, that there is only one mortal disease of which a man can die ; I can die the death inflicted by tyranny ; and when he comes forward to extinguish this Paper, in the ruin of the Printer, by a State prosecution, in order to prevent its dying of li-

centiousness, you must judge how candidly he is treating you, both in the fact and in the reasoning. Is it in Ireland, Gentlemen, that we are told licentiousness is the only disease that can be mortal to the Press?—Has he heard of nothing else that has been fatal to the freedom of publication?—I know not whether the Printer of the Northern Star may have heard of such things in his captivity, but I know that his wife and children are well apprised that a Press may be destroyed in the open day, not by its own licentiousness, but by the licentiousness of a *military force*!—As to the sincerity of the declaration, that the State has prosecuted in order to assert the freedom of the Press, it starts a train of thought, of melancholy retrospect and direful prospect, to which I did not think the learned counsel would have wished to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences the Government has displayed its patriotism, by these sorts of prosecutions. As to the motives, does History give you a single instance in which the State has been provoked to these conflicts, except by the fear of Truth, and by the love of Vengeance?—Have you ever seen the rulers of any country bring forward a prosecution from motives of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors?—Do you read that Elizabeth directed one of those State prosecutions against the libels which the Divines of her times had written against her Catholic sister; or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her Protestant father?—No, Gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment, and we know that a jury was found time-serving and mean enough to give a verdict, which she was ashamed to carry into effect!

* Alluding to the destruction of the Star Printing-office.

- I said, the learned counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary persecution; to that miserable period, in which the fallen and abject state of man might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the Atheist and Blasphemer against the existence of an all-just and an all-wise First Cause; if the glorious era of the Revolution that followed it, had not refuted the impious inference, by shewing, that if man descends, it is not in his own proper motion; that it is with labor and with pain, and that he can continue to sink only until by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort that hurries him as many miles aloft—he sinks but to rise again. It is at this period that the State seeks for shelter in the destruction of the Press; it is in a period like that, that the Tyrant prepares for the attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the Press; by taking away that shield of Wisdom and of Virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable, in whose pure and polished convex, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image, and is turned into stone. It is at this period that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told; it is then humanity has no ears, because humanity has no tongue. It is then the proud man scorns to speak, but like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch, whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him; and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold.

THE CASE OF WILLIAM ORR.

TRIAL OF P. FINERTY FOR A LIBEL.

BUT, Gentlemen, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you, whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied where it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject?—Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose, that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the Viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended, the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow laborers in that enterprise; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry and confined in a jail; that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sound but the cries of his family or the clanking of his chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out, and terrified jury give in a verdict of death; that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the Bench, and pray that the mercy of the

Crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood.

Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new and before unheard of crimes are discovered against the informer; that the Royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner; that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy *could* be extended or not!—that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of Eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided—‘Alas! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home!’—No seraph Mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life, but the Minister of Death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country!—Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation?

—Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint?—Would you have been mean enough—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you; had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear, into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak; let me honestly tell you I should have scorned to fling my hand across it, I should have left it to a fitter minstrel; if I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the Castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, Gentlemen, he may know you better than I do; if he does, he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger; he has been right in telling you that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might; that he has not pinched the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, Gentlemen of the Jury, if you think that the man who ventures at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep, ‘the drowned honor of his country,’ must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it by the locks.—I have no more to say—do a courteous thing—upright and honest ju-

rors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the Printer !—And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as you pass along : retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example ; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury box—and when you have done so, tell them the story of *Orr* ; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death ; and when you find your little hearers hanging upon your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them, that *rou* had the boldness and the injustice, to stigmatise the man who had dared to publish the transaction !

STATE OF IRELAND—1797.

TRIAL OF P. FINERTY FOR A LIBEL.

I TELL you, therefore, Gentlemen of the Jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought ; you are called upon your oaths to say, that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either

country were libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions, and I ask you, can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do?—Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict the jails, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country!—What are the processions of the learned counsel himself, circuit after circuit?—Merciful God, what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land!—You may find him perhaps in a jail, the only place of security, I had almost said, of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagrations of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests less savage than his persecutors that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ears, and staring in the face of the persecutor, you are called upon in defiance of shame, of truth, of honor, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution which tramples you under foot!

PICTURE OF AN INFORMER.

TRIAL OF P. FINERTY FOR A LIBEL.

BUT the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister

country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false?---I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government---from the Castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death, and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact?---Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out from the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? ---Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? ---Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror?---How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no

force resist, no antidote prevent.*---There *was* an antidote---*A Juror's oath*---but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of Eternal Justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from *the informer's mouth*---Conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted Juror, consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim :—

*Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.*

JAMES O'BRIEN.

TRIAL OF P. FINNEY FOR HIGH TREASON.

HOW does Mr. O'Brien's tale hang together?---Look to its commencement. He walks along Thomas-street, in the open day (a street not the least populous in this city) and is accosted by a man, who, without any preface, tells him, he'll be murdered before he goes half the street, unless he becomes an *United Irishman*!---Do you think this a probable story? Suppose any of you, gentlemen, to be an United Irishman, or a Free Mason, or a Friendly Brother, and that you meet me walking *innocently* along, just like Mr. O'Brien, and 'meaning no harm,' would you say, 'Stop, Mr. Curran, don't go further, you'll be murdered before you go half the street, if you do not become an United Irishman, a Free Mason, or a Friendly Brother.' Did you ever hear so coaxing an invitation to

* Here is a fine picture of that hateful thing, under a corrupt government, *An Informer*—It may be set in comparison with Milton's description of Sin and Death.

felony as this?---‘ Sweet Mr. James O’Brien, come in and save your precious life, come in and take an oath, you’ll be murdered, before you go half the street !---Do, sweetest, dearest Mr. James O’Brien, come in, and do not risk your valuable existence ?’---What a loss had he been to his king, whom he loves so marvelously ?

Well, what does poor Mr. O’Brien do ?---Poor, dear man ! he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger---all his members refuse their office---he can neither run from the danger, nor call out for assistance ; his tongue cleaves to his mouth, and his feet incorporate with the paving stones---it is in vain that his expressive eye, silently implores protection of the passenger ; he yields at length, as greater men have done, and resignedly submits to his fate---he then enters the house, and being led into a room, a parcel of men make faces at him---but mark the metamorphosis---well may it be said that ‘ Miracles will never cease,’---he who feared to resist in open air, and in the face of the public, becomes a bravo when pent up in a room, and environed by sixteen men, and one is obliged to bar the door, while another swears him, which, after some resistance, is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O’Brien becomes an United Irishman, for no earthly purpose whatever, but merely to save his sweet life !---But this is not all, the pill so bitter to the percipency of his loyal palate, must be washed down, and least he should throw it off his stomach, he is filled up to the neck with beef and whiskey !---What further did they do ?---Mr. O’Brien, thus persecuted, abused and terrified, would have gone and lodged his sorrows in the sympathetic bosom of the Major, but to prevent him even this little solace, they made him drunk---the next evening they used him in the like barbarous manner, so that he was not only sworn against his will, but, poor man, he was made drunk against his inclination !---Thus was he besieged with *united* beef-stakes and

whiskey, and against such potent assailants not even *Mr. O'Brien* could prevail !

Whether all this whiskey that he has been forced to drink has produced the effect or not, *Mr. O'Brien's* loyalty is better than his memory. In the spirit of loyalty he becomes prophetic, and told to Lord Portarlington the circumstances relative to the intended attack on the Ordnance stores full three weeks before he had obtained the information through moral agency---
O ! honest James O'Brien !---honest James O'Brien !
---Let others vainly argue on logical truth and ethical falsehood, but if I can once fasten him to the ring of perjury, I will bait him at it, until his testimony shall fail of producing a verdict, although human nature were as vile and monstrous in you as she is in him !---
He has made a mistake !---but surely no man's life is safe if such evidence were admissible ; what argument can be founded on his testimony, when he swears he has perjured himself, and that any thing he says must be false ?---I must not believe him at all, and by a paradoxical conclusion, suppose, against ' the deep damnation ' of his own testimony, that he is an honest man !'

* * * * *

Have you any doubt, that it is the object of *O'Brien* to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows ? Have you not seen, with what more than instinctive keenness this blood-hound has pursued his victim ? How he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him through the avenues of the court to where the unhappy man stands now, hopeless of all succour, but that which your verdict shall afford. I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger. but here is a wretch who would dip the Evangelists in blood---if he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy

and without end ; but oh ! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath ; the arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the Gospel ; if he will swear, let it be on the knife, the proper symbol of his profession !---Gentlemen, I am reminded of the tissue of abomination, with which this deadly calumniator, this O'Brien, has endeavored to load so large a portion of your adult countrymen. He charges 100,000 Irishmen with the deliberate cruelty of depriving their fellow creatures of their eyes, tongues, and hands !---Do not believe the infamous slanderer---If I were told that there was in Ireland one man who could debase human nature, I should hesitate to believe that even O'Brien were he.

* * * * *

At this moment, even the bold and daring villainy of O'Brien stood abashed ; he saw the eye of Heaven in that of an innocent and injured man, perhaps the feeling was consummated by a glance from the dock---his heart bore testimony to his guilt, and he fled for the same !---Gracious God ! have you been so soiled in the vile intercourse, that you will give him a degree of credit, which you will deny to the candid and untainted evidence of so many honest men ?---But I have not done with him yet-- while an atom of his vileness hangs together, I will separate it, lest you should chance to be tainted by it---Was there a human creature brought forward to say he is any other than a villain ?---Did his counsel venture to ask our witnesses, why they discredited him ?---Did he dare to ask on what they established their assertions ?---No---By this time it is probable Mr. O'Brien is sick of investigation. You find him coiling himself in the scaly circles of his cautious perjury, making anticipated battle

against any one who should appear against him---but you see him sink before the proof.

* * * * *

The present cause takes in the entire character of your country, which may suffer in the eyes of all Europe by your verdict.---This is the first prosecution of the kind brought forward to view.---It is the great experiment of the *Informers of Ireland*, to ascertain how far they can carry on a traffic in human blood!---This Cannibal Informer, this Demon, O'Brien, greedy after human gore, has fifteen other victims in reserve, if, from your verdict, he receives the unhappy man at the bar!---Fifteen more of your fellow-citizens are to be tried on *his* evidence!---Be you then their saviours, let your verdict snatch them from his ravening maw, and interpose between yourselves and endless remorse!

I know, Gentlemen, I would but insult you, if I were to apologise for detaining you thus long; if I have an apology to make to any person, it is to my client, for thus delaying his acquittal.---Sweet is the recollection of having done justice in that hour, when the hand of death presses on the human heart---Sweet is the hope which it gives birth to!---From you I demand that justice for my client, your innocent and unfortunate fellow subject at the bar, and may you have for it, a more lasting reward, than the perishable crown we read of which the antients placed on the brow of him, who saved in battle the life of a fellow citizen.

If you should ever be assailed by the hand of the *Informer*, may you find an all-powerful refuge in the example which you shall set this day; earnestly do I pray that you may never experience what it is to count the tedious hours in captivity, pining in the damps and glooms of the dungeon, while *the wicked one* is going about at large, 'seeking whom he may devour.'---I here is another than a human tribunal, where the best of us

will have occasion to look back on the little good we have done. In that awful trial, Oh ! may your verdict this day, assure your hopes, and give you strength and consolation in the presence of an ADJUDGING GOD.

SPEECH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM, ON THE SUBJECT
OF EMPLOYING INDIANS TO FIGHT AGAINST THE
AMERICANS.

I CANNOT, my lords, will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment : it is not a time for adulation ; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it ; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation ? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them ? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt ! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world ; now, none so poor as to do her reverence ! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy ;—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do : I know their virtues and their valor : I know they can atchieve any thing but impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest

of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent;---doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?---To call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?---To delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; ‘for it is perfectly allowable,’ says lord Suffolk, ‘to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.’ I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—‘That God and nature have put into our hands!’ What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable

principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife ! to the savage, torturing and murdering his unhappy victims ! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless Indian, thirsting for blood ! Against whom ?—Your Protestant brethren !—To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these ungovernable savages !—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico ; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity ; let them perform a lus-

iration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more ; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have allowed me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my stedfast abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER—1790.

J. P. BRISSOT.

FRANKLIN has enjoyed, this year, the blessing of death, for which he waited so long a time. I will here repeat the reflections which I printed in my Gazette of the 13th of June last, on this event, and on the decree of the National Assembly on this occasion.

I will introduce them with the discourse of M. Mirabeau in that assembly.

‘ Gentlemen,

*‘ Franklin is dead—he has returned to the bosom of
‘ God—the genius who has liberated America, and
‘ shed over Europe the torrents of his light !*

*‘ The sage of two worlds—the man for whom the
‘ history of sciences and the history of empires con-
‘ tend, should doubtless hold an elevated rank in the
‘ human race.*

*‘ Too long have political cabinets been accustomed
‘ to notify the death of those who are great only in their
‘ funeral pomp ; too long has the etiquette of courts
‘ proclaimed hypocritical mourning. Nations ought*

‘ to mourn only for their benefactors ; the representa-
 ‘ tives of nations ought to recommend to their homage
 ‘ none but the heroes of humanity.

‘ The Congress has ordained a mourning of two
 ‘ months for the death of Franklin ; and America, at
 ‘ this moment, is rendering this tribute of veneration
 ‘ to one of the fathers of her constitution.

‘ Would it not be worthy of you, gentlemen, to join
 ‘ them in this truly religious act, to participate in this
 ‘ homage rendered in the face of the universe to the
 ‘ rights of men, to the philosopher, who has contri-
 ‘ buted the most to extend their empire over the face
 ‘ of the earth ?

‘ Antiquity would have raised altars to that powerful
 ‘ genius, who, for the benefit of men, embracing hea-
 ‘ ven and earth, could have curbed the thunders of the
 ‘ one, and the tyrants of the other. Europe, enlight-
 ‘ ened and free, owes at least a testimony of gratitude
 ‘ to the greatest man that ever adorned philosophy and
 ‘ liberty !

‘ I propose that it be decreed, that the National As-
 ‘ sembly go into mourning three days for Benjamin
 ‘ Franklin.’

The Assembly received with acclamation, and de-
 creed with unanimity, the proposal of M. Mirabeau.

The honor thus done to the memory of Franklin will
 reflect glory on the National Assembly. It will give
 an idea of the immense difference between this legis-
 lature and other political bodies ; for, how many pre-
 judices must have been vanquished, before France
 could bring her homage to the tomb of a man, who,
 from the station of a journeyman printer, had raised
 himself to the rank of legislator, and contributed to
 place his country on a footing among the great powers
 of the earth.

This sublime decree was pronounced, not only with-
 out hesitation, but with that enthusiasm which is in-
 spired by the name of a great man, by the regret of

having lost him, by the duty of doing honor to his ashes, and by the hope, that rendering this honor may give rise to like virtues and like talents in others. And, oh ! may this Assembly, penetrated with the greatness of the homage which she has rendered to genius, to virtue, to the pure love of liberty and humanity ; may she never tarnish this homage, by yielding to the solicitations of men who may wish to obtain the same honors for the manes of ambitious individuals, who, mistaking art for genius, obscure conception for profound ideas, the desire of abasing tyrants for the love of humanity, the applause of a volatile people for the veneration of an enlightened world, may think proper to aspire to the honor of a national mourning.

This hope should doubtless inspire the man of genius, the man of worth ; but ye who sincerely indulge the wish to place yourselves by the side of Franklin, examine his life, and have the courage to imitate him. Franklin had genius : but he had virtues ; he was good, simple, and modest ; he had not that proud asperity in dispute which repulses with disdain the ideas of others ; he listened—he had the art of listening—he answered to the ideas of others, and not to his own.

I have seen him attending patiently to young people, who, full of frivolity and pride, were eager to make a parade before him of some superficial knowledge of their own. He knew how to estimate them ; but he would not humiliate them, even by a parade of goodness. Placing himself at once on a level with them, he would answer without having the air of instructing them. He knew that instruction in its pompous apparel was forbidding. Franklin had knowledge, but it was for the people ; he was always grieved at their ignorance, and made it his constant duty to enlighten them. He studied for ever to lessen the price of books, in order to multiply them. In a word, genius, simplicity, goodness, tolerance, indefatigable lab-

bor, and love for the people—these form the character of Franklin; and these you must unite, you wish if for a name like his.

OLIVER CROMWELL,

AFTER he had run through his youthful career of amusement and dissipation, became so hypochondriacal, that he used occasionally to have his physician called up in the middle of the night to attend him, as he imagined himself to be dying.

Sir Philip Warwick thus describes Oliver Cromwell :

‘ The first time that ever I took notice of him was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640. I perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made ill by a country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hat-band.—His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swoln and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor, for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne’s, who had dispersed libels against the Queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that length, that one would have believed that the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened very much my reverence for that great council, for he was very much hearkened unto. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman

‘whom (out of no ill-will to him) I thus describe, by multiplied successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better taylor, and more converse amongst good company, in mine own eye, for six weeks together, I was a prisoner at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence.

‘The first years,’ added sir Philip, ‘of Cromwell’s manhood, were spent in a dissolute course of life, in good fellowship and gaming, which afterwards he seemed very sensible of, and very sorry for; and as if it had been a good spirit that had guided him therein, he used a good method upon his conversion, for he declared he was ready to make restitution unto any man, who would accuse him, or whom he would accuse himself to have wronged. (To his honor I speak this,’ continues Sir Philip; ‘for I think the public acknowledgments men make of the public evils they have done, to be the most glorious trophies that can be assigned to them). When he was thus civilized, he joined himself to men of his own temper, who pretended to transports and revelations.’

Lord Hollis, in his *Memoirs*, accused Cromwell of behaving cowardly in two or three actions; and adds, that as he was going in procession to the High Court of Justice in Westminster-hall, to try the King, some of the soldiers reproached him openly, and in the hearing of the people, with want of courage.

Oliver’s speeches to his Parliament appear perplexed and embarrassed. He had, most probably, his reasons for making them unintelligible.

Mr. Spence, in his *MS. Anecdotes*, says, that a dean of Peterborough told him, that he once heard Cromwell, in council, deliver an opinion upon some commercial matter with great precision, and great knowledge of the subject.

In his cheerful hours Cromwell appears to have laughed at the fanatics who supported him and his go-

vernment. The jest of the cork-screw is well known; and when, on his having dispatched a fleet upon some secret expedition, one of the fanatics called upon him, and had the impudence to tell him, that the Lord wanted to know the destination of it: 'The Lord shall know,' says Cromwell, 'for thou shalt go with the fleet' So ringing his bell, he ordered some of his soldiers to take him on board one of the ships belonging to it.

Cromwell, like some other politicians, thought very slightly of the will and of the power of the people; for when he was told by Mr. Calamy, the celebrated Dissenting Minister, that it was both unlawful and impracticable that one man should assume the government of the country; he said to him, 'Pray, why is it impracticable?' and on Mr. Calamy telling him, 'O, it is the voice of the nation; there will be nine in ten against you:' 'Very well,' replied Cromwell; 'but what if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword in the tenth man's hand, would not that do the business?'

The French proverb says, 'A man never goes so far as when he does not know where he is going.' This was, most probably, Cromwell's case: he had, indeed, gone so far, that, with Macbeth, he might have said,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Marshal Villeroy, Louis the XIVth's Governor, asked Lockhart, Cromwell's ambassador, 'Why his master had not taken the title of *King*?' 'Monsieur,' replied Lockhart, 'we know the extent of the prerogatives of a *King*, but know not those of a *Protector*.' —D'Argenson, p. 347.

Oliver's fears for his personal safety carried him on in his career of wickedness, when once he had began it, and particularly when he found that he could not trust the assurances of his Sovereign. The latter part

of his life was embittered by fear and remorse, and after the publication of that celebrated work, 'Killing 'no Murder,' he appears never to have had a quiet moment.

Provest Bailie, who was in London at the time of Oliver's death, says :

'The Protector, Oliver, endeavored to settle all his family, but was prevented by death before he could make a testament. He had supplied the blank with his son Richard's name by his hand ; and scarce with his mouth could he declare that much of his will. There were no witnesses to it but Thurloe and Goodwin. Some did fearfully flatter him as much dead as living. Goodwin, at the fast before his death, in his prayer is said to have spoke such words : ' Lord, we pray not for thy servant's life, for we know that is granted, but to hasten his health, for that thy people cannot want ;' and Mr. Sterry said in the chapel after his death, ' O Lord, thy late servant here is now at thy right hand, making intercession for the sins of England.' Both these are now out of favor, as court parasites. But the most spake, and yet speak, very evil of him ; and, as I think, much worse than he deserved of them.'

It is mentioned in Spence's MS. Anecdotes, that a few nights after the execution of King Charles the First, a man covered with a cloak, and with his face muffled up, supposed to have been Oliver Cromwell, marched slowly round the coffin, covered with a pall, which contained the remains of Charles, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the attendants on the remains of that unfortunate monarch : ' Dreadful necessity !' Having done this two or three times, he marched out of the room, in the same slow and solemn manner as he came into it.

Cromwell and Ireton saw the execution of Charles from a window in the neighborhood of Whitehall.

RICHARD CROMWELL

IS said to have fallen at the feet of his father, Oliver Cromwell, to beg the life of his sovereign, Charles the First. In the same spirit of humanity, when colonel Howard told him, on his father's death, that nothing but vigorous and violent measures could secure the Protectorate to him, and that he should run no risque, that himself would be answerable for the consequences; Richard replied, 'Every one shall see that I will do nobody any harm; I never have done any, nor ever will. I shall be much troubled if any one is injured on my account; and, instead of taking away the life of the least person in the nation for the preservation of my greatness, (which is a burden to me) I would not have one drop of blood spilt.'

Richard, on his dismissal from the Protectorate, resided some time at Pezenas, in Languedoc, and afterwards went to Geneva. Some time in the year 1680, he returned to England, and resided at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire.

In 1705 he lost his only son, and became, in right of him, possessed of the manor of Horsley, which had belonged to his mother. Richard, then in a very advanced age, sent one of his daughters to take possession of the estate for him. She kept it for herself and her sisters, allowing her father only a small annuity out of it, till she was dispossessed of it by a sentence of one of the courts of Westminster-hall. It was requisite for this purpose that Richard should appear in person, and the judge who presided, tradition says, was the upright and spirited * Lord Holt, who ordered a

* Tradition is not uniform in naming *Lord Holt* as the Judge who ordered a chair for Richard Cromwell. It is very commonly reported that it was *Lord Chancellor Cowper*.

chair for him in court, and desired him to keep on his hat.

As he was returning from his trial, curiosity led him to see the House of Peers, when being asked by a person, to whom he was a stranger, if he had ever seen any thing like it before ? He replied, pointing to the throne, 'Never since I sat in that chair.'

Richard Cromwell enjoyed a good state of health to the age of eighty-six. He died in the year 1712. He had taken, on his return to England, the name of Richard Clark.

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE author of the celebrated *Maxims* was not a man of learning, says Segrais, but he was a man of extreme good sense, and had a perfect knowledge of the world. 'This,' adds he, 'put him upon making reflections, and upon reducing into aphorisms what he had been able to discover in the heart of man, with which he was most intimately acquainted.' M. de la Rochefoucault was so accurate in the composition of his little book, that as he finished a maxim, he used to send it to his friends for their opinion on it. Segrais says, that some of his maxims were altered thirty times. The maxim, 'that it shews a wretched poverty of mind to have but one sort of understanding,' 'took its rise from Boileau and Racine, who were extremely ignorant of every thing except poetry and literature. M. de la Rochefoucault,' says Segrais, 'would have made a better governor for the dauphin, Louis the Fourteenth's only son, than the duke of Montausier ;' M. de la Rochefoucault being a man of great sweetness of temper, extremely insinuating in his address, and extremely agreeable in conversation. M. de la Rochefoucault could never belong to the French academy.

He could never procure courage enough to deliver to the academy the speech that it was necessary to make in order to be admitted into that body.

DR. BEATTIE AND HIS SON.

The following interesting anecdote is related by Dr. Beattie, speaking of his son :—He says—he had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little ; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In the corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in mould, with my fingers, the initial letter of his name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground.

Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it ; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is, but there is nothing in this worth notice—it is mere chance ; and I went away.—He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance, for that something must have contrived it, so as to produce it.

I pretend not to give his words, nor my own, for I have forgotten both ; but I give the substance of what passed between us, in such language as we both understood. So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, cannot be by

chance? Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, your legs and feet, and other limbs: are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you? He said they were. Came they then hither, said I, by chance?—No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And what is that something? I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances, would say: That his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the GREAT BEING, who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable name I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either that or the circumstances that introduced it.

DEATH OF ALEXANDER DE MEDICI.

ROBERTSON'S CHARLES V.

A VERY tragical event happened about the beginning of the year 1537, which deprived Alexander de Medici of life. That young prince, whom the emperor's partiality had raised to the supreme power in Florence, upon the ruins of the public liberty, neglected entirely the cares of government, and abandoned himself to the most dissolute debauchery. Lorenzo de Medici, his nearest kinsman, was not only the companion, but director of his pleasures, and employing all the powers of a cultivated and inventive genius in this honorable ministry, added such elegance and vari-

ety to vice as gained him an absolute ascendant over the mind of Alexander. But while Lorenzo seemed to be sunk in luxury, and affected such an appearance of indolence and effeminacy, that he would not wear a sword, and trembled at the sight of blood, he concealed under that disguise a dark, designing, audacious spirit. Prompted, either by love of liberty, or allured by the hope of attaining the supreme power, he determined to assassinate Alexander, his benefactor and friend. Though he long revolved this design in his mind, his reserved and suspicious temper prevented him from communicating it to any person whatever; and continuing to live with Alexander in their usual familiarity, he, one night, under pretence of having secured him an assignation with a lady of high rank whom he had often solicited, drew that unwary prince into a secret apartment of his house, and there stabbed him, while he lay carelessly on a couch expecting the arrival of the lady whose company he had been promised. But no sooner was the deed done, than standing astonished, and struck with horror, at its atrocity, he forgot, in a moment, all the motives which had induced him to commit it, and instead of rousing the people to recover their liberty by publishing the death of the Tyrant, instead of taking any step towards opening his own way to the dignity now vacant, he locked the door of the apartment, and, like a man bereaved of reason and presence of mind, fled with the utmost precipitation out of the Florentine territories.

DEATH OF CHARLES V.

ROBERTSON.

ABOUT six months before his death, the gout, after a longer intermission than usual, returned with

a proportioned increase of violence. His shattered constitution had scarce vigor enough remaining to withstand such a shock. It enfeebled his mind as much as his body, and from that period we scarce discern any traces of that sound and masculine understanding, which distinguished Charles among his contemporaries. An illiberal and timid superstition depressed his spirit. He had no relish for amusements of any kind. He endeavored to conform, in his manner of living, to all the rigor of monastic austerity. He desired no other society than that of monks, and was almost continually employed with them in chaunting the hymns in the Missal. As an expiation for his sins, he gave himself the discipline in secret with such severity, that the whip of cords which he employed as the instrument of his punishment, was found after his decease tinged with his blood.

Nor was he satisfied with these acts of mortification, which, however severe, were not unexampled. The timorous and distressful solicitude which always accompanied superstition, still continued to disquiet him, and depreciating all that he had done, prompted him to aim at something extraordinary, at some new and singular act of piety, that would display his zeal, and merit the favor of heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chaunted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprink-

ling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of his coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of these awful sentiments, which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impression which this image of death left on his mind, affected him so much, that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, 1558, after a life of 58 years 6 months and 25 days.

SINGULAR AVARICE.

PRIDEAUX.

TO gratify Clodius's revenge, and the covetousness of the Roman people, a decree was passed (under the sanction of a will of Alexander, king of Egypt) to seize Cyprus and all the treasures of Ptolemy the king of that island. Cato coming to Rhodes (on his way to execute this decree) sent to Ptolemy to persuade him quietly to recede, promising him hereon the priesthood of Venus at Paphos, on the revenue whereof he might be supported in a state of plenty and honor; but he would not accept hereof. To resist the Roman power he was not able, and to be less than a king after he had so long reigned, he could not bear, and therefore resolving to make his life and his reign end together, he put all his riches on ship board, and launching out into the sea, purposed by boring his ship through to make both his riches and himself sink into the deep, and there perish together. But when he came to the execution, he could not bear that his beloved treasure should be thus lost; he continued still in the resolution

to destroy himself, but he could not bring his heart to destroy that, and therefore expressing greater love to his dear pelf than to himself, carried it all back to land, and having laid it all up again in its former repositories, he poisoned himself, and left all that he had to his enemies, as if he intended thereby to reward them for his death. All this Cato the next year after carried to Rome, amounting in the whole to such a sum as had scarce before been brought into the public treasury in any of the greatest triumphs.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

BROOK.

EDWARD III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day, after day, the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.

The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin.

They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens ; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury. In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth ; the English joined battle ; and, after a long and desperate engagement, count *Vienne* was taken prisoner ; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates. On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon *Eustace Saint Pierre*, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Eustace now found himself under a necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valor had defeated his warmest hopes ; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He was answered by a sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and natural sovereign ; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men, arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror. When sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed upon every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot : for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed ? Whom had they to deliver, save parents, brethren,

kindred, or valiant neighbors who had so often exposed their lives in their own defence? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up on a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: ‘ My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror; or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery. We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance, to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal, he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save, that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here, who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours, might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honor, humanity, make such treason impossible. Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left, a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient. Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself as an oblation for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind. He spoke—but an universal silence

ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed——‘ It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits. Indeed, the station to which the captivity of lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imports a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely—I give it cheerfully—who comes next?’ ‘Your son,’ exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity—‘Ah! my child,’ cried St. Pierre, ‘I am then twice sacrificed—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes!’ ‘Your kinsman,’ cried John d’Aire—‘Your kinsman,’ cried James Wissant—‘Your kinsman,’ cried Peter Wissant!—‘Ah!’ exclaimed sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, ‘why was not I a citizen of Calais?’ The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a part-

ing! What a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners: they embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and, the joint clamor of their mourning, passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp. The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the cries of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants: and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow citizens appeared, under the conduct of sir Walter, and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded these ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, 'Mauny,' said the monarch, 'are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?' 'They are,' said Mauny; 'they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord; if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling.' 'Were they delivered peaceably?' said Edward; 'was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?' 'Not in the least, my lord, the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands!' Edward was secretly piqued at

this reply of sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. 'Experience,' says he, 'hath ever shewn, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensibly necessary, to deter subjects into submission and example. 'Go,' he cried to an officer, 'lead these men to execution. 'Your rebellion,' continued he, 'addressing himself to St. Pierre, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.' 'We have nothing to ask of your majesty,' said Eustace, 'save what you cannot refuse us.' 'What is that?'---'Your esteem, my lord,' said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken the king captive. Sir Walter flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and by his court, she desired a private audience ; in which she represented to the king the impolicy of executing six citizens. 'Such a death,' said she, 'would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, but how would the name of my Edward, my husband and my king, with all his triumphs and honors, be tarnished thereby ? The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honor ; but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name !' 'Let us rather,' continued she, 'bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises ; and thereby defeat them of that popular applause, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.' 'I am convinced ; you have prevailed ; be it so,' cried Edward---'prevent the execution ; have them instantly before us.' They came ; when the queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness,

thus bespoke them : ‘ Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais ! ye have put us to vast expence of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance ; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment---We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, or title, or station ; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions We give your freedom, and we offer to your choice the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow.’ ‘ Ah ! my country !’ exclaimed St. Pierre, ‘ it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.’ ‘ Brave St. Pierre,’ said the queen, ‘ wherefore look ye so dejected ?’ ‘ Ah, madam ! when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.’

TREACHERY OF THE SPANIARDS.

ROBERTSON'S AMERICA.

THE conduct of Ovando (the governor) in another part of the island, (St. Domingo, Hispaniola) was still more treacherous and cruel. The province anciently named Xaragua, which extends from the fertile plain where Leogane is now situated, to the western extremity of the island, was subject to a female casique, named Anacoana, highly respected by the natives. She had always courted the friendship of the Spaniards, and loaded them with good offices. But some of the adherents of Roldan having settled in her country, were so much exasperated at her endeavors

to restrain their excesses, that they accused her of having formed a plan to throw off the yoke and to exterminate the Spaniards. Ovando, though he well knew how little credit was due to such profligate men, marched, without further inquiry, towards Xaragua, with 300 foot and 70 horsemen.

To prevent the Indians from taking alarm at this hostile appearance, he gave out that his sole intention was to visit Ancoana, to whom his countrymen had been so much indebted, in the most respectful manner, and to regulate with her the mode of levying the tribute payable to the king of Spain. Ancoana, in order to receive this illustrious guest with due honor, assembled the principal men in her dominions to the number of 300, and advancing at the head of these, accompanied by a vast croud of persons of inferior rank, she welcomed Ovando with songs and dances, according to the mode of the country, and conducted him to the palace of her residence. There he was, feasted for some days, with all the kindness of simple hospitality, and amused with the games and the spectacles usual among the Americans upon occasions of mirth and festivity. But, amidst the security which this inspired, Ovando was meditating the destruction of his unsuspecting entertainer and her subjects; and the mean perfidy with which he executed this scheme, equalled his barbarity in forming it. Under color of exhibiting to the Indians the parade of an European tournament, he advanced with his troops in battle array towards the house in which Anacoana, and the chiefs who attended her, were assembled. The infantry took possession of all the avenues which led to the village. The horsemen encompassed the house. These movements were the objects of admiration without any mixture of fear, until, upon a signal which had been concerted, the Spaniards suddenly drew their swords, and rushed upon the Indians, defenceless, and astonished at an act of treachery which exceeded the conception of undesign-

ing men. In a moment Anacoana was secured. All her attendants were seized and bound. Fire was set to the house ; and, without examination or conviction, all these unhappy persons, the most illustrious in their own country, were consumed in the flames. Anacoana was reserved for a more ignominious fate. She was carried in chains to St. Domingo, and after the formality of a trial before Spanish judges, she was condemned upon the evidence of those very men who had betrayed her, to be publicly hanged.

THE DEATH OF HATUEY.

ROBERTSON'S AMERICA.

THE only obstruction the Spaniards met with was from Hatuey, a cazique, who had fled from Hispaniola and taken possession of the eastern extremity of Cuba. He stood upon the defensive at their first landing and endeavored to drive them back to their ships. His feeble troops, however, were soon broken and dispersed ; and he himself being taken prisoner, Velasquez, according to the barbarous maxim of the Spaniards, considered him as a slave who had taken arms against his master, and condemned him to the flames. When Hatuey was fastened to the stake, a Franciscan friar, laboring to convert him, promised him immediate admittance into the joys of heaven, if he would embrace the Christian faith : ‘ Are there any Spaniards,’ says he, after some pause, ‘ in that region of bliss which you describe ?’ ‘ Yes,’ replied the monk, ‘ but only such as are worthy and good.’ ‘ The best of them,’ returned the indignant cazique, ‘ have neither worth nor goodness ; I will not go to a place where I may meet one of that accursed race.’ His dreadful example struck the people of Cuba with such terror, that

they scarcely gave any opposition to the progress of their invaders ; and Velasquez, without the loss of a man, annexed this extensive and fertile island to the Spanish monarchy.

FRANCIS, DUC DE GUISE.

OF the two princes of this illustrious house (the duke and his brother the cardinal of Lorraine), marshal de Retz used to say, ‘ These princes of Lorraine are of so majestic a presence, that all the other princes appear like mere peasants by the side of them.’

After the celebrated battle of St. Quintin, a Spanish officer of rank wrote to the duke of Guise, to request him to deliver up to him one of his slaves that had fled to the French camp, with one of his finest war-horses. The duke immediately sent back the horse, after having paid the slave the value of it, and wrote word to the Spanish officer, that he would never be the occasion of putting chains again upon a slave, that had become a free man by putting his foot into the kingdom of France. ‘ It would indeed,’ added he, ‘ be a violation of the privileges of that great kingdom, which consist in restoring freedom to any one who comes in to it, to seek there that precious gift.’

The baron de Lunebourg, commander of one of the mercenary German regiments that served under the duke, was much displeased at the duke’s examining the state of his soldiers ; and so far lost the respect due to his illustrious general, as to draw out one of his pistols, and present it to the duke : who immediately, with the greatest *sang froid*, drew his sword, and knocked the pistol out of the German’s hand. Guise’s aid-du-camp, M. de Montpezet, was going to kill the officer, but was interrupted by the duke, who said, ‘ Stop, sir ! Do not you think I can kill a man as well

us yourself, when I think fit?' Then turning towards the German, he said, 'As for you, sir, I forgive you the insult you have put upon me; but as for that which you have done to the service of my sovereign, of whose person I am the representative, his majesty will settle that as he pleases.' Then turning to some of his soldiers, he said, 'Here, some of you conduct this insolent fellow to prison!' The duke proceeded with his visit to the rest of the German troops, and never afterwards suffered any molestation.

The duke was informed, that a Protestant gentleman had come into camp with an intention to assassinate him. He sent for him (who immediately avowed his intention), and the duke asked him, whether his design arose from any offence he had ever given him. 'Your excellence never gave me any, I assure you,' replied the gentleman; 'my motive for desiring your life is, because you are the greatest enemy our religion ever knew.' 'Well then, my friend,' said the duke to him, 'if your religion incites you to assassinate me, my religion tells me to forgive you;' and he sent him immediately out of his camp. Another person was once brought to the duke, who had boasted that he would kill him. The duke, looking at him very attentively, and observing his extremely embarrassed and sneaking countenance, said to his officers, shrugging up his shoulders, 'That blockhead will never have the heart to kill me; let him go; it is not worth while to arrest him.'

The duke of Guise was victorious over his rival, the prince of Conde, the head of the Protestant party, at the famous battle of Dreux, in 1562. The prince of Conde was taken prisoner, and brought to the duke, whom (after having entertained at his table) he made take half of his bed with him at night; and (as his biographer says) the duke slept as perfectly sound by the

side of his rival, as if he had been in bed with one of his own sons.

Puttenham says, ‘ that a French captain was sitting
‘ at the lower end of the duke of Guise’s table, amongst
‘ many, the day after there had been a great battaile
‘ foughten. The duke finding that this captain was
‘ not seene to doe any thing that day in the field, taxed
‘ him thus in all their hearings. Where were you, sir,
‘ the day of the battaile ? for I sawe ye not. The cap-
‘ taine answered promptly, Where ye durst not have
‘ beene. And the duke began to kindle with the worde ;
‘ which the gentleman perceiving, said speedily, I was
‘ that day amongst the carriages, where your excellence
‘ would not for a thousand crowns have been seene.’

The duke of Guise having sold most of his estates to make himself popular, it was said that he was the greatest usurer in France, as he had nearly laid out all that he was worth upon obligations.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COKE.

‘ THIS great lawyer,’ says Wilson, ‘ was a man
‘ of excellent parts, but not without his frailties. For
‘ he was a storehouse and magazine of the common
‘ law for the present times, and laid such a foundation
‘ for the future, that posterity may for ever build up-
‘ on. So his passions and pride were so predominant,
‘ that boiling over, he lost by them much of his own
‘ fullness, which extinguished not only the valuation,
‘ but the respect due to his merit.

‘ A breach,’ continues Wilson, ‘ happened between
‘ the lord chief justice Coke and the lord chancellor
‘ Ellesmere, which made a passage to both their de-
‘ clines. Sir Edward Coke had heard and determined
‘ a cause at common law, and some report that there
‘ was juggling in the business. The witness that knew

' and should have related the truth, was wrought upon
 ' to be absent, if any man would undertake to excuse
 ' his non-appearance. A pragmatistical fellow of the
 ' partie undertook it, went with the witness to a tavern,
 ' called for a gallon pot full of sack, bid him drink, and
 ' so leaving him, went into the court. This witness is
 ' called for, for the prop of the cause: the undertaker
 ' answers upon oath, that he left the *witness in such a*
 ' *condition, that if he continues only but a quarter of an*
 ' *hour, he is a dead man.* This evidencing the man's
 ' incapability to come, deaded the matter so, that it lost
 ' the cause. The plaintiffs that had the injury bring
 ' the business about in chancery. The defendants
 ' (having had judgment at common law) refuse to obey
 ' the orders of the court; whereupon the lord chancel-
 ' lor, for the contempt of the court, commits them to
 ' prison. They petition against him in the star-cham-
 ' ber; the lord chief justice Coke joins with them in
 ' the difference, threatening the lord chancellor with a
 ' *præmunire*. The chancellor makes the king acquaint-
 ' ed with the business, who sends to sir Francis Bacon,
 ' his attorney-general, sir Henry Montague, &c. com-
 ' manding them to search what precedents there have
 ' been of late years, wherein such as have complained
 ' in chancery were relieved according to equity and
 ' conscience after judgment at common law. They
 ' made a report favorable to the interference of the
 ' court of chancery in such cases. This,' adds Wilson,
 ' satisfied the king, justified the lord chancellor, and
 ' the chief justice received the foil, which was a bitter
 ' potion to his spirit, but not strong enough to work as
 ' his enemies desired. Therefore, to trouble him the
 ' more, he is brought on his knees at the council-table,
 ' and three other ingredients added to the dose, of a
 ' more active operation.

' First, He is charged, that when he was the king's
 ' attorney-general, he concealed a statute of twelve
 ' thousand pounds due to the king from the late lord

‘ chancellor Hatton, wherein he deceived the trust reposed in him.

‘ Secondly, That he uttered words of very high contempt as he sat on the seat of justice, saying, The common law of England would be overthrown, and the light of it obscured, reflecting upon the king.

‘ And thirdly, His uncivil and indiscreet carriage before his majesty, being assisted by his privy council and judges, in the case of Commendams*.

‘ The last he confessed, and humbly craved his majesty’s pardon. The other two he palliated with some colourable excuses, which were not so well set off but they left such a tincture behind them, that he was commanded to retire to private life. And to expiate the king’s anger, he was enjoined in that leisurely retirement to review his books of reports, which the king was informed had many extravagant opinions published for practice and good law, which must be corrected and brought to his majesty to be perused. And at his departure from the council-table, the lord treasurer, the earl of Salisbury, gave him a wipe, for suffering his coachman to ride bare-headed before him in the streets; which fault he strove to cover, by telling his lordship that his coachman did it for his own ease.’

* In that business lord Coke behaved very nobly and spiritedly at first, but afterwards made an improper submission.

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THIS acute nobleman was an instance of the truth of one of his own maxims :

‘ There are certain persons who would never have been in love, had they not been told that such passions really existed :’

for he used to say, that he knew nothing of love but from romances ; and that he had never felt that passion in his own person.

‘ M. de la Rochefoucault,’ says Segrais, ‘ was a man of no great learning, but he was a man of extremely good sense, and had a perfect knowledge of the world. This occasioned him to make reflections, and to reduce into maxims his analysis of the heart of man, which he most completely understood. For my part, I am so fond of his maxims, that I have them almost all by heart.’

Dr. Johnson used to say of Rochefoucault’s maxims, that it was nearly the only book written by a gentleman, which authors by profession had any reason to be afraid of. Nor, indeed, is it a wonder that he should raise apprehensions in the minds of most writers ; for, as Segrais tells us, some of the maxims were altered thirty times : he sent both his memoirs and his maxims to a learned friend, part by part, as he had finished them, to be looked over and corrected by him ; nay, he insisted upon keeping his *brouillons* six weeks at a time, that he might examine them more accurately, and that he might have more time to judge of the truth of the maxims, and of the arrangement of the words.

‘ The duke very wisely never disputed in company. If any person differed from him in opinion, he merely said, sir, you are then of that opinion ? ‘ I am of mine : and so the matter rested,’ says Segrais.’*

* Sir Isaac Newton would never dispute in company. When he had delivered an opinion which any one chose to controvert, he never was at the pains to defend it, but contented himself with saying, ‘ I believe, sir, if you will be at the trouble of examining my opinion, you will find I have very good reason for it.’

A VERY USEFUL CUSTOM WHICH PREVAILS IN
HOLLAND.

THERE are private persons who raise in their gardens the fruits which nature had appointed only to ripen under the line. We have a thousand wise laws, and a thousand excellent customs at our very doors.—These are the fruits we ought to raise in our own country—these the trees we ought to transplant; they will thrive in every climate, and will prosper in every soil. The most salutary law—the most excellent and useful custom I have ever seen, is in Holland. When two persons are about to enter upon a law-suit, they are first obliged to go before a tribunal of reconciling judges, called peace-makers. If the parties happen to bring with them a lawyer and a counsellor, the first thing done, is to send those gentlemen about their business, as we take off wood from a fire we want to extinguish. The peace-makers tell the parties, ‘ You are certainly great fools to spend your money to procure your own ruin; we will bring you to an accommodation without costing you one farthing.’ If the rage of chicane happens to be too violent in the parties, they put them off to another day, in order that time may soften and mitigate the symptoms of their disorder; after the expiration of which time, the judges summon them before them a second and third time. If their folly is of the incurable sort, they promise them they will consent to their having their cause tried in a court of justice, in the same manner as we abandon an incurable member to the surgeon; and then the law has its course.—There is no necessity to make long declamations, or to calculate how much it would be to the advantage of humanity, were this law universally adopted—and besides, I am by no means desirous to follow the traces of the abbe de St. Pierre, whose projects a certain minister, and a man of sense, called the dreams of a worthy

man. I know that if a private person of integrity and good sense offers a proposal for the public good, it too often happens that he is abused or laughed at for his pains.—‘What meddling fellow is this,’ some will say, ‘who pretends to make us happier than we chose to be, and goes about to reform abuses by which so many people get their living?’—What reply can be made to this? for my part I know of none. VOLTAIRE.

THE ECONOMIST.

MAKE NOT MORE HASTE THAN GOOD SPEED.

IS advice worth observing. Haste often makes waste. Some lose more by their precipitancy, than they gain by their industry. They are in so great a hurry about one thing, that they forget other things, and accomplish nothing. They have a dozen designs in their heads at once, demanding attention, and like a numerous litter of pigs, pushing away one another. They are busy in collecting; and what they gather with their hands, they kick away with their feet.—Fervidus is one of this sort of men. No man is more busy, or does less to the purpose. A piece of ground must be ploughed to-day. To-morrow something else must be done. He hires a plough-boy—tackles his team—drives them on the full run into the field—has forgot his plough—whips the boy, because he did not think of it—hastens back after it—the boy runs home—it is noon before he can bring his matters together—and he does but half a day’s work. In the course of a summer, he overturns several loads of hay. There is the appearance of a shower, he goads on his cattle; and instead of looking at his cart, looks at the cloud: his load is upset, and out in the rain. He rises in a winter morning, with a determination to sled home

three load of wood. He must first get his boots mended. He runs to the barn—throws some hay to the cattle in the stables—forgets those in the yard—never shuts the door—hastens to the shoe-maker, but has left his boots at home—runs back after them—finds his cattle in the barn, and his oxen at the corn crib—drives them out with a vengeance—goes into the house in a foam—strikes the first he meets, for leaving the barn-door open—concludes his oxen will die---cooks a mess to prevent the fatal effects of the corn they have eaten ---in his hurry kicks it over---and then prepares another. He gets no wood to-day---keeps himself in a fret and his family in a tumult. He gives his people no orders how to employ themselves---they lose their time ---and at night he is in a rage, because not a soul has done any work. Fervidus fully believes the doctrine of witchcraft. And his family are soberly of the opinion, that there is an evil spirit.

Lentulus is a different character. He is industrious, but moderate. You never see him idle, nor in a great hurry. He plans his business well---lays out no more than can be executed in season---takes things in their proper order, without confusion or interference. He finishes what he undertakes---proceeds with little noise ---and never destroys what he has done, by an eagerness to do more than can be done. He rises early---attends the stated duties of the family deliberately---issues the orders of the day calmly---and finds them at night executed faithfully.---When one thing is done, all know what to do next; there is no confusion; and what cannot be accomplished in one day, he is content to leave for another. If, when he has hay abroad he sees a shower arising, he will secure it if he can. But he never breaks his rakes by his hurry to anticipate the shower; nor break his rest if the shower anticipates him. When the day is closed, his cares are dismissed. He spends the evening in useful conversation with his family or a neighbor. Whatever happens, you will

see him serene and temperate. He is thankful for success---never discomposed by cross accidents. He never blames others for his mistakes, nor chides them with passionate severity for their own. You never see him out of humor for what could not be prevented, or anxious for what is not in human power. He spends the day cheerfully---closes it devoutly---and passes the night quietly. He is successful in his business; his domestics love his service; the blessings of the poor come upon him; and the smiles of heaven attend him. Lentulus is never molested by witchcraft.

Declaration of the volunteers and inhabitants at large of the town and neighborhood of Belfast, on the subject of the French revolution, unanimously agreed to, at an assembly held by public notice, on the 14th of July, 1791.

NEITHER on marble nor on brass can the rights and duties of men be so durably registered as on their memories and on their hearts. We, therefore, meet this day to commemorate the French revolution, that the remembrance of this great event may sink deeply into our hearts; warmed not merely with the fellow feelings of townsmen, but with a sympathy which binds us to the human race, in a brotherhood of interest, of duty, and of affection.

A revolution of such moment to mankind, involving so many millions, embracing so great a country, and completed in so short a time, is apt to confound and perplex by the magnitude of the object, and the rapidity of its motion. We, therefore, think it best to attach our minds upon one simple sublime truth, where our opinions may centre, and our judgment find stability. We are men of plain, and, we hope, sound understanding. We will disentangle ourselves from those

bewitching bonds, with which an enticing and meretricious eloquence has of late vainly endeavored to tie down the freedom and the strength of manhood ; and, neither sophisticated by genius, nor rendered miserable by refinement and mystery, we will think and declare our thoughts, not as politicians, but as men, as citizens, and as volunteers.

As men, therefore, we think, that government is a trust for the use of the people—the people, in the largest sense of that misapprehended word. We think, that the public weal is the end of government, and that the forms of government are merely the mutual means for obtaining this end ; means that may be modelled or changed by the real will of the public—a will supreme paramount to all other authority.

As citizens, we think that no people can promise unconditional obedience ; and that obedience itself ceases to be a duty, when the will of the people ceases to be the law of the land.

As volunteers, we think that this force of the people should form the guarantee of freedom ; and their freedom is the only sure guarantee of public happiness.

Here, then, we take our stand ; and if we be asked, what is the French revolution to us ? We answer—much.

1st. Much as men. It is good for human nature, that the grass grows where the bastille stood. We do rejoice at an event, which seemed the breaking of a charm that held universal France in a bastille of civil and religious bondage. When we behold this enormous mi-hapen pile of abuse cemented by custom, and raised upon the ignorance of a prostrate people, tottering to its base---to the very level of equal liberty and common weal, we do really rejoice at this resurrection of human nature ; and we congratulate our brother, man, coming forth from the vaults of ingenious torture, and from the cave of death. We do congratulate the

Christian world that there is in it, one great nation, which has renounced all ideas of conquest, and has published the first glorious manifests of humanity, of union, and of peace. In return, we pray to God that peace may rest in their land; and that it may never be in the power of royalty, nobility, or priesthood, to disturb the harmony of a good people, consulting about those laws which must ensure their own happiness, and that of unborn millions. The French revolution is therefore much to us as men, and much to us,

2d. As Irishmen. We have a country and we hold it very dear---so dear to us its interest, that we wish all civil and religious intolerance annihilated in this land---so dear to us its honor, that we wish an eternal stop to the traffic of public liberty, which is bought by one, and sold to another---so dear to us its freedom, that we wish for nothing so much as a real representation of the national will, the surest guide and guardian of national happiness.

Go on then---great and gallant people---to practise the supreme philosophy of your legislation; to force applause from nations least disposed to do you justice; and, by the omnipotence of reason, to convert and liberate the world---a world whose eyes are fixed on you---whose heart is with you---who talks of you with all her tongues. You are, in very truth, the hope of this world: of all, except a few men, in a few cabinets, who thought the human race belonged to them, not they to the human race; but now are taught, by an awful example, and tremble; and dare not confide in armies arrayed against you and your cause.

Resolved unanimously, That a copy of this declaration be forthwith transmitted in our name, by our president, to the national assembly of France.

WILLIAM SHARMAN, President.

AREOPAGUS.

DIDEROT.

THE senate of Athens was so called from a hill, contiguous to the citadel of that city, which was consecrated to Mars, because, according to fabulous reports, that God, accused of having murdered the son of Neptune, was absolved in this place by the judges of Athens. Greece has not had a tribunal of greater fame : its members were chosen from among the citizens ; they were distinguished for their merits, integrity, birth, and fortune ; and their equity was so universally acknowledged, that all the states of Greece appealed to the Areopagites in their debates, and rested content in their decision.

This court was the first invested with a right of life and death. It seems, however, by the spirit of its first institution, that this right extended only to assassins ; but it has since taken cognizance of incendiaries, conspirators, deserters, and finally of all capital crimes, founded upon the good opinion prevailing in the state of the gravity and integrity of the members of this body.

Solon entrusted them with the management of the public revenue, and a superintendency over the education of youth ; to which charge is annexed the salutary care of punishing debauchery and idleness, and of rewarding industry and sobriety. All matters of religion came under the inspection of the Areopagites. It was a part of their duty to see that no crimes against it escaped with impunity, nor blasphemy against the Gods.

On their deliberation depended the consecrating of new divinities, the erecting of new temples and altars, and every innovation to be adopted in the public worship : nay, it was their chief function ; for they never meddled with the administration of public affairs, but

when the state, alarmed with the greatness of imminent dangers, applied for succour to the wisdom of the Areopagus, as its last resource.

This corps preserved its authority down to the time of Pericles, who, as he could not be admitted an Areopagite, on account of his not having been an Archon, employed all his power and interest to sink this body; and what very much co-operated to his purpose, was, that the vicious irregularities with which Athens was at that time corrupted, had their partisans in the Areopagus, which lost to them by degrees the public estimation, as well as the power they had been entrusted with.

Authors do not agree as to the number of judges that composed the Areopagus. Some fix it to thirty; others, to fifty-one; and others, to five hundred. This last opinion cannot be allowed, but during the time while that tribunal, fallen into disrepute, admitted indifferently Greeks and strangers; for, according to Cicero's account, even Romans had been received into that body, or else the term Areopagites has been confounded with that of Prytani.

It is proved by the Arundel marbles, that the Areopagus subsisted nine hundred and forty years before Solon; but as that tribunal had been humbled by Draco, and Solon afterwards restored it to its former splendor, this hath given room to the mistake of some authors, who have looked upon Solon as the founder of the Areopagus.

The Areopagites held their audiences in open air, and judged only by night, in the view, as Lucian says, of being engaged only by the reasons, and not the figures, of those who spoke.

They looked upon the eloquence of advocates as a very dangerous talent; however, their original severity in this point relaxed by degrees. But they obstinately persevered to exclude from all pleadings what-

ever tended to move the passions, or to depart from the main point in question; in which two circumstances an herald imposed silence upon the advocates.

The suffrages of this tribunal were given in silence, by putting a small kind of stones, black or white, into the urns; one of which was made of brass, and called *the Urn of Death*; the other was made of wood, and called *the Urn of Pity*.

The suffrages were afterwards counted; and, according as the whites or blacks prevailed, the judges drew a line, longer or shorter, with their nail, on a tablet covered with wax. The short line signified a dismissal of the accused; but the long implied condemnation.

Areopagite meant one of the judges of the Areopagus. The picture that has been transmitted to us of those wonderful personages, and the good order they established in Athens, by Socrates, is as follows:—The judges, according to him, employed their thoughts not about the manner of punishing crimes; but that of inspiring such an aversion for them, that none, or very few persons, could be induced to commit any. It was the business of enemies, said they, to punish the crimes, but it was theirs to correct the morals of the people.

They extended their generous and patriotic concerns to every rank of citizens, but in a more especial manner to the youth of each: for, not being ignorant of the violent attacks with which the passions, at their first breaking out, are wont to agitate their tender years, they thought the best way to divert such an impetuosity from bad effects, would be by so moulding a form of education, as that the austerity of it should be tempered with a proper alliance of pleasure; which solitary scheme can be answered no where so well, as in a cultivation of those exercises in which there is a mixture of toil and pleasure, and whose continued

practice can never prove disagreeable to liberal minds.

The inequality of fortune amongst individuals was too considerable for them to undertake, prescribing the same rules indiscriminately to all. They therefore proportioned the instruction and the obedience expected, to the situation and faculties of each family. The less opulent they advised to apply themselves to agriculture and commerce, from this maxim, that Idleness is the mother of Poverty, as the latter is of the greatest crimes. Having thus torn up, as it were, the roots of the greatest evils, they concluded that they had nothing more to fear. Bodily exercises, such as riding, hunting, &c. with the study of philosophy, fell to the lot of those blest with more ample fortunes. By so wise a dispensation, their leading view was to prevent the poor from committing enormous crimes, and to facilitate, for the rich, the road of acquiring virtue.

Not satisfied with having established such useful laws, they stretched their paternal care still farther; and that was, to see them duly observed: wherefore the city was divided into several quarters, and the country belonging to it, into several cantons; so that every thing passed in a manner under their eyes. They received minute information of all private transactions. All trespassers against the laws were summoned before the magistrates, who proportioned their reprimands, or punishment, to the quality of the faults, of which the impleaded were found guilty.

A part of the Arcopagites duty was, to prevail on the rich to assist the poor, and to keep within due bounds the intemperance of youth, through the energy of an exact discipline. The avarice of magistrates, from a terror of the punishments always ready to be inflicted on such delinquency, was unknown among them. Old men were roused up to shake off that indolence and lethargy, into which years are wont to plunge them, at the offer of employment, and the re-

spect paid to them by the young. These venerable judges had nothing else at heart, but to render their fellow citizens still better men, and the republic more flourishing. So disinterested were they, that they received nothing, or what was but of little value, for their assisting at public judgments: so unshaken was their integrity, that they failed not to render an exact account of their conduct, to the public censors appointed between them and the people, for the preventing of the aristocracy becoming too formidable.—However broken with age, and bent down by years, they might have been, while practicable, they never disinclined assisting in the judicial assemblies on the hill, although there exposed to all the injuries of the air.



THE SHIPWRECK.*

A FRAGMENT.

MATHEW CAREY.

TIRED with oppression in our native land, and in hopes of a better situation in America, two hundred of us, hale, hearty, and industrious, besides women and children, embarked at Londonderry, on board the *****, bound for Philadelphia.

From the outset untoward accidents awaited us. We had not been ten days at sea, when our vessel sprung a leak, which, for a long time, baffled all our endeavors. At length, being discovered, it was stopped,

* I wish I could soothe the reader's humanity, by informing him that this fragment is not the child of a sportive imagination. Unfortunately, it is literally true. The facts I had from one of the hapless sufferers. The dress alone is mine.

and we esteemed ourselves secure.—Thoughtless mortals ! the disappointment of to-day never produces the effect of preparing us for the calamity of to-morrow !

A gust arose ! the elements warred together, as if it were the ‘ last groan of expiring nature.’ The flood-gates of heaven seemed loosed ! dreadful peals of thunder rattled on the ear. The stoutest hearts were appalled. The forked lightning struck our mast, and set the vessel on fire. Beset by two raging elements—the roaring billows, which lashed her sides, and seemed ready to swallow her and us, though they had appeared so terrific before—now lost their horrors, and were regarded—melancholy alternative !—as a less tremendous enemy than their new auxiliary.

With vast difficulty, the flame was extinguished—but not until it had rendered our vessel scarcely manageable. To complete the measure of our woes, our provisions fell short. A biscuit and a pint of water, fetid and almost as dense as glue, was the daily portion of each ! Every morning saw two or three miserable wretches heaved overboard, into a watry grave, in the presence of their dejected friends and relatives, each hourly expecting the hand of death to close his eyes’ and free him from his abyss of misery.

‘ Father ! father !’ cries a once beautiful, but now emaciated child, whose visage bore irresistible evidence of near-approaching mortality, ‘ get me a drink ! I faint—I die !—for God’s sake let me have a drop of water to quench my thirst !’

‘ Captain, I beg a little water to save my child from death.’—‘ You have had your share for to-day, and shall have no more.’

‘ Brute ! stranger to the tender feelings of nature—had you a child—but you are not worthy of having one—you would pity my present situation, and relieve me.’

The mother of the child, who had swooned away, just came to herself. She heard his plaintive cries. She joined her voice to his, and besought the father to procure the water.

Melancholy, anguish, and torture, seized the tender husband's—the tender father's soul. The big tear rolled down his cheek. 'Gracious and all-powerful God! why visit your children with such calamities? Presumptuous man!' added he, recovering himself, 'are you to dare scrutinize the ways of unerring Providence? Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done!'

He returned to the scene he had just quitted. His beloved child lay breathing his last. His wife had swooned away again. The sight was too afflictive. His agonies overpowered him. He went to the captain, whom he quarrelled with, struck. The blows were returned. He seized a sword; and the captain rushing forward, received it in his breast. He closed his eyes for ever.

Disorder and confusion ensued in the vessel. The sailors plundered every thing they could lay their hands upon: and such was their irregularity and carelessness, that they ran the vessel aground at Synapuxent, in the state of Maryland.

The sea ran mountains high. A skiff, with about twenty persons on board, was upset by an enormous wave. The shrieks and piteous cries of men, women and children, soon died away. They were swallowed up in one common grave. Most of the remainder were drowned in endeavoring to swim to land.

About thirty miserable wretches of us gained the shore, some fortunate enough to save their property. We expected there to meet with relief and comfort. Fatal delusion! Had we been thrown ashore among the New Zealanders, among the swarthy sons of Guinea, or among the rapacious Algerines, our fate could not have been more severe. We were cruelly plundered. Not a valuable article was left us—and we were

reduced to beggary in a strange land, without a hope of redress.

Man ! man ! wretched, infatuated man ! Can a sordid trifle tempt you thus to violate every rule of right and justice—to steel your heart against the feelings of humanity—and to be more cruel and noxious than the raging elements ! Short is your day—and then all the vanities of this world will pass away—the veil that prevents your regarding objects in their true light, will be removed—keen remorse will prey upon your tortured soul, and be an earnest of your future never-dying woe !

Rulers of America ! Guard against this barbarity ! make severe laws to punish the miscreants who may be guilty of it—and let a civic crown be awarded the man who ventures his own life to save that of a fellow-creature in the direst distress !

THE WHISTLE—A TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN BY DR. FRANKLIN TO HIS NEPHEW.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my little pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop, where they sold toys for children ; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me, I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money—and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation : and the

reflexion gave me more chagrin, than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favors—sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it—I have said to myself, *this man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *he pays, indeed, says I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living—all the pleasure of doing good to others—all the esteem of his fellow citizens—and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; *poor man, says I, you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle*.

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations—*Mistaken man, says I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure—You give too much for your whistle*.

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison—*Alas, says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle*.

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband—*What a pity it is, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle*.

In short I conceived, that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles*.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG MAN, ON HIS ENTRANCE
INTO LIFE, BY THE EDITOR.

LETTER I.---ON POPULARITY.

LET me embrace the earliest opportunity to entreat you, to cultivate, with unceasing assiduity and cheerful good offices, the friendship of the deserving. Credit me, your labor will not go unrewarded. In youth the heart bounds at the prospect of being applauded. Then is the spring-time of every virtue ; if good seed be not *then* sown, 'twill, perhaps, never come to perfection. It is also the season of enthusiastic ardor—the generous youth glows with the desire of disseminating *universally* the good he possesses, or *thinks* he possesses—the narrow circle of friends and relatives seems too limited for the boundless happiness suggested by his wishes, and the flattering prospects sketched by his hopes. He pants for popularity, and ardently longs to distinguish himself by his attachment to what he believes, the principles of truth and virtue. The *motives* are beyond all doubt praise-worthy—the success at best problematical : and, if successful, it may be fairly questioned, *whether* success would attain the object he sought.

Nothing can be more flattering to the pride of human nature, or more congenial to the human heart, than to be the object of admiration and joy to surrounding

thousands. Every feeling is attuned to pleasure, every gratification seems within reach, and hope appears to be satiated with delight—no sacrifice is thought too great for the attainment of such a fulness of joy. But the vapor of popularity vanishes in the hour that gave it birth, and the object at whose shrine it was offered is hardly awakened from the deceitful delirium, when he beholds the triumph of his political antagonist, who by some lucky stroke of policy has gained the huzzas of the many.

It is not in the opinions of an unstable populace we are to look for *firm* attachment or lasting happiness. In matters of *feeling*, the *multitude* are almost always right—in matters of reasoning, they are, alas! too often mistaken. The reason to me appears evident. *All men feel, but all men do not think.* Many eminent writers have remarked, that a multitude is ever governed by *passion* or the impulse of the moment, even though they were individually habituated to listen to the voice of *reason* and deliberation. ‘Evil in the *moral* as in the *natural* world, is more visible and impetuous than good. Tempests, hurricanes, and earthquakes, strike the most stupid and unobserving, while the warmth of the sun, and the dews of Heaven, produce good unnoticed, save, by the discerning few.’ Thus it is with man, when collected together, the tumultuous, the violent and headstrong, overpower the more moderate, and hurry them away ere they have time to examine *whither* they are going to be carried, or *what* is the object of pursuit—when once put in motion reason is overborne, and from being *passive instruments* in the hands of others, they become *active agents* themselves.

The idea that the multitude by which we are on every side encompassed, is actuated by one will, and pursuing one object, staggers a confidence in our own judgment, and then prompts us to give it up to the opinions of so many, each of whom, probably, have as

good means of information as ourselves. If their conduct be irregular, or their object criminal, the numbers who participate make each individual think lightly of the responsibility, guilt or shame which attaches to himself. Hence it is, that we have to lament so many excesses committed by the populace, and hence it is that the enemies of freedom ridicule the sovereignty of the people.

LETTER II.---ON FAMILY ATTACHMENTS.

THERE are numberless *prejudices* in society, many of which are baleful and destructive, but some I dare venture to assure you, are in their consequences productive of more good than ill. Among the latter I estimate *that*, which in a certain degree implicates every family (by public censure or applause) in the conduct of all and every of its members. I justify not this practice in every instance, nay I acknowledge that *in many cases it is unjust*, but I contend, that here ‘partial evil, is general good.’

To prove the truth of my assertion, at least to support my opinion, let us briefly inquire what would be the consequence if every individual felt himself accountable to himself alone, and to the laws for all his actions?

The family of which he was a member, or rather the persons to whom he was by blood allied, (such associations as families, could not in such circumstances be said to subsist) would not feel that inseparable interest which would induce *them*, to consider *him*, as a portion of an integer of which they themselves formed a constituent part---they would not consider their own future character as bound up in his conduct, but, in all probability, would abandon him wholly to his parents,

however by nature or circumstances they might be incapacitated from performing their duty. It may be said, that natural affection is sufficient to bind parents to the performance of all their duties. Grant it would, and further grant, that all parents are duly qualified, I then ask, can any possible harm result from interesting a greater number of persons in the fulfilling an obligation so important as the education of youth, and binding them to its performance by the stern responsibility of public opinion. I fear that if men's *passions* were not controled by their *affections*, that *reason* would be unable to check the impetuosity of folly, the sallies of extravagance, and the darings of vice.

It is unnecessary to acquaint even the inexperience of my young friend, that there are countless acts of injustice, perfidy, and fraud, (which law *never has*, nor *never can* correct) which are circumscribed and prevented from overwhelming the public morals, and consequently the public happiness, by the irresistible and respectable voice of public censure. 'We are too well convinced,' says the amiable author of the account of the Pelew Islands, 'of the inefficacy of the best digested laws, and the inability of our police, to restrain the vices of mankind, by observing, that all which *prudence* can revolve, *wisdom* plan, or *power* enforce, is frequently unable to protect our *property* by night, or our *persons* at all times, even under meridian suns. Every bolt and bar is a *satire* on society, and we painfully know, that it is not the daring plunderer alone, we have to guard against : we are all assailable under the smile of *dissembled* friendship, by which the *generous* and the *confiding* are too often betrayed into a situation *beyond the shelter of any* protecting law, a wound *which, perhaps more than any other*, hath tortured the feelings of sensibility.' This beautiful passage is so congenial to my own sentiments, that I could not deny myself the satisfaction of quoting it.

The multiplicity of iniquities and crimes which abound, in *opposition to law* AND the ties of *relative connection*, are proofs positive that law *alone* would be a feeble barrier to secure public peace and protect private happiness. May it not safely be conjectured that a want of such salutary restraints as arise out of family affection, may be joined to the other and more immediate causes, that throw upon our highways so many plunderers, and upon our streets so many prostitutes? Always remember, that in speaking of men, I speak of them as I believe *they are*, and not as I wish and think *they ought to be*. In the *former* state, *present* advantage swallows up all consideration of *future* good, and *distant*, though permanent felicity, is abandoned for *momentary* gratification :---in the latter, an enlightened self-love would teach, that to injure others, is to instruct others to injure us, and the fear of reaction would prevent injustice.

The institutions of society by thus wisely connecting individual with individual, has pointed out those whose esteem, if equally worthy, ought to be preferred, and by imposing such tender and responsible bonds, have given back to man some of the benefits of which it is said a refined civilization too often robs the mass of mankind. Improve then, my dear *****, the advantages you possess---constantly keep in mind, that, the care and solicitude which has watched over, and fostered your helpless infant years, are unequivocal guarantees of the future good you *may* expect, and *ought* to confer. ‘Benefits,’ says an ancient moralist, ‘should be always reciprocal.’ Let the sage experience of a beloved father, and the wise admonitions of respectable friends, *continue* to direct your steps, and you will save yourself from the painful reproaches, attendant upon those irregularities into which the best-intentioned, when left to themselves, are hurried by the ungoverned impetuosity of youth.

LETTER III.---ON CONVERSATION.

THERE is no talent we are more ambitious of attaining and displaying, or which is of more benefit in our intercourse with the world, either as a means of *procuring* or *preserving* friends, than that of expressing our thoughts with facility and gracefulness on the various topics which are investigated in our company. Riches and Power will make a man obeyed and feared. ---Talents and Virtue make him respectable---a good disposition and sympathetic heart, make him loved, but, the bewitching talent of conversing with freedom, gaiety, and politeness, will make him every where be received with pleasure---it will make a bad man be tolerated, and a good one be welcomed with an unfeigned and unmixed joy.

Indeed its advantages are so obvious, so numerous, and so generally admitted, that it would be unpardonable to detain you by entering into an enumeration. Be it the object of the present letter, to aid my young friend, as far as in my power, to attain so captivating a qualification. Personal advantages, as a good figure, a pleasing voice---a neatness of attire, and an animated, intelligent countenance, are of infinite import by *prepossessing* the company in your favor. Exterior advantages procure a man a favorable hearing *from the moment he begins speaking*, without them, it is necessary to convince the public before you can calculate upon attention. A man possessed of the advantages I have mentioned will, especially in large companies, be heard with more pleasure for half an hour making common place observations, than a man without them will be heard half the time, though he express himself with correctness, and deliver sound sense. It can scarcely be imagined by any, but those who attend to the subject, the effect produced by an appropriate gesture, an expressive look, or an intelligent glance of

the eye. Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, frequently impressed upon him the superiority he would have in conversation, if his features were always under such control as not to evince the emotions of his mind. *Such* advice may be very proper, for *such* a man as Mr. Stanhope, who was designed to advance in the corps diplomatique---to rise in the world by his intrigues, or to live always in the purlicus of a court; but, it is not such as I should give to the son of a man I esteem, to a youth in whose welfare I felt an interest. No! Let your heart glow with the feelings of humanity, your mind be the residence of sincerity, and your countenance the faithful index of both---whoever reads it, without valuing its possessor, is unworthy of his regards.

The conversation of few men is pleasing, not so much from their want of sense, as from their neglecting to pay that respect to the feelings of others, which they expect others to pay to theirs. Men oftener speak to gratify themselves than their hearers. Be it your care to correct every inclination you may discover, which would prompt you to speak from vanity---the design of what we address to others ought to be either to *instruct* or *amuse*. Without one of these being our object, with what propriety can we occupy the time and engage the attention of others? I am the more anxious to caution you against this fault, as it is generally found in young people, and I feel a conviction, that it is the great obstacle to their being heard with attention. For who will listen attentively to the ebullitions of vanity, or the effusions of egotism?

I do not feel it necessary to caution you against an unpardonable habit in which some people indulge of 'speaking their mind,' without regard to time or place---a habit which often conceals *duplicity* under the garb of *undisguised* sincerity.

‘ How many things by season, seasoned are
 ‘ To their right praise and true perfection.’

God forbid ! I should wish you to be so detestable a character as a hypocrite, to speak one thing and think another. May I never instruct, or you be instructed in so loathsome a vice. To say disagreeable things is ungrateful enough, without adding to their bitterness by an insolence of manner, or an uttering them at unseasonable times. Whenever you are necessitated to declare unpleasant truths, or censure improper actions, (which ought to be whenever you think it may be done profitably) sweeten the unpalatable draught by the gentleness of your manner. Be assured your opinions will not be less efficacious, and your manner will create esteem even in the bosoms of those who reject or neglect your advice.

The TONE of voice in which we speak is of too much consequence to be passed over without a remark : it must be attended to, not only by those who desire to *please* in conversation, but also by those who wish to be *understood*. The import of, and impression made by a sentence, depends upon the proper emphasis being given to its component parts. You must so often have had this illustrated by examples in the course of your education and observation, that to dwell upon it would be to delay you unnecessarily. In the attainment of *this* and *every other* acquirement, study Nature, for ‘ whatever does not appear natural, can never be agreeable, much less persuasive.’ May persuasion dwell on your tongue, and may it ever advocate the cause of Truth and Morality.

LETTER IV.---ON DISPUTATION.

IN the various companies into which you may be introduced, you will sometimes be *unavoidably* involved in *disputes*. I would advise that you *never* seek them. They seldom produce conviction, often ill will, and are rarely agreeable in a mixed company. Every person wishes to have an opportunity of speaking, even should they not make use of it: disputes monopolise conversation, a word on one side suggests another on the other, he begs leave to reply, his opponent hopes equal permission, and thus two men, regardless of every thing but supporting a favorite opinion, spoil the harmony and engross the time of the company. In delivering your opinion, do it with that confidence which is the offspring of conviction—but guard against the manifold inconveniencies and dilemmas into which unqualified *positive* assertions are certain to betray even the most intelligent. If *your* opinion be well founded, and its truth manifested, your success will be no less complete, while it will be less mortifying to your opponent, a circumstance which, to a generous mind, is a reflection not a little gratifying. On the contrary, should it appear that you were in error, you can with a better grace acknowledge your mistake, and express your satisfaction in being better informed. ‘In disputes,’ it has been correctly remarked, ‘the vanquished is the victor.’

To be perfectly master of your temper, is absolutely necessary, before you hazard the defence of your opinions. To forget yourself and the respect due to the company so far as to fly into a passion, would be, if not inexcusable, at least blameable in a high degree. When passion subsides, many cogent arguments are perceived, which its blindness prevented us from discovering---we say many things incorrectly, others we

wholly omit. 'Anger,' says an ancient biographer, 'is an imperious ungrateful mistress, making an ungenerous return for the services she receives, and selling her pernicious counsels at a very dear rate.' The three following kinds of behaviour in your adversaries, being most likely to occur, you will excuse me for calling your attention to them :---*Obstinacy, Incapacity,* or an attempt when routed from the fair field of argument, to entrench himself in the strong holds of wit and *ridicule*. The different manners in which men are educated—their connections in life, and their respective situations, by presenting the same object in a different point of view, makes them adopt very different ideas of its appearance and properties : each drawing his conclusions from his own *particular relative position*, and each capable of defending by reasonable arguments his own opinion. We should recollect, that if we were educated otherwise than we have been, our opinions would be different ; and that our pertinacity may appear as unwarrantable and ill-founded as that of others appears to us. In fine, others have as good reason to be vexed with us for not being of their opinion, as we have to be irritated at them for not being of ours. Do not therefore be fond of expressing *surprise* at the obstinacy with which others maintain their opinions. The retort is so obvious it cannot fail to be made, if not by your opponent, by some of the company, and may possibly excite mirth at your expence.

Incapacity, however to be regretted in those who argue with us, is surely no just cause for *passion*, though it may awaken *pity*. If the field be not well fought, the rapidity of our victory makes amends, I do not mean in the eyes of our antagonist, but in those of all well-judging people who are present. It would be wantonly ungenerous to triumph over or expose imbecility *more* than is essential to the establishment of our proposition. Should you be so unlucky as to be ridi-

called *at*, rather than reasoned *with*, I would advise that you should good-humoredly join in the laugh and decline further argument, remarking that ‘you perceive your friend is more inclined to joke than argue’—that ‘you will take your revenge another time, when Minerva in her turn shall triumph over Momus,’ or any good-tempered observation, which will shew the company, that as you were not so fortunate as to *instruct*, you rejoice in being so lucky as to *amuse*. I have not erred from my intention in desiring you to *join in the laugh*, for notwithstanding the injunctions of the noble lord, before mentioned, I trust you will not sacrifice at the shrine of fastidious delicacy a faculty characteristic of man. Many animals weep, *man alone* possesses the power of laughter. I pity the factitious being who, in obedience to the despotism of fashion, dare not indulge in the use of his risible muscles. Be thou the child of nature, *use, but do not abuse*, the advantages she has bestowed; do not, by refraining from laughter, *reproach* thy Creator, by tacitly avowing that he has given you powers, the *want* of which would be more desirable than the possession.

If I were writing for the perusal of those whose sentiments I was unacquainted with, it would have been my duty to dwell upon the indispensable necessity which points out *Truth* as an ingredient in conversation: in writing to *you*, I feel assured that your own heart discharges me from such a duty. The latitude I allow myself will not be trespassed upon by citing an anecdote of Solon from Plutarch’s life of that celebrated law-giver. ‘Thespis, about this time, (570 B. C.) began to exhibit tragedies; and the entertainment, *because it was new, took very much with the multitude* ;’ (the same passion for novelty, you observe, characterised mankind in the days of Solon, which now also distinguishes them). ‘Solon, who naturally loved to hear and learn, and now in his old age allowed himself more leisure, and oftener recreated himself

with music and wine, went to see Thespis himself act, as the custom was; and after the play was done, discoursing with him, asked him, if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before such a company; and Thespis answering, 'It is no harm to say or do so in jest.' Solon vehemently striking his staff against the ground, replied, '*If we encourage and commend such jesting as this, we shall soon find it will intrude upon our serious affairs.*' Comments would only weaken the force of such an observation from such a man. Besides what I have noticed, there are many little things which you must learn in the company of the well-bred: you must observe what it is that rivets your attention to one man, and makes you tired and dissatisfied with the discourse of another. In the acquiring of this accomplishment, and in the performance of every action, mental and bodily, *there is something you must do for yourself, for all the world cannot do it for you.*

LETTER V.—ON READING AND WORDS.

WHEN addressing you on a former occasion, and under happier circumstances, I made some remarks upon the most advantageous mode of reading History and Poetry. I shall now acquaint you with the method I pursue, with most of the works that come under my review; and recommend it for your adoption. I always read with a pencil in my hand. I do not enter into the spirit of a work, or read it with half the pleasure, if I am not furnished with one. On a first perusal, I *enclose*, by pencil marks in the margin, such passages as strike me for their excellence, their singularity or the beauty of the expression. Upon a second perusal, I read only such parts of the book as my attention is directed to by the marginal crotchets. I

weigh with care every passage, thus distinguished ; if the reasoning it contains appears ill-founded, commonplace, or such as my mind is familiar with, I use my India rubber, and thus reduce the number of indexes to which my future attention is to be directed. Having thus exercised my judgment, in selecting (if the book be not my own) I endeavor to impress the parts selected on my memory, by copying them into a book for that purpose. I always name the author, and mark the part of his works from which the extract is taken, in order that I may have it in my power to refer to the work at large, should I wish for further information on the subject. The best way is to have five or six small books, with red leather or marble paper covers, each to be appropriated to a particular subject, and the name of that subject written on the cover, as Natural History, Civil History, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Miscellaneous Remarks, &c. An index is of great service to assist in making references with promptness. Independent of enriching your mind with valuable truths, and storing your memory with curious facts and memorable events—your style and punctuation will be improved, and many other benefits derived. There is one advantage of so much consequence that I cannot refrain mentioning it—you will read with such strict attention and close observation to discover matter worthy to be transferred into your little but valuable repository, that no occurrence deserving your remembrance, or sentiment worthy your regard, will be wholly forgotten. The having a specific object in view, prevents the imagination from wandering, and concentrates the powers of the mind. I would advise that you date your extracts : you will thereby not only have an opportunity of marking your own improvements in selecting, but also the very great pleasure of obliging your younger relatives or friends, by presenting them with such memorandums and quotations as you made at their age, instructing them as to the best man-

ner of making such themselves, and pointing out the advantages thereof.

The copiousness of the English language—the multiplicity of terms necessary for the expression of our wants, the purposes of philosophy, and the improvement of arts and sciences, renders it a work of time for the most industrious to be acquainted with the signification of *every* word which comes before him in the course of an extensive reading.

Words being only *artificial* signs of *ideas*, it follows as a consequence, that it is impossible to acquire a knowledge of ideas without understanding *words*. By words we get all our information---through them we learn the sentiments of others---by them we canvass the propriety of our own. Except the *crude* information obtained through the medium of the senses, *all* our ideas are mediately or immediately acquired by words. ‘However certain the facts of any science may be, and however just the ideas we may have formed of these facts, we can only communicate *false* impressions to others while we want *words* by which they may be *properly* expressed.’ Hence it appears that we can neither instruct or be instructed without a correct knowledge of words. How necessary, how important then to gain this knowledge as soon as possible.

When you meet with a word you do not accurately understand, if you are alone, or in company with those you can take such a liberty with, *pass it not over* without consulting your dictionary. As once looking at a word is rarely sufficient to fix its meaning upon the memory, I would recommend that you have a small pocket dictionary, (Hamilton’s abridgment of Johnson’s, I think the best) in the margin of which, *with a pencil*, mark all the words to which you occasionally refer, and at a leisure half hour look them over.

There is subjoined to this dictionary an alphabetical list of the Heathen gods, goddesses and heroes. The

frequent mention that is made of those illustrious personages, not only in ancient history and poetry, but in all modern works of genius and learning, makes it a great advantage to be familiarly acquainted with their several *attributes*, and those parts of their history which are most frequently alluded to. We thereby discover *and enjoy* a thousand nameless beauties, which are lost to the discernment or perplex the understanding of less informed readers. Do not, therefore, be sparing of your references when any of the deities of antiquity are mentioned, figuratively or literally, unless you are previously acquainted with them. The pleasures of imagination, and the clearness of your conceptions, will amply reward your trouble.

LETTER VI.—ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

THERE are in Morals, Physics, Politics, &c. certain *general* principles which are applicable under all circumstances and in every situation. Upon the well understanding and proper application of those principles to *particular* cases, depends much of happiness or misery. It is therefore a matter of great importance that we should not only make ourselves acquainted with the *principles* which are generally received as true, but we must also lay down some mode of estimating their justness, and knowing their application. In order to judge of the correctness of a principle, when first submitted to our consideration, we must trace it through all its windings and all the ramifications into which our ingenuity can follow it—we must ransack the storehouse of memory for facts to which to apply it—and we must imagine others according to the rules of sound reasoning to which it ought to apply. If it stands the test of so close an in-

vestigation, we may safely treasure it up as the rule of future actions, or the ground of subsequent conclusions.

In the application of theory to practice, there are so many minute, and till then unthought of obstacles, which even the most judicious foresight cannot provide for, that it is hardly possible for persons of the most penetrating judgment to lay down rules by which they can always govern their actions, so as to make them conformable to their principles. If the task be thus arduous for the *discerning*, as it respects *himself*, think how the difficulties multiply when rules are attempted to be laid down for *another*. The best way to effect my purpose will be to state the *general* principle, and imagine or describe its application to particular cases. Suppose I begin with the most interesting of the sciences, and take its most lovely and divine action as my principles. Let our *moral* principle be, 'Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you.' The *justice*—the *conciseness*—the *universality*---the *plainness*---the *excellence* of this maxim, would be a pleasurable theme to dwell upon, but my present business forbids my indulging and hastening to shew its mode of application.

There is no situation in which we are ourselves, but we can suppose *another person* is one *exactly* similar; nor is there any situation in which *another* is placed, into which our imagination cannot readily transport *us*. It is this power of removing out of ourselves, and identifying our personal interests with those of another, and *vice versa*, which enables us, under all circumstances, and at all times, to judge whether an action be just or unjust, and by its decision our conduct ought to be regulated. *Ex. Gr.* I have the performance of a certain action in contemplation----I examine all its advantages and disadvantages, *as it respects myself*. If the former predominate a new duty is imposed; if the latter, I reject it altogether. If I determine to ab-

stain from the action as injurious to myself, there is no necessity that I should perplex myself or sophisticate my judgment by further investigation. It requires very little logic to convince a man of a plain understanding, that in injuring himself *he does that which he would not wish another to do to him*, which is the converse of our maxim. But if the action appears good, as it regards myself, and thus prompts me to its performance, a new inquiry is to be made---how far the interests of others are involved in my conduct? It is not possible in complicated cases to examine the claims of every individual; we must therefore, in such cases, content ourselves in not overlooking those whose concerns are most deeply affected by our resolves. In order to do this honestly and uprightly, we must, as far as possible, lay aside *self*, or rather remove it into the person of him whose interests we wish to consider, and in *that state* again examine how far our proposed conduct agrees with our axiom. If the result of such investigation be consonant to that already made on our own behalf, no further inquiry is necessary---but if the result be the reverse, we must resort to our principle, which forbids us to do unto others, what we would not wish others to do unto us. The action must therefore be avoided.

When I speak of a *good* action, I do not wish to confine myself to such as are productive of *no* ill, there are few such actions fall to the lot of man. I call that action good by which the good produced is greater than the evil, in the proportion which the one is predominant over the other, the action will with propriety be stiled good or bad. May you at the close of a long and happy life have the satisfaction to find, that the good you have done is greatly superior to the evil; you will then enjoy,

‘ What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy
 ‘ The souls calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

LETTER VII.---ON CHOICE OF COMPANY.

THAT portion of time which you allot for amusement and exercise, will probably be more embarrassing than any other. There will no longer be play-grounds and class-fellows, and chosen associates to contribute and to partake of your pleasures on every occasion. New acquaintances must be formed---but be not hasty in choosing them. Virtue and vice are equally the effects of habit, and equally contagious. Those to whom we are not known must estimate our character, by that of the persons with whom we associate ; it is not only their *only* means of judging, but is also a just and equitable standard. Is it not similarity of disposition and sameness of pursuit which constitute the groundwork of fellowship in every walk and department of life ? To be judged harshly of is ungrateful to our own feelings, and acts as a preventative to our usefulness. This is a serious evil, yet it might be overlooked in the many still more alarming which flow from the same source. An unfortunate choice of companions is the most unfortunate and deplorable entrance into the world which can befall a man ; consequently above all things to be guarded against. Man is an imitative animal---he first mimics, then adopts, and habit makes agreeable actions which *were* irksome. Morals are as much affected as manners, by the society we frequent. These dispositions and effects are so notorious as to have given rise to many proverbs. ‘ Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.’ ‘ Birds of a feather, &c.’

Be not ambitious of a numerous acquaintance, but you will be excused if you pride yourself upon a select

and respectable one. Such company will reflect equal honor upon your moral and intellectual virtues. Should you be introduced to a person whose principles are corrupt, and whose actions are dissolute, you must take the earliest and least painful occasion to shew him your disinclination to his society. Should he from ignorance, perverseness, or unwillingness, refuse to take a hint, you must adopt a more marked conduct, and thereby convince him, you will not grant to importunity what you refused to judgment. Such a determined proceeding will render you respectable, even in the opinion of those who may affect to rail at your old-fashioned morality, or laugh at your rusticity; and, what is of infinitely more consequence, you will bind to you every acquaintance whose company is truly estimable. In the performance of this and every other action, be careful that you are actuated by a consciousness of its justice, not a vain desire of applause: the latter is good as an auxiliary, but evil as a principal. A conscious sense of rectitude must be paramount to every other consideration. If you abandon this strong hold, you cease to be governed by principle, and become the slave of expediency. The company with which you associate must in some degree depend on your local and particular situation, but may be selected for accordance of temper and uniformity of pursuits.

From your choice I apprehend no danger so long as you exercise your reason uncontroled by passion and uninfluenced by vanity. A wish to be thought a *gay, careless, easy, good natured fellow*, has ruined many a promising youth. To gain and support such a character, he must laugh at morality when it interferes with his pleasures, and scoff at virtue, when his companions are inclined to wanton in vice. He must be a Proteus, a very Camelson, taking that shape and hue which he knows will be most agreeable to his associates, without regard to his own feelings. All the manly dignity of his character will be lost in a vicious

obsequiousness. Avoid this alluring, dangerous desire, which is the more to be dreaded as it assumes the garb of good humor to cover a propensity which leads to many vices. But for God's sake ! as you value your own peace of mind and respectability of character, never harbor in your bosom the contemptible, corrupted, and corrupting vice of *wishing to be the head of your company*. Such a disposition is the prolific parent of ten thousand baneful and destructive pursuits. If I were called upon to point out that inclination in a young man, which of all others I thought most to be deplored, I should, without hesitation, put my finger upon that I am now condemning. Before it can exist, the mind must be debased ; it thrives at the expence of every thing praise-worthy---its life is the death of every promising bud. It stoops for food to the most worthless, and seeks its own gratification careless at whose expence. It submits to any meanness for the purpose of extorting flattery and applause. Independence, the glorious parent of every generous sentiment, dares not lift its head in company with this monopolizing vice. Shun the man who calls it his as you would a deadly pestilence---fly the contagion of his example. Trust not too confidently in your own strength, lest in evil hour it should forsake you, and entail misery on your future life. The knowledge I have that worth and excellence have been unequal barriers against this despotic wickedness, and the deep sense I entertain of its mischievous consequences have betrayed me into declamation. Could I for an instant believe that the germ of so hateful, so poisonous a weed lurked in your breast, Heaven is my witness ! I would throw these letters to the flames---cast away my writing materials, and mourn over the scenes you must act, and the griefs your friends must endure.

LETTER VIII.---ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANY.

WERE I to attempt to lay down rules for judging who were proper persons to associate with, I should only expose my own incapacity, without making you either wiser or better. You will therefore excuse me, if I decline an undertaking to which I acknowledge myself unequal. I shall however hazard a few unconnected hints to be considered rather as *cautions* than *directions*.

There are many young men who form a vain desire to be thought *manly*, affect a conduct which they would otherwise deem despicable. They disregard the admonitions of friends, laugh at the *sermons* (as they are pleased to call the letters) of their parents, and embrace, and make, opportunities of shewing their contempt of every person, who from age, relationship or situation, might be supposed to influence their conduct. And all this---for what purpose? Why forsooth to shew that they will *have a will of their own*, and *scorn* to be controled by the voice of experience, affection or authority. I do not say that relatives are always right, but for the reasons stated in my second letter, as well as many others, I presume that the advice of relatives ought ever to be received gratefully, as it must with few exceptions spring from good intentions. I do not advance that age is invariably attended by *wisdom*, yet I dare pronounce, *there is a species of knowledge, the result of experience, which is the inseparable companion of old people*. From seeing the machine so repeatedly at work, they are qualified (without possessing *any* information but that which arises out of observation) to form the most accurate estimate as to its movements, powers and effects.

- ‘ Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
- ‘ Have oft times no connection ; *knowledge* dwells in
heads,
- ‘ Replete with thoughts of other men ; *wisdom*
- ‘ In minds *attentive to their own*. SHAKESPEARE.

I cite this passage from Nature’s darling muse, to point out the distinction between knowledge and wisdom ; they are terms expressive of different ideas, and effects resulting from different causes. But to return. Young men who act as above, do not reflect that their obstinacy in rejecting the counsel of their relations and friends, often proceeds from their implicit obedience to the will of a parasite who governs, by pretending he is governed, and this thralldom is obvious to all, but themselves. Thus, they succeed in disgracing themselves in the eyes of all sober people, without obtaining the pitiful object of their ambition.

Swearing, particularly at dependants, is another trait by which you discover such affectation. Its effects in shocking the ears of pious persons is a consideration beneath their notice ; though it *alone* would be ample reason why a youth of an amiable disposition should avoid such a habit. They are too much engrossed by their pleasures ‘o consider, that such a despicable mode of issuing orders, or delivering opinions, nine times out of ten, defeats its own purpose. If I do not believe a man to speak truth on his *word*, I shall be slow in crediting his *oath*. He who is capable of the meanness of falsehood, will not be very scrupulous about the *means* he employs to prevail on others to believe him. When an assertion or declaration is once made, a majority of men think (and *falsely* think) it would be cowardly to unsay what they have said, and therefore think themselves bound to maintain its truth, though convinced of its falsehood. If addicted to swearing, they will utter a volley of oaths to confirm their testimony, and *extort* assent. I say *extort*, be-

cause when a man has pledged his *honor* or his *oath* to the truth of an assertion, to deny it, is by the laws of *honor* deemed a personal insult. This vicious habit is often assumed from an opinion that it *gives consequence* and *looks manly*. Can it be possible that swearing can gain us the good opinion of any being, whose esteem is, in any point of view, desirable? Can an open and perpetual warfare against what is esteemed most sacred and reverential, cultivate friendship, expound truth, or promote virtue? If consequence is to be acquired by scoffing at what others reverence; by mocking what others adore, and ridiculing what others think sacred, where is the miscreant who will not be exalted, or the profligate who will not be elevated?

Those who countenance such characters may, without want of charity, be suspected of wanting shelter for their own. Vice associates with vice, and one evil habit leads to another, until we are shocked on reviewing the ground we have trodden. The first step is from the level to the precipice; as we descend our descent is accelerated, not only by our growing familiarity with the way, but by an increase of motion gained by the increasing declivity, until we are no longer able to halt or stop in our career.

Let us be cautious of saying, ‘thus far will I go, and no further;’ if we do but listen to swearing, our ears will cease to be pained by hearing it; thus we shall have corrupted *one* of our senses, and opened a high way for the influx of vice. ‘Loose conversation is the harbinger of immoral actions,’ says an ingenious author writing upon education. The Roman poet, still more cautious, warns us against encouraging evil *thoughts*,

‘For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
 ‘Contracts the *danger* of an actual fault.’

Although the reasons stated are more than enough to convince *you*, they would have but little effect upon

the characters against whom I am warning you ; *they* ought, however, to recollect, that swearing is banished from polite company---that it is too *gross* a vice to be admitted into the catalogue of fashionable frailties, and is universally regarded as an evidence of having kept low company and as incompatible with the character of a gentleman.

By the word *gentleman*, I would not be understood to mean a man who dresses fashionably—squanders money extravagantly—keeps a mistress—lounges in the lobbies of the theatre, and is to be met with at all public places—I mean by the term gentleman, a man who respects virtue, loves truth, practises morality, and has a delicate sense of honor.

LETTER IX.---ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANY.

THE following advice is so frequently given to young men, that I think it not improper to offer a few words upon its propriety. Keep company with those *above*, rather than, those *below* you. If the words *above* and *below*, in the foregoing sentence, were meant as relatively to moral worth, improved manners, and cultivated intellect, there could be no question as to the excellence of the advice : but they are usually given and understood as applied to riches and rank. It is generally urged from an interested desire of inciting young men to form such connections as may forward their future interest. It is not my intention to point out how dangerously fallacious, in a vast majority of cases, are such expectations : I shall content myself by stating what I conceive to be the effects produced by each, upon the moral character, convinced, that *moral habits are the best securities and most lasting foundation of happiness.*

In the more elevated walks of life, a greater expence is bestowed upon education, a greater variety of masters engaged to instruct ; and the example of more elegant manners and a more refined taste by which to form their own, are presented to youth, than are to be hoped for in other situations. These are certainly considerable advantages, when parents in high life feel sufficiently interested in the happiness of their children to attend themselves to their advances in knowledge. But, alas ! self gratification prevails over parental affection, and the allurements of fashion break the bonds of nature. Children are abandoned by their *natural* guardians, and committed to the care and protection of mercenaries, who hope by indulging little master in all his whims, rather than correcting his errors, to win upon his affections and secure themselves a future pension. What is then to be expected ? Why, that a flattered, spoiled child, shall grow into a haughty, insolent, passionate boy, and become a dissolute, debauched, disreputable man. This expectation will not often be disappointed. On the other hand, parents who labor for their subsistence, and to support their families are unable to provide masters for the instruction of their children, in any thing beyond reading, writing, grammar, and the rudiments of arithmetic. The manners of which they are witnesses are homely, yet what they want in polish, is compensated for by sincerity and downright honesty. I agree with an elegant writer, that ‘ *natural* good manners are the *natural* result of *natural* good sense.’ Vice in the poor disgusts by its nudity : in the rich, it is often so disguised by a specious elegance of manners, that we are seduced to its embrace by the splendor of its ornaments, and discover not its native deformity, till our minds are so far vitiated as to imagine them beauties.

In the company of superiors we too often forget the dignity of our nature ; disgrace ourselves by obsequious flattery, and sink into the despicable character of a

parasite. In the company of inferiors we assume airs of consequence; feel elated, exact homage, and finally become, by being the chief person in company, the odious character I have formerly attempted to portray. ‘Do solicit patronage,’ says an elegant moralist, “is at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. ‘None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.’ There are doubtless individuals in both classes, whose names would honor the list of your friends, but they are too few to reckon upon when calculating probabilities.

‘Where,’ then you ask, ‘am I to look for associates?’ Where, my friend, but among those whose education, manners, and pursuits, are congenial with your own.

‘Congenial passions, souls together bind,
 ‘And every calling mingles with its kind:
 ‘Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
 ‘The mariner with him that roves the main.’

Find your companions *among your equals*. In the society of equals, a bold freedom, tempered by respectful attention, marks every sentence, and an erect independence, softened by urbanity of manners, distinguishes every action. If *such* behaviour is not found in such societies, it is no where to be met with. From among this class, which the institutions of society point out, choose your associates---choose your friends.

Economy, considered merely with a view to the saving of money, is certainly not a virtue, money itself being purely negative, may be used for good or bad purposes: but economy, when steadily exercised to acquire the *means of usefulness*, is a virtue of the most amiable kind, and deserves your regards. Your expences in company with your equals, will, for obvious

reasons, be proportioned to your income. In society, our expences are proportioned to our ideas of our own consequence, rather than to our own necessities. In the company of the wealthy, expences are more considerable; pride and shame equally forbid the paying less than others. If we have it not, we must borrow. In the society of those who are poor, ostentation or good nature prompts us to pay for those who cannot pay for themselves: thus we become, to use their own phrases, either a 'scrub,' or 'a damn'd honest fellow,' at the risque of our independence, or the impoverishing our resources. 'Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependance and invite corruption; it will almost always produce a *passive* compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to *practise* those crimes which they cease to censure.'

LETTER X.—ON CARD PLAYING.

AMONG the *amusements* (I use the word for want of one *more* expressive of my idea) that will most frequently obtrude themselves upon your notice, is card-playing; and it is deserving your serious attention to consider and determine, while your character is yet to establish, what ought to be your conduct on this subject. Trust me, it is of infinite import. Before you resolve, weigh the arguments *for* and *against*. Think of the time which must necessarily be consumed in learning the games in most general use—the time to be hereafter wasted in displaying this knowledge—whether your time, if you did not play, could not be more profitably employed in reading, or more agree-

ably in conversing--examine what may be your *reflections* when you retire--inquire of yourself how you can bear to be thought singular and unfashionable, and how far your good humor will support and your reason defend you against the remarks which such a conduct may produce.

There are many amusements, supported by fashion, of which, if you take the opinion of mankind *individually*, they will agree in condemning as useless, or reprobating as pernicious, and heartily join with you in lamenting that such pursuits should engage the minds of rational beings---yet, strange to tell! *collectively* they practise those amusements they individually censure. *These* are, of all other pursuits, those in which not to join, is most resented. The testimony of the players own hearts bear witness to the propriety of your not countenancing what you disapprove; they *feel* your firmness as a reproach for their want of accordance between their *opinions* and their *actions*. It is ever to be remembered, that those who presume to think and act for themselves, even though it should be in opposition to prevailing opinions, must be resolutely prepared to endure with fortitude that ‘moral martyrdom’ which a judicious female author has declared to be prepared for them. He who acts with more propriety than the generality, is hunted for his presumption in daring to appear wiser than others---he is viewed as a living reproach as much more poignant than words as words are inferior to actions as evidences of moral rectitude. Men who are *thus* distinguished, should take *especial* care to be *also* distinguished by a winning affability of address and suavity of manners. If the inflexibility of his virtues give pain, he ought cheerfully to follow Plato’s advice to Xenocrates, and ‘sacrifice to the Graces.’

Cards, if I remember right, were first invented to amuse Charles VI. of France, when he was troubled with a distemper of a melancholy and desponding na-

ture. It was then little foreseen that such squares of painted card would, in an enlightened age, be in such universal demand as to be a proper and profitable object of taxation in all the great states of Europe. Perhaps it would be too bold a conjecture to hope, that a time may come when cards will be thought employment fit only for those whose abilities are puerile, or whose understandings are deranged.

Should you read the last passage to a company of card-players, they would, without further evidence, vote me an incorrigible *bore*, or antiquated *quiz*. I confess I do not know one good purpose answered or promoted by card-playing. 'It is scarcely possible,' says a profound thinker, 'to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able when we rise from it to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages : but a man may shuffle *cards* or rattle *dice* from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions or clamorous altercations.'

Among the ancients, conversation formed a principal part of education; could we be so fortunate as to see cards banished from rational society, we might fondly hope, that conversation would again become instructive and entertaining. At present the company assembles, congratulate each other on their appearance---talk of the weather---sit down---cut for partners, and then---yes then adieu to every thing rational, enlivening, or promotive of friendship. The history of a card-table would reflect no honor on human nature, for of what could it consist but a detail of triumph and despondency, of envy, ill will, and all the malevolent passions which are the torments and disgrace of mankind. A person who for the first time should be ushered into an assembly of eager card-players, would

stare with surprise and amazement ; he would see passion distorting the features of the players, without seeing a cause which to him would appear at all adequate to the effects produced, and would bewilder himself in a maze of contradictory conjectures. Should a bystander, acquainted with the game, attempt to explain it to the stranger, and begin by gravely assuring him that ‘ it was *an amusement*’---the stranger would burst into a loud laugh at what he would suppose so *gross* an attempt to impose upon his credulity.

LETTER XI.---ON NOVEL READING.

NOVEL READING, which has lately been so much condemned, applauded and practised, is a theme of too general a nature, and too frequent in its recurrence, to be passed over without some remarks. Previous, however, to my engaging your attention upon the advantages or disadvantages of reading Novels, it may not be improper briefly to state what literary productions, in my opinion, come under that denomination. A Novel is a story written in prose, which is to represent life and manners *as they are*---to delineate characters *as they exist*, and by exhibiting those characters in a variety of situations, to shew how the human heart is assailed by vice, and excited to virtue---how moral habits are acquired and vicious propensities strengthened, and how the cultivation of intellect promotes happiness.

The advocates of Novel reading contend, that innumerable mistakes would be prevented, and pernicious habits avoided, if youth could *view* the world previous to their *acting* therein themselves. ‘ Novels,’ say they, ‘ are eminences from which we view the passions dealing destruction around them like a furious whirl-

' wind, and mark their destructive consequences with-
 ' out being involved in the ruin---thence we see how
 ' the feelings and appetites diverge from their original
 ' bias, and lean to the side of degenerate self-love, un-
 ' til the human frame, unable to support itself under
 ' their licentious domination, sinks into a state of lassi-
 ' tude and disease, or finds an early grave. By survey-
 ' ing those fatal effects exhibited in the person of an-
 ' other, we learn to avoid them in our own; and thus
 ' accumulating experience from the wisdom of others,
 ' we are preserved from falling victims to pursuits into
 ' which the persuasion of associates, or the seduction
 ' of appearance, might have led our ignorance.' On
 the other side, it is urged, that novels corrupt the minds
 of youth by representing vice in all the allurements
 which wealth can bestow---that in the *success* of villainy
 the youthful heart is dazzled---that its *punishment* is so
 lightly passed over (lest a detail should offend the de-
 licacy of fastidious readers) and its triumphs so splen-
 did, that the *success* is remembered when the chastise-
 ment is forgotten. ' Scenes of vice,' say they, ' are
 ' painted in such glowing colors, that the heart oftener
 ' pants with a wish for participation, than it burns with
 ' the fire of indignant virtue. Great talents and enor-
 ' mous vices are so blended in the same character, that
 ' admiration of the one too often glosses the other, and
 ' makes the young reader wish for the accomplishments,
 ' even at the hazard of their being accompanied by the
 ' vices.'

It may be difficult to believe, yet certain it is, that
 opinions thus opposite are entertained as to the *tenden-
 cy* of publications, many thousands of which are an-
 nually published in Great Britain, millions in Europe.
 Indeed, the numbers which teem from the press are
 sufficient and convincing evidence how generally they
 are read. Perhaps we shall not be very distant from
 truth if we allow some correctness to the statements I

have sketched on both sides, allowing them to be spoken of different works of the same kind, and making some deductions for the prejudices of both parties. I think I may venture, without fear of contradiction, to say that many of the most furious opposers of novel reading have formed their opinion upon the perusal of a few volumes, and that others have never read a page in any novel, but take the opinions of those with whom they associate as the standard of truth. On the other hand, many, who are its warmest advocates, consume their whole time in the employment; they read, or rather devour, every new novel, good, bad, or indifferent, and by such heterogeneous and frothy reading, incapacitate the mind for the relish of any thing systematic or solid, and thus condemn it to feed upon the garbage it has assimilated. 'The mind which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste for the insipidity of truth.' To defend what we practise is so natural, that we must not be surprised if this class of readers sometimes 'o'ersteps the modesty' of truth in their encomiums. 'Tis themselves they defend as much as the books. 'And who art thou, vain dust and ashes, who presumest to think thou art qualified to correct the judgment of mankind on this subject?' Truly you mistake the matter; I do not mean to dogmatise, much less to enter the lists of controversy, but I do intend with all humility briefly to give *you* some advice. I would by no means have you prejudiced against any species of literary labor which has the strong testimony of public opinion in its favor, nor should I wish you to be like senseless matter drifted by the tide of popular prejudice.---Read and judge for yourself. If you can have the opinion of a friend in whose judgment you have confidence, before you begin a book it will be worth your regard always to take it. I have read many I do not remember even by name ---many but by name, others by the leading characters or most extraordinary events, and some for their in-

trinsic worth and the advantages derived. At some future period I shall perhaps furnish you with a list of the latter : I shall, for the present, content myself with offering a few thoughts as to the most profitable *manner* of reading them.

Take notice whether the *incidents* are natural, probable, and properly connected, that is one incident arising out of and being naturally a consequence of another---mark, whether the *characters* are well drawn, and consistently supported, namely, whether they *say* and *do* such things as you would think proper, if *said* and *done* by similar persons in similar situations. Occasionally inquire of yourself how you would act under such circumstances ; place yourself in the situations described, and by thus familiarising your mind to the intricacies of a variety of situations, you will acquire a facility of combining your ideas and a promptitude of conduct. By habituating the mind to a change of scene, it acquires a readiness of action and a vigor of intellect to which it would otherwise have been a stranger. Difficulties and dangers happen to all men ; no man is able so effectually to cope with them as he who has before in idea or in fact combatted with them. The *terror* inspired by *names*, is one of the most formidable evils we have to encounter ; by an intimacy with the *name*, we often disarm *situation* of its horrors.

Novels often present us with accurate views of humanity in all the stages into which mankind are divided by the arrangements of political society. In them we find, generally speaking, a faithful picture of *manners*. Many of the *forms* of politeness may be learned from novels, without the embarrassments to which young people are subjected on a first entrance into life. In some are conversations replete with good sense, wit and good humor. By attending to these you will at once perceive in what very *different*, and much less offensive, language, the *same* idea may be conveyed ;

and readily acknowledge how true it is, 'that some people can *refuse* with less offence than others can *grant*.' You will with concern remark, that persons *profess* esteem to those for whom they *feel* none, and *offer* service which they wish may be refused. These, I speak it with regret, are practices too general in the world to be omitted by writers who represent *things as they are*.

The *moral* conduct of men is, in modern novels, presented to our observation as it really exists. In the *same* person, *good*, *bad*, and *indifferent*, are intimately blended, and his actions governed more frequently by *feeling* and *affection*, than by the operations of the *understanding*. That mens *moral* conduct should be of this dissimilar kind, ought not to excite surprise. Men often think correctly upon one subject, and incorrectly upon another, and as *opinions* influence actions, we should expect, as we really find, that men's *actions*, like their *opinions*, are often unaccountable and irreconcilable, even to each other. Be it your business to select the good and practise it; if you remember the bad, remember it only to avoid it. In fine, if you read a novel with a view to the improvement of your mind, and the polish of your manners, it must be much below mediocrity, if you do not derive the benefit sought.

THE BAD EFFECTS OF INDOLENCE.

HAWKESWORTH.

NO other disposition, or turn of mind, so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He

cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family, from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labor to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited; and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labor it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same num-

ber to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Christ-church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymers, of which he is now no bad emblem; and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavor to acquire knowledge: he is not to labor in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or, at the best, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render

himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, 'I have lost a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost! and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscription on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground: in which eve-

ry person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate of a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive ; and a little square stone inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Æta. 80*, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

ON TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

ADDISON.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better : for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and

then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction ; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end ; carrying us thither in a strait line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shove it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them ; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business ; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words ; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end, than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs : these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect ; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests ; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse

more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

OF DUELLING.

GODWIN.

IT may be proper in this place to bestow a moment's consideration upon the trite, but very important case of duelling. A short reflection will suffice to set it in its true light.

This despicable practice was originally invented by barbarians for the gratification of revenge. It was probably at that time thought a very happy project for reconciling the odiousness of malignity with the gallantry of courage.

But in this light it is now generally given up. Men of the best understanding, who lend it their sanction, are unwillingly induced to do so, and engage in single combat merely that their reputation may sustain no slander.

Which of these two actions is the truest test of courage: the engaging in a practice which our judgment disapproves, because we cannot submit to the consequences of following that judgment; or the doing what we believe to be right, and cheerfully encounter-

ing all the consequences that may be annexed to the practice of virtue? With what patience can a man of virtue think of cutting off the life of a fellow mortal, or of putting an abrupt close to all the generous projects he may himself conceive for the benefit of others, merely because he has not the firmness to awe impertinence and falsehood into silence?

‘But the refusing of a duel is an ambiguous action. Cowards may pretend principle to shelter themselves from a danger they dare not meet.’

This is partly true and partly false. There are few actions indeed that are not ambiguous, or that with the same general outline may not proceed from different motives. But the *manner* of doing them will sufficiently show the principle from which they spring.

He that would break through a received custom, because he believes it to be wrong, must no doubt arm himself with fortitude. The point in which we principally fail, is in not accurately understanding our own intentions, and taking care beforehand to purify ourselves from every alloy of weakness and error. He, who comes forward with no other idea but that of rectitude, and who expresses, with the simplicity and firmness which conviction never fails to inspire, the views with which he is penetrated, is in no danger of being mistaken for a coward. If he hesitate, it is because he has not an idea perfectly clear of the sentiment he intends to convey. If he be in any degree embarrassed, it is because he has not a feeling sufficiently generous and intrepid, of the guilt of the action in which he is urged to engage.

If courage have any intelligible nature, one of its principal fruits must be the daring to speak truth at all times, to all persons, and in every possible situation in which a well informed sense of duty may prescribe it. What is it but the want of courage that should prevent me from saying, ‘Sir, I will not accept your challenge. Have I injured you? I will readily and without com-

pulsion repair my injustice to the uttermost mite. Have you misconstrued me? State to me the particulars, and doubt not that what is true I will make appear to be true. I should be a notorious criminal, were I to attempt your life, or assist you in an attempt upon mine. What compensation will the opinion of the world make for the recollection of so vile and brutal a proceeding? There is no true applause, but where the heart of him that receives it, beats in unison. There is no terrible censure, that the heart repels with conscious integrity. I am not the coward to do a deed that my soul detests, because I cannot endure the scoffs of the mistaken. Loss of reputation is a serious evil. But I will act so that no man hereafter shall suspect me of irresolution and pusillanimity.' He that should firmly hold this language, and act accordingly, would soon be acquitted of every dishonorable imputation.

EXTRACTS FROM SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S ESSAYS.

It cannot be that when vast numbers of men submit their lives and fortunes, to the will of one, it should be want of heart, but must be force of custom, or opinion, the true ground and foundation of all government, and that which subjects power to authority. For power, arising from strength, is always in those that are governed, who are many; but authority arising from opinion, is in those that govern who are few.

Authority is by nothing so much strengthened and confirmed as by custom.

Against a foreign enemy, and for defence of evident interest, all that can bear arms in a nation are (or ought to be) soldiers. Their cause is common safety; their pay is honor; and when they have purchased these, they return to their homes and former conditions of

peaceable lives But, standing troops, and in constant pay, are properly servants armed, who use the lance and the sword, as other servants do the sickle and the bill, at the command and will of those who entertain them. And, therefore, martial law is, of all others, the most absolute, and not like the government of a father, but a master.

In the course of my observation, I have found no talent of so much advantage among men, toward their growing great or rich, as a violent and restless passion and pursuit for one or the other; and whoever sets his heart and thoughts *wholly* upon some *one* thing, must have very little wit, or very little luck, to fail.

When the fire of popular discontent is kindled, both sides inflame it; all care of the public is laid aside, and nothing is pursued, but the interest of the faction; all regard of merit is lost in persons employed, and those only chosen that are true to the party; and all the talents required is, to be hot, to be heady, to be violent of one side or other. When these storms are raised, the wise and the good are either disgraced, or laid aside, or retire of themselves, and leave the scene free to such as are most eager, or most active to *get* upon the stage, or find most men ready to *help* them up.

It is in no man's power to avoid enemies; they injure by chance in a crowd sometimes, and without design; *then* hate *always* whom they *once* injured.

Many friends may do one little good; *one* enemy much hurt.—Whoever *can* die easily, *may* live easily.

Sharpness cuts slight things best; solid, nothing cuts through but weight and strength; the same in the use of intellectuals.

Man, is a thinking being, whether he will or no; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is

health ; the greatest ease is sleep ; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

Dying is a piece of our nature as well as living ; therefore, if not content with one, we cannot be perfectly so with the other.

Sometimes, in one age, great men are without great occasions ; in another, great occasions without great men ; and, in both, one lost for want of the other.

Men talk without thinking, and think without talking.

Order (the effect of thought) and cause of all good productions.

Nothing keeps a man from being rich, like thinking he has enough ; nothing from knowledge and wisdom, like thinking he has both.

Men, that do not think of the *present*, will be thinking of the *past* or *future* ; therefore business, pleasure, or conversation, is necessary to fix their thoughts on the present.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Telling *lessens* our griefs and *doubles* our joys.

Our thoughts are expressed by speech, our passions and emotions as well without them.

Solitude damps thought and wit ; too much company dissipates and hinders it from fixing.

Study gives strength to the mind ; conversation grace ; the first apt to give stiffness, the other suppleness : one gives substance and form to the statue, the other polishes it.

The great happiness is to have a friend to observe and tell one of one's faults whom one had reason to esteem, and is apt to believe.

The best rules to form a young man ; to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone on what has passed in com-

pany, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

The chief ingredients into the composition of those qualities, that gain esteem and praise, are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding. Good nature is seen in a disposition to say and do what one thinks will please or profit others—good breeding in doing nothing one thinks will either hurt or displease them. Good nature and good sense come from our births or tempers; good breeding and truth chiefly by education and converse with men.

MORAL MAXIMS OF EPICHRMUS.

‘Be sober in thought! be slow in belief! These are the sinews of wisdom.’—‘A man without merit, shall live without envy; but who would wish to escape on these terms.’—‘Live so as to hold yourself prepared either for a long life or a short one.’

EXTRACTS FROM ‘THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE.’

JOHN GILLIES.

THE inflexible rigor of *despotism*, which has in all ages prevailed in Egypt and in the East, was unknown to the conquerors of Troy. The throne of Egypt was *supported* by the altar, and defended by the

sword ; and what despotism can be upheld but by the same means ?

The *same* PROPERTY possessed by one, or by a few, confers much greater political consideration and influence, than it would confer if diffused among the multitude.

Men are less jealous of power than tenacious of property, and less tenacious of property itself than of their *ancient usages and customs*.

The desire of wealth and of power, of effeminate ease, of frivolous amusements, and of all the artificial advantages and enjoyments of society, are only so many *ramifications of the love of action and of pleasure* ; passions which it would be impossible to eradicate without destroying the whole vigor of the mind. Yet those propensities, which it is often the vain boast of philosophy to subdue, policy may direct to new and more exalted objects.

An untutored barbarian sets no bounds to his *resentment*. The smallest injury renders his anger implacable ; his indignation against the offender is proportioned, not to the nature of *his* offence, but to his own pride, which is boundless. The slightest fault requires the severest atonement ; and not only a blow, but a word, or a look, may inflict a stain on the delicacy of his *supposed* HONOR, which can only be washed out by the blood of the aggressor. In the schools appropriated to the advancement of these manly arts (public games) the Greeks learned the valuable lesson of repelling injuries by others of a similar kind, of proportioning the punishment to the offence, and of *thus* preventing a slight occasion of animosity from degenerating into a solid ground of revenge.

The jealousies, resentments, dangers and calamities, which often attend *power* and pre-eminence, have never yet proved sufficient to deter an *ambitious mind* from the pursuit of greatness.

In absolute governments, it is said that men obey, like a flock of sheep, the voice of a despot ; yet, it may be said, with equal truth, that amidst the obedience extorted by fear, they often see and regret the folly of their shepherd.

Few individuals are able to enjoy, without abusing the gifts of fortune ; and *no nation ever* possessed power, without aspiring at conquest.

The chief happiness of the mind must be sought in itself, in the enjoyment of intellectual and moral pleasure. Our thoughts are ever, and intimately present with us ; and although the bustle of external objects, and the tumult of passion, may sometimes divert their current, they can never dry up their source. The reflections on our own conduct will be continually recurring to our fancy, whatever pains we may take to exclude them ; nor can the voluptuous enjoyment, or ambitious activity ever so totally occupy the mind of a Persian satrap or a Grecian demagogue, but that their principal happiness or misery, in the whole course of life, must chiefly depend upon the nature of their reflections on the past, and upon their hopes and fears about futurity.

In ancient Greece, and particularly in Attica, the *slaves* were four times more numerous than the *freemen* ; and of the latter we may compute that little more than one half were entitled to *any* share in the sovereignty. Strangers, and all those who could not ascertain their Athenian descent, *both* in the male and female line, were totally *excluded* from the assembly and courts of justice.

Experience proves that *lewd descriptions* prove a poison rather than a remedy ; and, instead of correcting manners, only tend to *corrupt* them.

This mournful solemnity (*celebrating the memory of those who fell in battle*) as practised by the *Athenians*, is thus described by Thucydides. The bones of the deceased were brought to a tabernacle previously erected

* for receiving them. On the day appointed for the funeral, they were conveyed from thence in cypress coffins, drawn on carriages, one for each tribe, to the public sepulchre in the Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of the city. The relations of the dead decked out the remains of their friends as they judged most proper.

One empty bier was drawn along in honor of those whose bodies had not been recovered. Persons of every age, of either sex, citizens and strangers, attended this solemnity. When the bones were deposited in the earth, some citizens of dignity and merit, named by the state, mounted a lofty pulpit, and pronounced the panegyric of the deceased, of their ancestors, and the Athenian republic.

Such is the nature of man, considered either individually or collectively, that *a law of infallible prevention will never be enacted*. Of all the crimes that any reasonable creature can commit, Desire is the forerunner, and Hope the attendant. These invisible principles within, are too powerful for all external terrors ; nor has the increasing severity of laws rendered crimes less frequent in latter times, than during the mildness of the heroic ages, when few punishments were capital. While human nature remains the same, weakness will be distrustful, necessity will be daring, poverty will excite injustice, power will urge to rapacity, misery will sink into meanness, and propriety swell into presumption. There are other contingencies which stir up the meeting of passions, too stubborn for controul. The authority of government can neither change the combination of events, nor interrupt the occasions of fortune. Impelled by such causes, the *selfish* desires of men will hurry them into wickedness and vice, whatever penalties await them. The imagination becomes familiar with one degree of punishment as well as with another ; and in every degree hope renders it alike ineffectual and impotent : since

neither individuals nor communities would be guilty of injustice, if they believed that, it must infallibly subject them to punishment, small or great. When individuals commit crimes, they always expect to elude the vengeance of law. When communities rebel, they expect to render their revolt not the occasion of triumph to their enemies, but the means of their own deliverance and security.

Of all political constitutions, *democracy* presents the widest scope to the exercise of superior talents, and has always been the *most productive in great men.*

The most expert and able *seamen* received at *Athens* a drachma, 73-4ds. (near 9 cents) as *daily pay*, besides donatives from their respective captains.

In *free governments* there are many latent resources which public calamities alone can bring to light; and adversity, which, to individuals endowed with inborn vigor of mind, is the great school of virtue and of heroism, furnishes also to the enthusiasm of popular assemblies, the noblest field for the display of national honor and magnanimity.

The *ATHENIAN ORATORS* and statesmen were liable to prosecution before the ordinary courts of justice, for such speeches and decrees as had been approved and confirmed by the assembly.

In the rotation of *annual elections*, offices of importance and dignity will often be entrusted to men unworthy to fill them; but in the vast variety of experiments, abilities of the most distinguished order (if any such exist in the community) must some time be called into exertion, honored with confidence, and armed with authority.

By the battle of *Ægos Potamos*, the *Athenians* lost the empire of the sea. They enjoyed it from the year 477 till the year 405 B. C. that is a period of seventy-two years.

The conquest of Athens (16th May, 404 B. C.) and

the acknowledged dominion of Sparta, terminated the memorable war of 27 years.

In the *administration of their domestic government* 5 or 6000 Spartans tyrannised over 30,000 Lacedæmonians: these tyrannised, with still greater rigor, over thrice that number of slaves; and it was natural to expect, that when the slaves were associated with the troops, all these descriptions of men, Spartans, Lacedæmonians, and Helots, would tyrannise, with the emulation of cruelty, over their conquered subjects.

To prefer the mind to the body, duty to interest, and virtue to pleasure, were the great lessons of Antisthenes.

Eloquence once served as an incentive to courage, and an instrument of government. But the time was to arrive, when the dead principles of fear and interest should alone predominate. In most countries of Europe, *despotism has rendered public assemblies* a dramatic representation; and in the few where men are not enslaved by a master, they are the slaves of pride, of avarice, and of faction.

Prosperity, that conceals the infamy of cowardice, robs fortitude of half its glory. It is *adversity* alone that can display the full lustre of a firm and manly character.

While human nature remains unchanged, and the passions of men run in their ordinary channel, the right to exercise power will commonly be attended with a strong inclination to abuse it. Unless power, therefore, be counteracted by liberty; unless an impervious line of separation be drawn between prerogative and privilege, and that part of the constitution which sustains its political life, be kept separate and distinct from that which tends to corruption, it is of little consequence whether a country be governed by one tyrant or a thousand, in both cases alike the condition of man is precarious, and force prevails over law.

Aristotle, a native of Stagira, came to Athens in his 18th year, 367 A. C. There he continued 20 years as the scholar or assistant of *Plato*, who died 348 A. C. Aristotle left Athens on the death of his master, and spent 3 years at Atarnæus, and 2 at Mytelene. From thence he went to Macedon, in the 43d year of his age, and 343 A. C. He was employed 8 years in the education of Alexander. He returned to Athens 335 A. C. taught 12 years in the Lycæum, and died the year following at Chalcis, aged 63, A. C. 323, and a year after the death of Alexander.

Aristotle divided philosophy into speculative and practical. The first comprehended metaphysics, which examined the general properties of being, and the essence of things separate from matter: physics, which examined the nature of material subjects, and the human soul: and mathematics, which examined certain properties of bodies, abstracted from body. The practical philosophy of Aristotle, which was intended to regulate the intellectual and moral operations of man, comprehended logic, under which he seems to have included rhetoric and criticism; and morals, including economics and politics.

Moral virtue (says Aristotle) is neither natural, nor contrary to nature. We are born capable to attain it, but the invaluable attainment must be made and perfected by habit. Virtue, as a matter of practice, cannot be reduced to metaphysical precision. It is to be observed, however, that all the virtues depend on the propriety of the affections from which they arise; and that this propriety consists in a certain point or centre from which the deviations may be innumerable. The vices, therefore, many of which are without names, are far more numerous than the virtues. In general, virtue may be conceived to lie in a mean betwixt the extremes of too much and too little; and this health of the mind resembles bodily health and strength, which are destroyed by excess or defect of nourishment and

exercise. Thus, to fear every thing is cowardly—to fear nothing is audacious; courage requires that we should fear only such objects as are truly formidable, and only in that degree in which they ought to be feared. In the same manner he who is too much affected with objects of pleasure, and seizes every opportunity to enjoy them, is called intemperate: he who is too little affected by such objects, and refuses every opportunity to enjoy them, may be called insensible. *Temperance* teaches us to pursue only such pleasures as we ought, at proper times, in proper places, and on proper occasions. According to the same views of things, *Generosity* lies in the middle between avarice and profusion; *Modesty*, between pride and diffidence; *Mildness*, between irascibility and softness; *Magnificence*, between ostentation and parsimony; *Popularity*, between forbidding disdain and officious adulation: in a word, *every virtue consists in a mean, equally remote from two vicious extremes*. Considered as the *quality* of an action, virtue consists in the propriety of that affection from which the action proceeds: when the affection is neither too strong nor too weak, but has precisely that degree of strength which right reason teaches us to approve. As the quality of an action, virtue consists, therefore, in *mediocrity*: but as to the quality of a person, it consists in the *habit* of this mediocrity, since, in judging persons and characters, we regard not *particular* acts and feelings, but such acts and feelings as are *habitual*. We may perform many virtuous actions without being virtuous men. The most worthless of human kind sometimes indulge the propensity to pity and humanity. But whoever acts right *merely* from feeling, will also, from feeling, more frequently act wrong. The sentiments of nature, which prompt us to the care of our children, to relieve objects in distress, and to perform many important duties of morality, likewise prompt us to gratify the vilest

and most brutal of our passions. Besides this, there are many, and these the most important virtues, the exercise of which is not at first attended with pleasure. To support labor, to endure pain, to encounter difficulties and dangers, which wisdom and fortitude on many occasions require, are not obviously recommended by any *natural* desire ; nor is the practice of such duties immediately agreeable. It is still less agreeable in the first instance, to curb and restrain our natural appetites for pleasure, which is the proper office of temperance : nor can that vigilant circumspection, and ever watchful attention to the most remote consequences of our actions, which is essential to the virtue of prudence, be acquired without trouble and care, without many painful efforts, and many difficult struggles. Yet it is the nature of all those virtues, as well as of the hardest lessons of justice, patriotism and friendship, to become through *habit* agreeable ; and the only sure test that we have acquired them is, that they are practised with pleasure. With good reason, therefore, Plato defines education to be the art of teaching men to rejoice and grieve as they ought ; for though there be three ends ultimately agreeable, the pleasant, the honorable and useful ; yet honor and utility are likewise pursued as pleasures. The most extensive part of virtue is employed, therefore, in regulating our desire of pleasure and aversion to pain. It is also the most difficult, for as Heraclitus observes, it is harder to combat pleasure than anger. The irascible passions are always moved by some appearance of reason, and in their most furious excesses, still affect some deference for their sovereign. They often indeed mistake his intentions ; and, like hasty servants, fly into action, without waiting his last orders. But pleasure, passively obeys sensation, without regarding reason at all. The mischief is the more dangerous, being produced by the first object of natural desire : for the love of pleasure is implanted in our frame ; the

germ expands with our nature ; and, unless counteracted in due time, becomes ingrained in our constitution, every part of which it impregnates and stains. Habit alone can counteract those dangerous propensities of nature. Habit can enable us to reject dishonorable or hurtful pleasures, to prefer honorable or useful pains, for as the poet Euenus says, ‘ there is a long-continued exercise of attention, which finally becomes nature.’

The civil magistrate who is entrusted with the interest of society, and who has that interest always in view, must chiefly regard external actions, and consider *them* as sufficient indications of the inward affections and character. It is his business to regulate the lives, not to purify the hearts, of men.

EXTRACTS FROM ‘ THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.’

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

TO the other pernicious effects of the *feudal* anarchy, may be added its fatal influence on the character and improvement of the human mind. If men do not enjoy the protection of regular government, together with the certainty of personal security which naturally flows from it, they never attempt to make progress in science, nor aim at attaining refinement in taste, or in manners. That period of turbulence, oppression and rapine, was ill suited to favor improvement in any of these. In less than a century after the barbarous nations settled in their new conquests, almost all the effects of the knowledge and civility which the Romans had spread through Europe disappeared. Not only the arts of elegance, which minister to luxury, and are

supported by it, but many of the useful arts, without which life can scarce be considered as comfortable, were neglected or lost. Literature, Science, Taste, were words scarce in use during the ages we are contemplating ; or, if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and productions so contemptible, that it appears their true import was but little understood. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite ; some of them could scarce read it. All memory of past transactions were lost, or preserved in annals filled with trifling events or legendary tales. Even the codes of laws published by the several nations, which established themselves in the different countries of Europe, fell into disuse, while in their place, customs, vague and capricious, were substituted. The human mind, neglected, uncultivated and depressed, sunk into the most profound ignorance. Europe did not produce, during four centuries, one author who merits to be read, either on account of the elegance of his composition, or the justness and novelty of his sentiments. There is scarce one invention useful or ornamental to society of which that long period can boast.

As the inhabitants of Europe during these centuries (7th to the 11th) were strangers to the *arts* which embellished a polished age, they were destitute of the *virtues* which abound among people who continue in a simple state. Force of mind, a sense of personal dignity, gallantry in enterprise, invincible perseverance in execution, and contempt of danger and of death, are the characteristic virtues of uncivilized nations. But these are all the offspring of equality and independence, both which the feudal institution had destroyed. The spirit of domination corrupted the nobles ; the yoke of servitude depressed the people ; the generous sentiments inspired by a sense of equality were extinguish-

ed, and nothing remained to be a check on ferocity and violence. Human society is in its most corrupted state at that period when men have lost their original independence and simplicity of manners, but have not attained that degree of refinement which introduces a sense of decorum and of propriety in conduct, as a restraint on those passions which lead to heinous crimes. Accordingly, a greater number of those atrocious actions which fill the mind of man with astonishment and horror, occur in the history of the centuries under review, than in that of any period of the same extent in the annals of Europe. If we open the history of Gregory of Tours, or of any contemporary author, we meet with a series of deeds of cruelty, perfidy and revenge, so wild and enormous, as almost to exceed belief.

No custom, how absurd soever it may, if it has subsisted long, or derives its force from the manners and prejudices of the age in which it prevails, was ever abolished by the bare promulgation of laws and statutes. The sentiments of the people must change, or some new power sufficient to counteract it, must be introduced.

The Arragonese seem to have been solicitous, that their monarchs should know and feel the state of impotence to which they were reduced. Even in swearing allegiance to their sovereign, an act which ought naturally to be accompanied with professions of submission and respect, they devised an oath, in such a form as to remind him of his dependence on his subjects. ‘We,’ said the Justiza to the king, in name of his high-spirited barons, ‘who are each of us as good, and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights and liberties; but, if not, not.’ Conformably to this oath, they established it as a fundamental article in their constitution, that if the king should violate their rights and privileges, it was lawful for the

people to disclaim him as their sovereign, and to elect another in his place.

The operations of the Intellect are more fixed and uniform than those of the Fancy or Taste. Truth makes an impression nearly the same in every place; the ideas of what is beautiful, elegant or sublime, vary in different climates.

At this time (1523) pope Adrian VI. died; an event so much to the satisfaction of the Roman people, whose hatred or contempt of him augmented every day, that, the night after his decease, they adorned the door of his chief physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription—TO THE DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Among many beneficial and salutary *effects*, of which *the Reformation* was the immediate cause, it was attended, as must be the case, in all actions and events where men are concerned, with some consequences of an opposite nature. When the human mind is roused by grand objects, and agitated by strong passions, its operations acquire such force, that they are apt to become irregular and extravagant. Upon any great revolution in religion, such irregularities abound most, at that particular period when men, having thrown off the authority of their ancient principles, do not yet fully comprehend the nature, or feel the obligation of those new ones which they have embraced. The mind, in that situation, pushing forward with the boldness which prompted it to reject established opinions, and not guided by a clear knowledge of the system substituted in their place, disdains all restraint, and runs into wild notions that often lead to scandalous or immoral conduct.

When *Loyola*, in the year 1540, petitioned the Pope to authorise the institution of THE ORDER OF JESUITS, he had only ten disciples. But in the year 1608, 68 years after their first institution, the number of Jesuits had increased to 10,581. In the year 1710, the order

possessed 24 *professed* houses ; 59 houses of probation ; 340 residencies ; 612 colleges ; 200 missions, 150 seminaries and boarding schools ; and consisted of 19,998 Jesuits. *Hist. des Jesuits*, tom. 1, p. 20.

In passing judgment upon the *characters* of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For, although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually.

In CIVIL WARS, the first steps are commonly taken with much timidity and hesitation. Men are solicitous at that time to put on the semblance of moderation and equity ; they strive to gain partisans by seeming to adhere strictly to known forms ; nor can they be brought, at once, to violate those established institutions, which, in times of tranquillity, they have been accustomed to reverence ; hence their proceedings are so often feeble or dilatory, when they ought to be most vigorous and decisive.

Upon reviewing the transactions of any active period, in the history of civilized nations, the changes which are accomplished appear wonderfully disproportioned to the efforts which have been exerted. *Conquests are never very extensive or rapid, but among nations, whose progress in improvement is extremely unequal.* When Alexander the Great, at the head of a gallant people, of simple manners, and formed to war, by admirable military institutions, invaded a state sunk in luxury, and enervated by excessive refinements, when Genchizean and Ameriane, with their armies of hardy barbarians, poured in upon nations, enfeebled by the climate in which they lived, or by the arts and commerce which they cultivated, they, like a torrent, swept every thing before them, subduing kingdoms and provinces in as short a space of time, as was requisite to march through them. But when nations are in a similar state, and keep pace with each other in their advances towards refinement, they are not exposed to the calamity

of sudden conquests. Their acquisitions of knowledge, their progress in the art of war, their political sagacity and address, are nearly equal. The fate of states in this situation depend not on a single battle. Their internal resources are many and various. Nor are they themselves alone interested in their own safety, or active in their own defence. Other states interpose, and balance any temporary advantage which either party may have acquired. After the fiercest and most lengthened contest, all the rival nations are exhausted, none are conquered. At length a peace is concluded, which re-instates each in possession of almost all the same power and the same territories. [Modern history does surely disprove the conclusions here drawn from the Ancient.—*Editor.*]

ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

EXILE was the only chastisement, inflicting death being forbidden, as the judges well knew that we have no right to take from man what we cannot return. No government can either give or insure the life of a subject, then how dare they deprive them of it? It is permitted to every man to form his own moral system, and to admit or reject those already formed, notwithstanding the greater number have doubtless a right to take heed, that a fault of principle in particular individuals should not trouble the general repose; consequently it is but just to force some by the plurality of voices to observe certain reasonable laws, to which if they refuse to conform, let them be stopped, bound, fettered, banished, and erased from the list of citizens, but not out of the number of human beings, as they enjoyed that privilege before they acquired the rights of citizens. The state gives to man a civil existence; if unworthy,

it doubtless has a power to deprive him of it; but the right to bereave him of life, appertains alone to the creator who bestowed it.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE HISTORY OF AMERICA.'

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

IF we examine into the motives which rouse men to activity in civilized life, and prompt them to persevere in fatiguing exertions of their ingenuity or strength, we shall find that they arise chiefly from acquired wants and appetites. These are numerous and importunate, they keep the mind in perpetual agitation, and in order to gratify them, invention must be always on the stretch, and industry must be incessantly employed. But the desires of simple nature are few, and where a favorite climate yields almost spontaneously what suffices them, they scarcely stir the soul, or excite any violent emotion. Hence the people of several tribes in America waste their lives in listless indolence. To be free from occupation, seems to be all the enjoyment towards which they aspire. They will continue whole days stretched out in their hammocs, or seated on the earth, in perfect idleness, without changing their posture, or raising their eyes from the ground, or uttering a single word. Such is their aversion to labor, that neither the hope of future good, nor the apprehension of future evil, can surmount it. They appear equally indifferent to both, discovering little solicitude, and taking no precaution to avoid the one, or to secure the other. The cravings of hunger may rouse them; but as they devour with little distinction, whatever will appease its instinctive demands, the exertions which these occasion are of short dura-

tion. Destitute of ardor, as well as variety of desire, they feel not the force of those powerful strings which give vigor to the movements of the mind, and urge the patient hand of industry to persevere in its efforts. Man in some parts of America appears in a form so rude, that we can discover no effects of his activity, and the principle of understanding which direct it seems hardly to be unfolded. Like the other animals he has no fixed residence; he has erected no habitation to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather, he has taken no measures for securing a certain subsistence; he neither sows nor reaps; but roams about as led in search of the plants and fruits which the earth brings forth in succession, and in quest of the game which he kills in the forests, or of the fish which he catches in the rivers.

Even in this simple and primitive state of society, interest is a source of discord, and often prompts savage tribes to take arms, in order to repel or punish such as encroach on the forests or plains to which they trust for subsistence. But interest is not either the most frequent or the most powerful motive of the incessant hostilities among rude nations. These must be imputed to the passion of revenge, which rages with such violence in the breast of savages, that eagerness to gratify it may be considered as the distinguishing characteristic of man, in their uncivilized state. Circumstances of powerful influence, both in the interior government of rude tribes, and in their external operations against foreign enemies, concur in cherishing and adding strength to a passion fatal to the general tranquillity. When the right of redressing his own wrongs is left in the hands of every individual, injuries are felt with exquisite sensibility, and vengeance exercised with unrelenting rancor. No time can obliterate the memory of an offence, and it is seldom that it can be expiated but by the blood of the offender. Incarrying on their public wars, savage nations

are influenced by the same ideas, and animated by the same spirit, as in prosecuting private vengeance. In small communities every man is touched with the injury or affront offered to the body of which he is a member, as if it were a personal attack upon his own honor or safety. The desire of revenge is communicated from breast to breast, and soon kindles into rage. As feeble societies can take the field only in small parties, each warrior is conscious of the importance of his own arm, and feels that to it is committed a considerable portion of the public vengeance. War, which between extensive kingdoms is carried on with little animosity, is prosecuted by small tribes with all the rancor of a private quarrel. The resentment of nations is as implacable as that of individuals. It may be dissembled or suppressed, but is never extinguished; and often, when least expected or dreaded, it bursts out with redoubled fury. When polished nations have obtained the glory of victory, or have acquired an addition of territory, they may terminate a war with honor. But savages are not satisfied until they extirpate the community, which is the object of their rage. They fight not to conquer, but to destroy. If they engage in hostilities, it is with a resolution never to see the face of the enemy in peace, but to prosecute the quarrel with immortal enmity. The desire of vengeance is the first, and almost the only principle, which a savage instils into the minds of his children. This grows up with him as he advances in life; and as his attention is directed to few objects, it acquires a degree of force unknown among men whose passions are dissipated and weakened by the variety of their occupations and pursuits. The desire of vengeance which takes possession of the heart of savages, resembles the instinctive rage of an animal, rather than the passion of a man. It turns with undiscerning fury, even against inanimate objects. If hurt accidentally by a stone, they often seize it in a transport of anger,

and endeavor to wreak their vengeance upon it. If struck with an arrow in battle, they will tear it from the wound, break and bite it with their teeth, and dash it on the ground. With respect to their enemies, the rage of vengeance knows no bounds. When under the dominion of this passion, man becomes the most cruel of all animals. He neither pities, nor forgives, nor spares.

As it is impossible to appease the fell spirit of revenge which rages in the heart of a savage, this frequently prompts the Americans to devour those unhappy persons whom they take prisoners. Among the *Iroquois*, the phrase by which they express their resolution of making war against an enemy is, 'Let us go and eat that nation.' If they solicit the aid of a neighboring tribe, they invite it to 'eat broth made of the flesh of their enemies.'

The terms of the *war-song* seem to be dictated by the same fierce spirit of revenge: 'I go to war to revenge the death of my brothers; I shall kill; I shall exterminate; I shall burn my enemies; I shall bring away slaves; I shall devour their heart, dry their flesh, drink their blood; I shall tear off their scalps, and make cups of their skulls.'

As the youth of other nations exercise themselves in feats of activity and force, those of America vie with one another in exhibitions of their patience un'er sufferings. They harden their nerves by those voluntary trials, and gradually accustom themselves to endure the sharpest pain without complaining. A boy and girl will bind their naked arms together, and place a burning coal between them in order to try who first discovers such impatience as to shake it off. All the trials customary in America, when a youth is admitted into the class of warriors, or when a warrior is promoted to the dignity of captain or chief, are accommodated to this idea of manliness. They are not displays of valor, but of patience; they are not exhibitions of their

ability to offend, but of their capacity to suffer. Among the tribes on the banks of the Orinoco, if a warrior aspires to the rank of captain, his probation begins with a long fast, more rigid than any ever observed by the most abstemious hermit. At the close of this, the chiefs assemble, each gives him three lashes with a large whip, applied so vigorously, that his body is almost flayed, and if he betrays the least symptom of impatience, or even sensibility, he is disgraced for ever, and rejected as unworthy of the honor. After some interval, the constancy of the candidate is proved by a more excruciating trial. He is laid in a hammoc with his hands bound fast, an innumerable multitude of venomous ants, whose bite occasions exquisite pain, and produces a violent inflammation, are thrown upon him. The judges of his merit stand around the hammoc, and while these cruel insects fasten upon the most sensible parts of his body, a sigh, a groan, an involuntary motion expressive of what he suffers, would exclude him from the dignity he is ambitious to obtain. Even after this evidence of his fortitude, it is not deemed to be completely ascertained, but must stand another test more dreadful than any he has hitherto undergone. He is again suspended in his hammoc, and covered with leaves of the palmetta. A fire of stinking herbs is kindled underneath, so as he may feel its heat and be involved in smoke. Though scorched and almost suffocated, he must continue to endure with the same patient insensibility. Many perish in this rude essay of their firmness and courage, but such as go through it with applause, receive the ensigns of their new dignity with much solemnity, and are ever after regarded as leaders of approved resolution, whose behaviour in the most trying situation will do honor to their country. In North America, the previous trial of a warrior is neither so formal, nor so severe. Though even there, before a youth is permitted to bear arms, his patience and fortitude are proved by blows, by fire, and

by insults, more intolerable to a haughty spirit than both.

The amazing steadiness with which the Americans endure the most exquisite torments, has induced some authors to suppose that, from the peculiar feebleness of their frame, their sensibility is not so acute as that of other people, as women, and persons of a relaxed habit, are observed to be less affected with pain than robust men, whose nerves are more firmly braced. But the constitution of the Americans is not so different in its texture, from that of the rest of the human species, as to account for this diversity in their behaviour. It flows from a principle of honor, instilled early, and cultivated with such care as to inspire man, in his rudest state, with an heroic magnanimity, to which philosophy hath endeavored in vain to form him when more highly improved and polished. This invincible constancy too he has been taught to consider as the chief distinction of man, and the highest attainment of a warrior. The ideas which influence his conduct, and the passions which take possession of his heart, are few. They operate of course with more decisive effect, than when the mind is crowded with a multiplicity of objects, or distracted by the variety of its pursuits; and when every motive that operates with force on the mind of a savage, prompts them to suffer with dignity, they will bear what might seem to be impossible for human patience to sustain. But wherever the fortitude of the Americans is not roused to exertion by their ideas of honor, their feelings of pain are the same with those of the rest of mankind. Nor is that patience under sufferings, for which the Americans have been so justly celebrated, an universal attainment. The constancy of many of the victims is overcome by the agonies of torture. Their weakness and lamentations complete the triumph of their enemies, and reflect disgrace upon their country.

Men, who are not habituated to a liberal communication of their own sentiments and wishes, are apt to be so distrustful, as to place little confidence in others, and to have recourse to an insidious craft, in accomplishing their own purposes. In civilized life, those persons, who, by their situation, have but a few objects of pursuit on which their minds incessantly dwell, are most remarkable for low artifice in carrying on their little projects. Among savages, whose views are equally confined, and their attention no less persevering, those circumstances must operate still more powerfully, and gradually accustom them to a disingenuous subtlety in all their transactions. The force of this is increased by habits which they acquire in carrying on the two most important operations wherein they are engaged. With them war is a system of craft, in which they trust for success more to stratagem than to open force, and have their invention continually on the stretch to circumvent and surprise their enemies. As hunters, it is their constant object to ensnare, in order that they may destroy. Accordingly art and cunning have been universally observed as distinguishing characteristics of all savages. The people of the rude tribes of America are remarkable for their address and duplicity. Impenetrably secret in forming their measures, they pursue them with a patient undeviating attention, and there is no refinement of dissimulation which they cannot employ, in order to ensure their success. The natives of Peru were engaged above 30 years in concerting the plan of their insurrection, under the viceroyalty of the marquis de Villa Garcia, and though communicated to a great number of all different ranks, no indication of it ever transpired during that long period; no man betrayed his trust, or by an unguarded look or rash word, gave rise to any suspicion of what was intended. The dissimulation and craft of individuals is no less remarkable than that of nations. When set upon deceiving, they wrap them-

selves up so artificially, that it is impossible to penetrate into their intentions, or to detect their designs. But if there be defects or vices peculiar to the savage state, there are, likewise, virtues which it inspires, and good qualities, to the exercise of which it is friendly. The bonds of society sit so loose upon the members of the more rude American tribes, that they hardly feel any restraint. Hence the spirit of independence which is the pride of a savage, and which he considers as the unalienable prerogative of man. Incapable of control, and disdaining to acknowledge any superior, his mind, though limited in its powers, and erring in many of its pursuits, acquires such elevation by the consciousness of its own freedom, that he acts on some occasions with astonishing force, and perseverance and dignity.

Near the banks of the Ohio, a considerable number of bones of an immense magnitude have been found. The place where this discovery has been made lies about 120 miles below the junction of the river Scioto with the Ohio. It is about four miles distant from the banks of the latter, on the side of the marsh called the Great Salt Lick. The bones lie in vast quantities about 5 or 6 feet under ground, and the stratum is visible in the bank on the edge of the Lick. These bones must have belonged to animals of enormous bulk; and naturalists being acquainted with no living creature of such size, were at first inclined to think that they were mineral substances. Upon receiving a greater number of specimens from various parts of the earth, and after inspecting them more narrowly, they are now allowed to be the bones of an animal. As the elephant is the largest known quadruped, and the tusks which were found nearly resembles both in form and quality the tusks of an elephant, it was concluded, that the carcasses deposited on the Ohio were of that species. But Dr. Hunter, one of the persons of our age, best qualified to decide with respect to this point, having accurately ex-

amined several parcels of tusks, and grinders, and jaw-bones, sent from the Ohio to London, gives it as his opinion, that they did not belong to an elephant, but to some huge carnivorous animal of an unknown species. Bones of the same kind, and as remarkable for their size, have been found near the mouths of the great rivers Oby, Jeniseia, and Lena in Siberia. The elephant seems to be confined in his range to the torrid zone, and never multiplies beyond it. In such cold regions as those bordering on the frozen sea, he could not live. The existence of such large animals in America might open a wide field for conjecture. The more we contemplate the face of nature, and consider the variety of her productions, the more we must be satisfied that astonishing changes have been made in the terraqueous globe by convulsions and revolutions, of which no account is preserved in history,

MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.

BY THE DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

NO *accidents* are so unlucky from which the prudent may not draw some advantage ; nor are there any so lucky, which the imprudent may not turn to their prejudice....

To praise great *actions* is, in some degree, to share them....

There is near as much ability requisite to know to make use of good *advice*, as to know how to act for one's self....

We may give advice ; but we cannot give conduct....

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we *affect* to have.....Interest and vanity are the usual sources of our *afflictions*, however specious may be our pretences to the contrary.....

We may say of *agreeableness* as distinct from beauty, that it is a symmetry whose rules are unknown, it is a secret conformity of the features to one another, and to the complexion and air of a person....

Those who *apply* themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones....

Few things are impracticable in themselves ; and it is for want of *application*, rather than of means, that men fail of success....

The *clemency* of princes is often but a stroke of policy to gain the affections of their subjects....

The desire of being pitied or admired, is commonly the true reason of our *confidence*....

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of *contempt*....

One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in *conversation* is, that there is scarce any person who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness, think they do enough if they only *seem* to be attentive ; at the same time that one might perceive in their eyes and their mind a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying ; not reflecting, that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a poor way to please or convince others ; and that to hear patiently and answer precisely, are the great perfections of *conversation*....

There are two kinds of *curiosity* ; one arises from interest, which makes us desirous to learn what may be useful to us ; the other from pride, which makes us desirous to know what others are ignorant of....

He who imagines he can do without the world, *deceives* himself much ; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken....

It is much easier to suppress a first desire, than to satisfy those that follow it....*

If we took as much pains to *be* what we ought, as to *disguise* what we *are*, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all....

A man who does not find *ease* in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere....

We love those who endeavor to imitate us, much better than those who strive to equal us ; for imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of *envy*....

Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred....

We need not be much concerned about those *faults* which we have the courage to own.... We acknowledge our faults in order to repair by our sincerity the hurt they do us in the opinion of others.... We confess small *faults* in order to insinuate that we have no great ones. Dishonest men conceal their *faults* from themselves as well as others : honest men know and confess them.... We have few *faults* which are not more excusable in themselves than the means we use to conceal them....

We should manage our *fortune* like our constitution ; enjoy it when good, have patience when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity....

We always love those who admire *us* ; but we do not always love those whom *we* admire....

We take less pains to be happy, than to appear so.... *Happiness* is in the taste, not in the thing ; and we are made happy by possessing what we ourselves love, not what others think lovely./..

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate....

* The calm or disquiet of our *temper* depends not so much on affairs of moment as on the agreeable or disagreeable disposition of the trifles that daily occur....

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue....

It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an insupportable one to be forced to be under an *obligation* to a scoundrel....

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of disinterestedness itself....*Interest* puts in motion all the virtues and vices....

Every one complains of his *memory*, but no body of his judgment....

Why have we *memory* sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?....

We should not judge of a *man's* merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them....

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others. In affairs of importance, we ought less to endeavor to *make opportunities*, than to use them when they offer....All our qualities both good and bad are uncertain, dubious, and at the mercy of *opportunity*....

The *passions* are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it....So much injustice and self-interest enters into the composition of the *passions*, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them even when they seem most reasonable....While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a *passion*, it is more susceptible of a new one, than when entirely at rest....

Most men, like plants, have secret *properties*, which chance discovers....

It is with some *good qualities* as with the senses; they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them....

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault was on one side only---

Raillery is more insupportable than wrong ; because we have a right to resent injuries ; but it is ridiculous to be angry at a jest---

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done, as the fear of consequences---

How can we expect that another should keep our *secrets*, when it is more than we can do ourselves?---

SELF-LOVE is the love of self and every thing for the sake of self. Self-love makes men idolize themselves and tyrannize over others, when fortune gives the means. He never rests out of himself : and settles on external things, but just as the bee doth on flowers, to extract what may be serviceable. Nothing is so impetuous as his desires, nothing so secret as his designs, nothing so artful as his conduct. His suppleness is inexpressible, his metamorphoses surpass those of Ovid, and his refinements those of chemistry. We can neither fathom the depth, nor penetrate the obscurity of his abyss. There, concealed from the most piercing eye, he makes numberless turnings and windings ; there he is often invisible even to himself ; there he conceives, breeds and brings up, (without knowing it) an infinity of likes and dislikes ; some of which are so monstrous, that he knows them not, when brought into light, or at least cannot prevail on himself to own them. From the night that envelopes him springs the ridiculous notions he entertains of himself ; thence his errors, his ignorance, his gross and silly mistakes with respect to himself. Thence it is that he imagines his sensations dead, when they are only asleep ; that he thinks he shall never desire to run again when he is once tired : and that he has lost all the appetites he has sated. But this thick darkness, which hides him from himself, hinders him not from seeing perfectly well whatever is without him ; in which he resembles the eye, that sees all things except

itself. In his great concerns and important affairs, where the violence of desire summoneth his whole attention, he sees, perceives, understands, invents, suspects, penetrates, and divines all things; so that one would be tempted to believe that each passion, had as it were, its respective magic. Nothing is so close and strong as his attachments; which he in vain attempts to break through, on discovery of the greatest impending misery. Yet sometimes in a short time he effects, and without trouble, what he had not been able to compass with the greatest efforts, for years. Whence may well be concluded, that it is by himself that his desires are inflamed, more than by the beauty and merit of their objects; that it is his taste that heightens and embellishes them; that it is himself that he pursues; and that he follows his inclination, when he follows things that are agreeable to his inclination. He is composed of contrarieties; he is imperious and obedient; sincere and hypocritical, merciful and cruel, timid and bold. He has different inclinations according to the different tempers that possess him, and devote him sometimes to glory, sometimes to wealth, sometimes to pleasure. These he changes, as age and experience alter; and it is indifferent to him whether he has many inclinations, or only one; because he can split himself into many, or collect himself into one, as it is convenient or agreeable to him. He is inconstant; and besides those changes that happen from external causes, there are numberless which proceed from himself. He is inconstant, through inconstancy, through levity, through love, through novelty, through satiety, through disgust. He is capricious; and sometimes labors with great eagerness and incredible pains, to obtain things that are no ways advantageous, nay even hurtful; but which he pursues merely because it is his will. He is whimsical, and often exerts his whole application in the most trifling employments, takes the utmost delight in the insipid,

and preserves all his haughtiness in the most contemptible. He is attendant on all ages and conditions; he lives every where; he lives on every thing; he lives on nothing. He makes himself easy either in the enjoyment, or privation, of things; he even goes over to those who are at variance with him, he enters into their schemes, and which is wonderful! hates himself with them; he conspires his own destruction; he labors to undo himself; he only desires to Be; and that granted, he consents to be his own enemy. We must not therefore be surprised if he sometimes closes with the most rigid austerity; and enters boldly into a combination therewith to ruin himself; because what he loses in one place, he regains in another. When we think he relinquishes his pleasures, he but suspends, or changes them; and even when he is discomfited, and we think we are rid of him, we find him triumphant in his own defeat. Such is self-love! of which man's life is only a long and great agitation. The sea is its representative; in the flux and reflux of whose waves, self-love may find a lively expression of the turbulent succession of its thoughts, and of its eternal motion---

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers---

Self-love, well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue or vice.

It is more difficult to conceal the *sensations* we have, than to feign those we have not.

The excessive pleasure we feel in *talking* of ourselves, ought to make us apprehensive that it gives but little to our auditors---

We know that we should not talk of our *wives*; but we seem not to know that we should *talk* still less of ourselves---

Men are oftener *treacherous* through weakness than design---

Perfect *valor* consists in doing without witnesses all

we should be capable of doing before the whole world---

No man can answer for his *courage* who has never been in danger---

Men dare not, bad as they are, appear open enemies to virtue ; when therefore they persecute virtue, they pretend to think it counterfeit, or else lay some crime to its charge.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is, that they are always talking of themselves---

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our *understanding*.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

DR. FRANKLIN.

GOD helps them that helps themselves----*Sloth*, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.---If *time* be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.---Lost *time* is never found again ; and what we call time enough, is always little enough.---*Sloth* makes all things difficult, but industry all easy ; and he that rises late must not all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night ; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.---*Industry* pays debts, while despair increaseth them.---One to-day is worth *two* to-morrow.---Never leave till to-morrow, that which you can do to-day.---Emp'oy thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure ; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.---Fly *pleasures*, and they will follow you.---The diligent spinner has a large shift ; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow.---If you

would have your business done, go ; if not, send.---In the affairs of *this* world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it.---What maintains one *vice*, would bring up two children.---Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy *necessaries*.---A *ploughman* on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.---Always *taking out* of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.---When the well is dry, they know the *worth* of water.---*Pride* is as loud a beggar as *want*, and a great deal more saucy.---*Pride* that dines on vanity, sups on contempt : *Pride* breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.---*Creditors* have better memories than debtors : creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set *days* and times.---Those have a short Lent, who *owe money* to be paid at Easter.---If you will not hear *reason*, she will surely rap your knuckles.

SENTIMENTS, MORAL AND DIDACTIC, OF DR. JOHNSON'S, EXTRACTED FROM HIS LIFE, WRITTEN BY BOSWELL.

THERE lurks perhaps in every human heart a *desire of distinction*, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that Nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversions, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power ; and as affectation, in time, improves to habit, they at last tyrannise over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless ; but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison.

Resolve, and *keep your resolution* : choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow ; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted : but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavor to avoid the seducements that prevailed over you before---

Knowledge always desires increase : it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself. Let it be remembered, that the efficacy of ignorance has been long tried, and has not produced the consequences expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn ; and let the patrons of privation stand awhile aside, and admit the operation of positive principles---

It is wonderful that 5000 years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it ; but all belief is for it--

Every man is born *cupidus*—desirous of getting : but not *avarus*—desirous of keeping---

All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to shew how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood---

Make it an invariable and obligatory law to yourself never to mention your own *mental diseases* ; if you are never to speak of them, you will think on them but little ; and if you think little of them, they will molest you rarely. When you talk of them, it is plain that you want either praise or pity ; for praise there is no

room, and pity will do you no good ; therefore from this hour speak no more, think no more about them---

In *the labor of composition*, do not burthen your mind with too much at once ; do not exact from yourself at one effort of excogitation, propriety of thought and elegance of expression. Invent first and then embellish. The production of something where nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion or decoration of the thing produced. Set down diligently your thoughts as they rise in the first words that occur ; and when you have matter, you will easily give it form : nor, perhaps, will this method be always necessary ; for by habit your thoughts and diction will flow together---

There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity, than *condescension* : when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company---

He thus defined the difference between physical and moral truth : ‘ *Physical truth* is, when you tell a thing as it actually is ; *Moral truth* is, when you tell a thing sincerely and precisely as it appears to you. I say such a one walked across the street ; if he really did so, I told a physical truth. If I thought so, though I should have been mistaken, I told a moral truth---

If you anticipate your inheritance, you can at last inherit nothing ; all that you receive must pay for the past. You must get a place, or pine in penury, with the empty name of a great estate. *Poverty*, my dear friend, is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have ; live if you can on less ; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure ; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret---

With an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use---

Do not accustom yourself to consider *Debt* only as an inconvenience ; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow ; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what good can he do ? Or what evil can he prevent ? That he cannot help the needy is evident, he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence : many more can find that he is poor, than that he is wise : and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. I say nothing of the personal wretchedness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb. Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered, that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others : and of such a power a good man must always be desirous---

Resolve not to be poor : whatever you have, spend less. *Poverty* is a great enemy to human happiness ; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult---

Make an impartial estimate of your revenue, and whatever it is, live upon less. Resolve never to be poor. *Frugality* is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others, that wants help himself ; we must have enough before we have to spare---

Talking of *conversation*, he said, ‘ There must in the first place, be knowledge, there must be materials ;—in the second place, there must be a command of words ;---in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such a view as they are not commonly seen in ;---and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures ; this last is an essential re-

quisite ; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation---

It is strange that there should be so little *Reading* in the world, and so much writing. People in general do not willingly read, if they can have any thing else to amuse them. There must be an external impulse ; emulation, or vanity, or avarice. The progress which the understanding makes through a book, has more pain than pleasure in it. Language is scanty, and inadequate to express the nice gradations and mixtures of our feelings. No man reads a book of science from pure inclination. The books that we do read with pleasure are light compositions, which contain a quick succession of events---

Get as much *force of mind* as you can. Live within your income. Always have something saved at the end of the year. Let your imports be more than your exports, and you'll never go far wrong---

Nay, Sir, *argument* is argument. You cannot help paying regard to argument if it is good. If it were testimony you might disregard it, if you knew that it were purchased. There is a beautiful image in Bacon upon this subject : testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow : the force of it depends on the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross bow, which has equal force, though shot by a child---

The difference, he observed, between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this : One immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him ; you hate the other till you find reason to love him.

To make a *penal law* reasonable and just, two *conditions* are necessary, and two proper. It is necessary that the law should be adequate to its end ; that if it be observed, it shall prevent the evil against which it is directed. It is secondly necessary that the end of

the law be of such importance, as to deserve the security of a penal sanction. The other conditions of a penal law, which though not absolutely necessary, are to a very high degree fit, are, that to the moral violation of the law, there are many temptations, and that of the physical observance there is great facility.

Pleasure, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expence, must always end in pain; and pleasure, which must be enjoyed at the expence of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

All *knowledge* is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power of whatever sort is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle, of his wife, or his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle.

That is the *happiest conversation* where there is no competition, no vanity but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments.

He took occasion to enlarge on the *advantages of reading*, and combatted the idle superficial notion, that knowledge enough may be acquired in conversation. 'The foundation,' said he, must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus are at such a distance from each other, that he never attains to a full view.

There is no private house, said he, in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital *tavern*. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much

desire, that every body should be easy ; in the nature of things it cannot be : there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests ; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him : and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome ; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir ; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn.

Never speak of a man in his presence. It is always indelicate and may be offensive. Questioning is not the mode of *conversation* among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself. There may be parts of his former life which he may not wish to be made known to other persons, or even brought to his own recollection. A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion.

Being *angry with one who controverts an opinion* which you value, is a necessary consequence of the uneasiness which you feel. Every man who attacks my belief, diminishes in some degree my confidence in it, and therefore makes me uneasy ; and I am angry with him who makes me uneasy.

He said that for general improvement a man should *fear* whatever his immediate inclination prompts him

to ; though, to be sure if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. He added ' what we read with inclination, makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention ; so there is but one half to be employed on what we read.' He told us he read Fielding's *Amelia* through without stopping. He said ' if a man begins to *read* in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it, to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not again feel the inclination.

Life is but short ; no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry ; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'THEORY OF MORAL
SENTIMENTS.'

ADAM SMITH.

SYMPATHY does not arise so much from the view of the passion, as from that of the situation which excites it. We sometimes feel for another, a passion of which he himself seems to be altogether incapable ; because, when we put ourselves in his case, that passion arises in our breast from the *imagination*, though it does not in his from the *reality*. We blush for the impudence and rudeness of another, though he himself appears to have no sense of the impropriety of his own behaviour ; because we cannot help feeling with

what confusion we ourselves should be covered, had we behaved in so absurd a manner---

To approve of another man's opinions is to adopt those opinions, and to adopt them is to approve of them. If the same arguments which convince you convince me likewise, I necessarily approve of your conviction; and if they do not, I necessarily disapprove of it: neither can I possibly conceive that I should do the one without the other. To approve or disapprove, therefore, of the opinions of others, is acknowledged, by every body, to mean no more than to observe their agreement or disagreement with our own. But this is equally the case with regard to our approbation or disapprobation of the sentiments or passions of others---

Every faculty in one man is the measure by which he judges of the like faculty in another. I judge of your sight by my sight, of your ear by my ear, of your reason by my reason, of your resentment by my resentment, of your love by my love. I neither have, nor can have, any other way of judging about them---

Upon these too different efforts, upon that of the spectator to enter into the sentiments of the person principally concerned, and upon that of the person principally concerned to bring down his emotions to what the spectator can go along with, are founded two different sets of virtues. The soft, the gentle, the amiable virtues, the virtues of candid condescension, and indulgent humanity, are founded upon the one; the great, the awful and respectable, the virtues of self-denial, of self-government, of that command of the passions which subjects all the movements of our nature, to what our own dignity and honor, and the propriety of our own conduct require, take their origin from the other---

As in the common degree of the intellectual qualities, there is no abilities; so in the common degree of

the moral, there is no virtue. Virtue is excellence, something uncommonly great and beautiful, which rises far above what is vulgar and ordinary. The *amiable virtues* consist in that degree of sensibility which surprises by its exquisite and unexpected delicacy and tenderness. The awful and *respectable* in that degree of self-command, which astonishes by its amazing superiority over the most ungovernable passions of human nature---

If we consider all the different passions of human nature, we shall find that they are regarded as decent or indecent, just in proportion as mankind are more or less disposed to sympathise with them---

In the command of the *appetites* of the body consists that virtue which is properly called temperance. To restrain them within those bounds, which regard to health and fortune prescribes, is the part of *prudence*. But to confine them within those limits, which grace, which propriety, which delicacy and modesty require, is the office of *temperance*---

All the *passions*, which take their origin from the body, excite either no sympathy at all, or such a degree of it, as is altogether disproportioned to the violence of what is felt by the sufferers. It is quite otherwise with those passions which take their origin from the imagination. The frame of my body can be but little affected by the alterations which are brought about upon that of my companion: but my imagination is more ductile, and more readily assumed, if I may say so, the shape and configuration of the imaginations of those with whom I am familiar. A disappointment in love, or ambition, will, upon this account, call forth more sympathy, than the greatest bodily evil. Those passions arise altogether from the imagination.

Pain never calls forth any very lively sympathy, unless it is accompanied with danger. We sympathise

with the fear, though not with the agony of the sufferer. Fear, however, is a passion derived altogether from the imagination, which represents, with an uncertainty and fluctuation that increases our anxiety, not what we really feel, but what we may hereafter possibly suffer. The gout or the tooth-ache, though exquisitely painful, excite very little sympathy; more dangerous diseases, though accompanied with very little pain, excite the highest---

The little sympathy which we feel with bodily pain, is the foundation of the propriety of constancy and patience in enduring it. The man who, under the severest tortures, allows no weakness to escape him, vents no groan, gives way to no passion, which we do not enter into, commands our highest admiration. His firmness enables him to keep time with our indifference and insensibility. We admire and entirely go along with the magnanimous efforts which he makes for this purpose. We approve of his behaviour, and from our experience of the common weakness of human nature, we are surprised, and wonder how he should be able to act so as to deserve approbation. Approbation, mixed and animated by wonder and surprise, constitutes the sentiment which is properly called *admiration*, of which applause is the natural expression---

Love interests us not as a passion, but as a situation that gives occasion to other passions which interests us; to hope, to fear, and to distress of every kind: in the same manner as in the description of a sea voyage, it is not the hunger which interests us, but the distress which that hunger occasions---

How many things are requisite to render *the gratification of resentment*, completely agreeable, and to make the spectator thoroughly sympathise with our revenge? The provocation must first of all be such, that we should become contemptible, and be exposed to

perpetual insults, if we did not in some measure resent it. Smaller offences are always better neglected ; nor is there any thing more despicable than that forward and captious humor which takes fire upon every slight occasion of quarrel. We should resent more from a sense of the propriety of resentment, from a sense that mankind expect and require it of us, than because we feel in ourselves the furies of that disagreeable passion. There is no passion of which the human mind is capable, concerning whose justness we ought to be so doubtful, concerning whose indulgence we ought so carefully to consult our natural sense of propriety, or so diligently to consider what will be the sentiments of the cool and impartial spectator. Magnanimity, or a regard to maintain our own rank and dignity in society, is the only motive which can ennoble the expressions of this disagreeable passion. This motive must characterise our whole style and deportment. These must be plain, open and direct ; determined without positiveness, and elevated without insolence ; not only free from petulance and low scurrility, but generous, candid, and full of all proper regards, even for the person who has offended us. It must appear in short from our whole manner, without our laboring affectedly to express it, that passion has not extinguished our humanity ; and that if we yield to the dictates of revenge, it is with reluctance, from necessity, and in consequence of great and repeated provocations. When resentment is guarded and qualified in this manner, it may be admitted to be even generous and noble---

We have always the strongest disposition to sympathise with the *benevolent affections*. They appear in every respect agreeable to us. We enter into the satisfaction of the person who feels them, and of the person who is the object of them. For as to be the object of hatred and indignation gives more pain than

all the evil which a brave man can fear from his enemies ; so there is a satisfaction in the consciousness of being beloved, which, to a person of delicacy and sensibility, is of more importance to happiness than all the advantage which he can expect to derive from it---

Besides these two opposite sets of *passions*, the *social* and *unsocial*, there is another which holds a sort of middle place between them ; is never either so graceful as is sometimes the one set, nor is ever so odious as is sometimes the other. Grief and joy when conceived upon account of our own private good or bad fortune, constitute this third set of passions (the *selfish*). Even when excessive, they are never so disagreeable as excessive resentment, because no opposite sympathy can ever interest us against them : and when most suitable to their objects, they are never so agreeable as impartial humanity and just benevolence ; because, no double sympathy can ever interest us for them. There is, however, this difference between grief and joy, that we are generally *most disposed to sympathise with small joys and great sorrows*---

It has already been observed, that the sentiment or affection of the heart, from which any action proceeds, and upon which its whole virtue or vice depends, may be considered under two different aspects, or in two different relations : first, in relation to the cause or object which excites it ; and secondly, in relation to the end which it proposes, or to the effect which it tends to produce : that upon the suitableness or unsuitableness, upon the proportion or disproportion, which the affection seems to bear to the cause or object which excites it, *depends the propriety or impropriety*, the decency or ungracefulness of the consequent actions ; and that upon the beneficial or hurtful effects which the affection proposes or tends to pro-

duce, *depends the merit or demerit*, the good or ill desert of the action to which it gives occasion---

Gratitude and *Resentment*, are the sentiments which most immediately and directly prompt to reward and to punish. To us, therefore, he must appear to deserve reward who appears to be the proper and approved object of gratitude ; and he to deserve punishment, who appears to be that of resentment---

To us, surely, that action must appear to deserve reward, which every body who knows of it would wish to reward, and therefore delights to see rewarded : and that action must, as surely appear to deserve punishment, which every body who hears of it is angry with, and upon that account rejoices to see punished---

As we cannot, indeed, enter thoroughly into the *gratitude* of the person who receives the benefit, unless we beforehand approve of the *motives* of the benefactor, so, upon this account, the sense of merit seems to be a confounded sentiment, and to be made up of two distant emotions ; a direct sympathy with the sentiments of the agent, and an indirect sympathy with the gratitude of those who receive the benefit of his actions.

As we cannot indeed, enter into the *resentment* of the sufferer, unless our heart beforehand disapproves the motives of the agent, and renounces all fellow feeling with them ; so upon this account the sense of demerit, as well as that of merit, seems to be a compounded sentiment, and to be made up of two distinct emotions ; a direct antipathy to the sentiments of the agent, and an indirect sympathy with the resentment of the sufferer---

Resentment seems to have been given us by nature for defence, and for defence only. It is the safeguard of justice and the security of innocence. It prompts us to beat off the mischief which is attempted to be

done us, and to retaliate that which is already done ; that the offender may be made to repent of his injustice, and that others, through fear of the like punishment, may be terrified from being guilty of the like offence. It must be reserved, therefore, for these purposes, nor can the spectator ever go along with it when it is exerted for any other---

There can be no *proper motive for hurting our neighbor*, there can be no incitement to do evil to another which mankind will go along with, *except just indignation* for evil which that other has done to us. To disturb his happiness merely because it stands in the way of our own, to take from him what is of real use to him, merely because it may be of equal or more use to us, or to indulge in this manner, at the expence of other people, the natural preference which every man has for his own happiness above that of other people, is what no impartial spectator can go along with---

Remorse is made up of shame from the sense of the impropriety of past conduct ; of grief for the effects of it ; of pity for those who suffer by it ; and of the dread and terror of punishment from the consciousness of the justly provoked resentment of all rational creatures---

What *gratitude* chiefly desires, is not only to make the benefactor feel pleasure in his turn, but to make him conscious that he meets with this reward on account of his past conduct, to make him pleased with that conduct, and to satisfy him that the person upon whom he bestowed his good offices was not unworthy of them. What most of all charms in our benefactor, is the concord between his sentiments and our own, with regard to what interests us so nearly as the worth of our own character, and the esteem that is due to us. We are delighted to find a person who values us, as we value ourselves, and distinguishes us from the rest of mankind with an attention not unlike that which we

distinguish ourselves. To maintain in him those agreeable and flattering sentiments, is one of the chief ends proposed by the returns we are disposed to make him. A generous mind often disdains the interested thought of extorting new favors from its benefactor, by what may be called the importunities of its gratitude. But to preserve and to increase his esteem, is an interest which the greatest mind does not think unworthy of its attention. And this is the foundation of what I formerly observed, that when we cannot enter into the motives of our benefactor, when his conduct and character appear unworthy of our approbation, let his services have been ever so great, our gratitude is always sensibly diminished. We are less flattered by the distinction, and to preserve the esteem of so weak or so worthless a patron, seems to be an object which does not deserve to be pursued for its own sake. The object on the contrary, which *resentment* is chiefly intent upon, is not so much to make our enemy feel pain in his turn, as to make him conscious that he feels it upon account of his past conduct, to make him repent of that conduct, and to make him sensible, that the person whom he injured did not deserve to be treated in that manner. What chiefly enrages us against the man, who injures or insults us, is the little account which he seems to make of us, the unreasonable preference which he gives to himself above us, and that absurd self-love, by which he seems to imagine, that other people may be sacrificed at any time, to his conveniency or his humor. The glaring impropriety of this conduct, the gross insolence and injustice which it seems to involve in it, often shock and exasperate us more than all the mischief we have suffered. To bring him back to a more just sense of what is due to other people, to make him sensible of what he owes us, and of the wrong that he has done us, is frequently the principal end proposed in our revenge, which is

always imperfect when it cannot accomplish this. When our enemy appears to have done us no injury, when we are sensible that he acted quite properly, that in his situation we should have done the same thing, and that we deserved from him all the mischief we met with ; in that case, if we have the least spark either of candor or justice, we can entertain no sort of resentment---

That *the world judges* by the *event*, and not by the *design*, has been in all ages the complaint, and is the great discouragement of virtue. Every body agrees to the general maxim, that as the event does not depend on the agent, it ought to have no influence upon our sentiments, with regard to the merit or propriety of his conduct. But when we come to particulars, we find that our sentiments are scarce in any one instance exactly conformable to what this equitable maxim would direct. The happy or unprosperous event of any action is not only apt to give us a good or bad opinion of the prudence with which it was conducted, but almost always too animates our gratitude or resentment, our sense of the merit or demerit of the design---

The *benevolent* affections seems to deserve most praise when they do not wait till it becomes almost a crime for them not to exert themselves. The *Malevolent*, on the contrary, can scarce be too tardy, too slow or deliberate---

The man who applauds either for actions which we did not perform, or for motives which had no sort of influence upon our conduct, applauds not us, but another person. We can derive no sort of satisfaction from his praises. To us they should be more mortifying than any censure, and should perpetually call to our minds the most humbling of all reflections, the reflection upon what we ought to be, but what we are not. To be pleased with such groundless applause, is

a proof of the most superficial levity and weakness. It is what is properly called vanity, and is the foundation of the most ridiculous and contemptible vices, the vices of affectation and common lying ; follies which, if experience did not teach us how common they are, one should imagine the least spark of common sense would save us from---

As ignorant and *groundless praise* can give no solid joy, no satisfaction that will bear any serious examination, so, on the contrary, it often gives real comfort to reflect, that though no praise should actually be bestowed upon us, our conduct, however, has been such as to deserve it, and has been in every respect suitable, to those measures and rules by which praise and approbation are naturally and commonly bestowed. We are pleased not only with praise, but with having done what is praise-worthy. We are pleased to think that we have rendered ourselves the natural objects of approbation, though no approbation should ever actually be bestowed upon us : and we are mortified to reflect, that we have justly incurred the blame of those we live with, though that sentiment should never actually be exerted against us---

A great part, perhaps the greatest part of human happiness and misery, arises from the view of our past conduct, and from the degré of approbation or disapprobation which we feel from the consideration of it. But in whatever manner it may affect us, our sentiments of this kind have always some secret reference either to *what are*, or to what upon a certain condition *would be*, or to what we imagine *ought to be*, the sentiments of others. We examine it as we imagine an impartial spectator would examine it. If upon placing ourselves in his situation we thoroughly enter into all the passions and motives which influenced it, we approve of it by sympathy with the approbation of this supposed equitable judge. If otherwise, we enter in-

to his disapprobation and condemn it.---When I endeavor to *examine my own conduct*, when I endeavor to pass sentence upon, and either to approve or condemn it, it is evident that, in all such cases, I divide myself as it were into two persons, and that I, the examiner and judge, represent a different character from that other I, the person whose conduct is examined into and judged of. The first is the spectator, whose sentiments with regard to my own conduct, I endeavor to enter into, by placing myself in his situation, and by considering how it would appear to me when seen from that particular point of view. The second is the agent, the person whom I properly call myself, and of whose conduct, under the character of a spectator, I was endeavoring to form some opinion. The first is the judge, the second the pannel. But that the judge should, in every respect, be the same with the pannel, is as impossible, as that the cause should, in every respect, be the same with the effect. To be amiable and to be meritorious, that is, to deserve love, and to deserve reward, are the great characters of virtue, and to be odious and punishable, of vice. But all these characters have an immediate reference to the sentiments of others. Virtue is not said to be amiable, or to be meritorious, because it is the object of its own love or of its own gratitude; but because it excites those sentiments in other men. The consciousness that it is the object of such favorable regards, is the source of that inward tranquillity and self-satisfaction with which it naturally attended, as the suspicion of the contrary gives occasion to the torments of vice. What so great happiness as to be beloved, and to know that we deserve to be beloved? What so great misery as to be hated, and to know that we deserve to be hated?---

The applause of the whole world will avail but little, if our own conscience condemns us; and the dis-

approbation of all mankind is not capable of opposing us when we are beloved by the tribunal within our own breast, and when our own mind tells us that mankind are in the wrong.---The opinion which we entertain of our own character depends entirely on our judgment concerning our past conduct. It is so disagreeable to think ill of ourselves, that we often purposely turn away our view from those circumstances which might render that judgment unfavorable. He is a bold surgeon, they say, whose hand does not tremble when performing an operation upon his own person ; and he is often equally bold who does not hesitate to pull off the mysterious veil of self-delusion, which covers from his view the deformities of his own conduct. Rather than we see our own behaviour under so disagreeable an aspect, we too often foolishly and weakly endeavor to exasperate anew those unjust passions which had formerly misled us ; we endeavour by artifice to awaken our old hatreds, and irritate afresh our almost forgotten resentments : we even exert ourselves for this miserable purpose, and thus perceive injustice, merely because we were once unjust, and because we are ashamed and afraid to see what we were---

General rules of conduct, when they have been fixed in our mind by habitual reflection, are of the greatest use in correcting the misrepresentations of self-love concerning what is fit and proper to be done in our particular situation---

No action can properly be called virtuous, which is not accompanied by the sentiment of self-approbation---

The qualities most useful to ourselves are, first of all, superior reason and understanding, by which we are capable of discerning the remote consequences of all our actions, and of foreseeing the advantage or detriment which is likely to result from them : and secondly, self-command, by which we are enabled to abstain

from personal pleasure, or to endure present pain, in order to obtain a greater pleasure, or to avoid a greater pain in some future time. In the union of these two qualities consists the virtue of prudence, of all the virtues, that which is most useful to the individual---

Humanity, Justice, Generosity and Public Spirit, are the qualities most useful to others---Generosity is different from Humanity. These two qualities, which at first sight seem so nearly allied, do not always belong to the same person---Humanity consists, merely, in the exquisite fellow feeling which the spectator entertains with the sentiments of the persons principally concerned, so as to grieve for their sufferings, to resent their injuries, and to rejoice at their good fortune. The most humane actions require no self-denial, no self-command, no great exertion of the sense of propriety. They consist only in doing what this exquisite sympathy would of its own accord prompt us to do. But it is otherwise with generosity. We never are generous, except when in some respect we prefer some other person to ourselves, and sacrifice some great and important interest of our own to an equal interest of a friend or of a superior. The man who gives up his pretensions to an office that was the great object of his ambition, because he imagines that the services of another are better entitled to it: the man who exposes his life to defend that of his friend, which he judges to be of more importance, neither of them act from humanity, or because they feel more exquisitely what concerns that other person than what concerns themselves. They both consider those interests not in the light in which they naturally appear to themselves, but in that in which they appear to others. To every bystander, the success or preservation of this other person may justly be more interesting than their own: but it cannot be so to themselves. When to the interest of this other person, therefore, they sacrifice

their own; they accommodate themselves to the sentiments of the spectator, and by an effort of magnanimity act according to those views of things which they feel must naturally occur to any third person---

The *pleasures* and *pains* of the mind, though ultimately derived from those of the body, (according to Epicurus) were vastly greater than their originals. The body felt only the sensation of the present instant, whereas the mind felt also the past and the future, the one by remembrance, the other by anticipation, and consequently both suffered and enjoyed much more. When we are under the greatest bodily pain, he observed, we shall always find if we attend to it, that it is not the suffering of the *present* instant which chiefly torments us, but either the agonizing remembrance of the past, or the yet more horrible dread of the future. The pain of each instant considered by itself, and cut off from all that goes before and all that comes after it, is a trifle not worth the regarding. Yet this is all which the body can ever be said to suffer. In the same manner, when we enjoy the greatest pleasure, we shall always find that the bodily sensation, the sensation of the present instant makes but a small part of our happiness, that our enjoyment chiefly arises either from the cheerful recollection of the past, or the still more joyous anticipation of the future, and that the mind always contributes by much the largest share of the entertainment---

It may seem extraordinary that this philosopher (Epicurus) who is described as a person of the most amiable manners, should never have observed, that whatever may be the tendency of those virtues or the contrary vices, with regard to our bodily ease and security, the sentiments which they naturally excite in others, are the objects of a much more passionate desire or aversion than all their other consequences; that, to be amiable, to be respectable, to be the proper

object of esteem, is by every well disposed mind more valued than all the ease and security which respect and esteem can procure us ; that, on the contrary, to be odious, to be contemptible, to be the proper object of indignation, is more dreadful than all that we can suffer in our abode from hatred, contempt or indignation ; and that consequently our desire of the one character and our aversion to the other, cannot arise from any regard to the effects which either of them is likely to produce upon the body---

‘Do you desire,’ said Socrates, ‘the *reputation* of a good musician ? The only sure way of obtaining it is to become a good musician. Would you desire in the same manner to be thought capable of serving your country, either as a general or a statesman ? The best way, in this case too, is really to acquire the art and experience of war and government, and to become really fit to be a general and statesman. And in the same manner if you would be reckoned sober, temperate, just and equitable, the best way of acquiring this reputation is to become sober, temperate, just and equitable. If you can really render yourself amiable, respectable, and the proper object of esteem, there is no fear of your not soon acquiring the love, the respect, and esteem of those you live with---

There is an affinity between *vanity and the love of true glory*, as both these passions aim at acquiring esteem and approbation. But they are different in this, that the one is a just, reasonable, and equitable passion, while the other is unjust, absurd and ridiculous. The man who desires esteem for what is really estimable, desires nothing but what he is justly entitled to, and what cannot be refused him without some sort of injury. He, on the contrary, who desires it upon any other terms, demands what he has no just claim to. The first is easily satisfied, is not apt to be jealous or suspicious that we do not esteem him

enough, and is seldom solicitous about receiving many external marks of our regard. The other, on the contrary, is never to be satisfied, is full of jealousy and suspicion that we do not esteem him so much as he desires, because he has some secret consciousness that he desires more than he deserves. The least neglect of ceremony he considers as a mortal affront, and as an expression of the most determined contempt. He is restless and impatient, and perpetually afraid that we have lost all respect for him, and is upon this account always anxious to obtain our expression of esteem, and cannot be kept in temper but by continual attendance and adulation---

There are some of our passions which has no other names except those which mark the disagreeable and offensive degree. The spectator is more apt to take notice of them in this degree than in any other. When they shock his own sentiments, when they give him some sort of antipathy and uneasiness, he is necessarily obliged to attend to them, and is from thence naturally led to give them a name. When they fall in with the natural state of his own mind, he is very apt to overlook them altogether, and either gives them no name at all, or, if he gives them any, it is one which marks rather the subjection and restraint of the passion, than the degree which it still is allowed to subsist in, after it is so subjected and restrained. Thus the common names of the love of pleasure, and the love of sex, (luxury and lust) denote a vicious and offensive degree of those passions. The words temperance and chastity, on the other hand, seem to mark rather the restraint and subjection which they are kept under, than the degree which they are still allowed to subsist in. -

LA FAYETTE—A FRAGMENT.

MATHEW CAREY.

BY a feeble glimmering of light, which entered at a small window, guarded by massy iron bars, that bid defiance to all attempts at escape, I had a dim view of this illustrious sufferer.

He sat on a coarse mishapen bench—and was buried in contemplation—

His hands were clasped together—and he now and again cast his eyes upwards to heaven, with the most calm resignation to his fate—

Ponderous chains loaded his legs.—Their weight operated as a bar to the little exercise which a room seven feet by five might have afforded.

The apartment reminded me of those caverns into which the ancient tyrants plunged their hapless victims. The window I have mentioned, was the only aperture for the admission of light or air. How small a portion of either was he doomed to enjoy !

The furniture of his room consisted of a wretched bed, extended on the cold ground—a sorry chair—the bench on which he sat—a plate, a spoon, and a knife and fork—

His dress was coarse and scant. Those limbs which a fond mother once decked with the costliest silks that wealth could purchase, were now barely covered with the homeliest garb.

The door creaked on its rust-eaten hinges. A lady entered. Her face was of the most interesting kind. It might once have been a model for the painter or sculptor to have fashioned a Medicean Venus. This was unerringly perceptible, although much of its fire and animation had sunk beneath the corrosion of care and distress, of whose bitter cup she had been long drinking. The anguish of her rending heart was vi-

sible, notwithstanding her utmost and unceasing efforts to conceal it from her husband.

This lady, the reader need not be told, was madame de la Fayette. Inflamed with the purest and most ardent love, she had cheerfully abandoned all the pleasures, all the joys of the social circles of her native land, in which she was admirably calculated to shine with the most distinguished eclat, and had plunged herself in those frightful recesses, to soothe the beloved partner of her bed.

She was accompanied by her two daughters.

Lovely as the houris, whom the sensual Mussulman pictures to his inflamed imagination as the solace of his time in the ethereal regions, it was impossible to behold them without the tenderest emotions, even in that abyss of misery, in which their filial tenderness had placed them.

They were at that period of life in which the female sex most highly excites the tenderness of feeling minds. The eldest was eighteen—the other only wanted two years of that age.

The one was tall and slender—her auburn hair, in flowing ringlets, hung down her elegant waist—piercing eyes, a large forehead, alabaster teeth, and cheeks that combined, in nature's best manner, the vermillion of the rose, with the milk white purity of the lily, gave to the *tout ensemble* of her countenance, an expression that can hardly be conceived, unless seen.

The other was more set. Her hair was dark—her face more round and full than her sister's. If the former excited the idea of Venus, this recalled that of a Pallas.

Their appearance lighted up a smile on the countenance of the prisoner. He kissed the three with all the fondness, all the tenderness of husband and father.

His gladness was momentary. He cast an eye on the wife of his bosom—on his children, dearer to him

than existence. His heart throbbed at the forlorn situation he was likely to leave them in—the big tear filled his eye, and, trickling down his manly cheek, seemed, to my partial and admiring view, to add new dignity to the object of my contemplation.

He wiped away the pearly drop—again he kissed his three visitors—and assumed the tranquillity of a Seneca.

O Francis ! Francis ! surrounded by all the pomp of the Imperial court, when her sun was at its meridian blaze of brightness, and soothed by the insinuations of your sycophantic flatterers, could any hour of your existence be compared with the self-approving moments of your victim at this moment ?

I was lost in admiration of the hero—the philosopher—almost did I envy him his chains from which he drew such honor.

My reverie was not calculated to last long. I was drawn from it abruptly, by casting a glance at the bars of the window and at the ignominious fetters——

‘ Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery ! thou art a bitter draught.’

Busy imagination interposed at this moment, and transported me to the interview I had had with him previous to his departure from this continent.

What a deplorable contrast ! How irretrievably disgraceful to the agents of it !

At the former period of his life, loaded with the esteem, the reverence, the gratitude of a nation which he had so essentially served, he was on the point of revisiting his native land, to receive the unbought homage of his admiring countrymen, and to aid in the erection of another fane to liberty.

I retrospected still farther—I saw him when the fortunes of America were at a low ebb—in ‘ the times that

tried men's souls'—embarking his fortunes in our tempest-tost bark, nearly 'burnt to the water's edge'—I saw him paying his troops out of his private fortunes—I saw him, with a handful of half clothed, barefooted soldiers, eluding the vigilance and baffling the schemes of the enterprising Cornwallis.—After tracing him through all his hair-breadth 'scares in the course of the contest, I beheld him at its close crowned with laurels at Yorktown, assisting in the capture of that haughty general, who had vauntingly promised that *'the boy should not escape him.'*

From these scenes, whose vivid colourings bid defiance to devouring time, I turned my attention to the lugubrious scenes before me :—sad reverse !

Victim of the most insatiable and satanic malice, he is more keenly persecuted and oppressed than in most countries the vilest outcasts of society.

If any man doubts this assertion, and deems it rather the effusion of zeal than the dictate of veracity, let him visit the jail of Philadelphia—let him examine the state of the convicts there, even those of the darkest shades of character—and he will not find one with whom, so far as comfort or convenience is concerned, la Fayette might not wish a change. Even a parricide, that worst of villains, would not, from the time of conviction to that of execution, experience half the vindictive malice exercised against la Fayette.

But he possesses a mind that can brave the storms of despotic vengeance—and, were he alone concerned, he would

‘ Smile at the drawn dagger,
‘ And defy its point’—

He would laugh to scorn their impotent efforts to punish him for his transcendent merits.

But his implacable enemies know where he is vul-

nerable—thither they direct their barbed darts, which, with unerring aim, pierce him to the inmost soul—

He has a wife—yes, reader, he has a wife—loving and beloved—a wife the partner of his joys, when the sun rose to him in all its glorious splendor—and the solace of his sorrows, now that the horizon is enveloped in pitchy darkness---

The dagger which his own bosom would provoke, carries, when pointed at hers, tortures inexpressible to his feeling mind. On her, therefore, they wreak their unmanly vengeance—and thus they offer up two victims at once to satiate their rage.

At one period of her residence, within the dreary walls of her husband's prison, she was seized with a violent illness, the consequence of the unwholesome food she ate, of the want of air, and of her extreme anxiety. Death seemed hovering over her bed, ready to transport her from the scenes of distress around her—she implored the assistance of a clergyman to perform the last ceremonies of her religion—but even this favor was, Nero like, refused her.

What language can paint the situation of la Fayette, when, stretched on the cold, damp ground beside her, he watched her last breath, and his soul seemed ready to take flight with hers! Who that has not been in somewhat of a similar situation, can even conceive the heart-rending pangs he endured, till a favorable crisis arrived, and her convalescence restored him once more to himself—

* * * * *

Besides his wife, they have still further power over their hapless victim.—My heart bleeds at the thought—my pen almost refuses its office—but it must be told—though the heart-strings burst at the narration—

His daughters—there, there the keenest anguish rends his heart—When he casts an anxious eye forward to explore their future fate, as every parent involunta-

aily does—When he reflects on what they might have been, under his fatherly protection, the ornaments and delights of society—when from this he turns to what they actually are, tenants of a jail—exposed to the ‘insolence of office’ of hard unfeeling jailers—devoid of those kind attentions and comforts which the lowest of his servants once enjoyed, his heart sinks at the view—But when from the present he takes a perspective of futurity—and his boding mind figures them to him exposed, unprotected, a prey to brutal violence—or sinking under the wiles, the artifices, the deceptions of a world with whose snares they must be unacquainted—he sits petrified with the magnitude of his woes—

* * * * *

Sometimes, however, hope, all cheering hope, enlivens the scene.—He looks forward to happier hours—when

‘*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*’

He casts his longing eyes towards America, that country to which the best, the choicest days of his existence were so zealously and so usefully devoted.—She cannot, he thinks, be unmindful of his mighty, his flagrant wrongs—he trusts she will not cease to reiterate her applications for his relief, till they are crowned with success. He even hopes his countrymen, overlooking his errors, if errors they can really be termed—and doing justice to the unvarying rectitude of his intentions, will interpose their awe-inspiring voice, to drag him from those regions of despair, and restore him to that grade of honor and dignity, to which his super-eminent services, in defence of the rights of man, entitle him.

In constant alternation of these fond hopes, and the most irksome apprehensions, he passes his sunless days, his tedious nights.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

ADDISON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. They who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy, are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth : on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind a gladness so exquisite, prevents it from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart, that are inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions. It is of a serious and composed nature. It does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity ; and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul : his imagina-

tion is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him: tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured around him; and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sun-shine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescences in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is, the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which are the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in a bad man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every concurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy in themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavor after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humor, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any order that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with tranquillity, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose

him, who is sure it will bring him to a joyful harbor.

A man who uses his best endeavors to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which was so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity ; when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness ! The consciousness of such a being causes a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man ; and makes him feel as much happiness as he is capable of conceiving.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies to make us happy by an infinity of means ; whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him ; and whose unchangeableness will secure for us this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart, which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction ; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us ; to which I may likewise add, those

little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us so even and cheerful a temper, as will make us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we are made to please.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRÉPARATIONS MADE BY
XERXES, THE PERSIAN MONARCH, FOR INVADING
GREECE.

GOLDSMITH.

IN the opening of spring, Xerxes directed his march towards the Hellespont, where his fleet lay in all their pomp, expecting his arrival. When he came to this place, he was desirous of taking a survey of all his forces, which formed an army that never was equalled before or since. It was composed of the most powerful nations of the East, and of people scarcely known to posterity, except by name. The remotest India contributed its supplies, while the coldest tracts of Scythia sent their assistance. Medes, Persians, Bactrians, Lydians, Assyrians, Hyrcanians, and many other nations of various forms, complexions, languages, dresses, and arms, united in this grand expedition. The land army, which he brought out of Asia, consisted of seventeen hundred thousand foot, and four-score thousand horse. Three hundred thousand more that were added upon crossing the Hellespont, made his land forces altogether amount to above two millions of men. His fleet, when it set out from Asia, consisted of twelve hundred and seven vessels, each carrying two hundred men. The Europeans augmented his fleet with a hundred and twenty vessels, each of which carried two hundred men. Besides these, there were two thousand smaller vessels fitted

for carrying provisions and stores. The men contained in these, with the former, amounted to six hundred thousand ; so that the whole army might be said to amount to two millions and a half ; which, with the women, slaves and suttlers, always accompanying a Persian army, might make the whole above five millions of souls : a number, if rightly conducted, capable of overturning the greatest monarchy ; but which, commanded by presumption and ignorance, served only to obstruct and embarrass each other.

Lord of so many and such various subjects, Xerxes found a pleasure in reviewing his forces ; and was desirous of beholding a naval engagement, of which he had not hitherto been a spectator. To this end a throne was erected for him upon an eminence ; and in that situation beholding the earth covered with his troops, and the sea crowded with his vessels, he felt a secret joy diffuse itself through his frame, from the consciousness of his own superior power. But all the workings of this monarch's mind were in the extreme : a sudden sadness soon took place of his pleasure ; and dissolving in a shower of tears, he gave himself up to a reflection, that not one of so many thousands would be alive a hundred years afterwards.

Artabanus, the king's uncle, who was much disposed to moralise on occurrences, took this occasion to discourse with him upon the shortness and miseries of human life. Finding this more distant subject attended to, he spoke closely to the present occasion ; insinuated his doubts of the success of the expedition ; urged the many inconveniences the army had to suffer, if not from the enemy, at least from their own numbers. He alleged, that plagues, famine, and confusion, were the necessary attendants of such ungovernable multitudes ; and that empty fame was the only reward of success. But it was now too late to turn this young monarch from his purpose. Xerxes informed his monitor, that great actions were always attended

with proportionable danger ; and that if his predecessors had observed such scrupulous and timorous rules of conduct, the Persian empire would never have attained to its present height of glory.

Xerxes, in the mean time, had given orders to build a bridge of boats across the Hellespont, for transporting his army into Europe. This narrow strait, which goes now by the name of the Dardanel, is nearly an English mile over. But soon after the completion of this work, a violent storm arising, the whole was broken and destroyed, and the labor was to be undertaken anew. The fury of Xerxes upon this disappointment was attended with equal extravagance and cruelty. His vengeance knew no bounds. The workmen who had undertaken the task, had their heads struck off by his order ; and that the sea itself might also know its duty, he ordered it to be lashed as a delinquent, and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it, to curb its future irregularities. Thus having given vent to his absurd resentment, two bridges were ordered to be built in the place of the former, one for the army to pass over, and the other for the baggage and the beasts of burden. The workmen, now warned by the fate of their predecessors, undertook to give their labor greater stability. They placed three hundred and sixty vessels across the strait, some of them having three banks of oars, and others fifty oars a piece. They then cast large anchors into the waters on both sides, in order to fix these vessels against the violence of the winds, and the current. After this they drove large piles into the earth, with huge rings fastened to them, to which were tied six vast cables that went over each of the two bridges. Over all these they laid trunks of trees, cut purposely for that use, and flat boats again over them, fastened and joined together, so as to serve for a floor or solid bottom. When the whole work was thus completed, a day was appointed for their passing

over ; and as soon as the first rays of the sun began to appear, sweet odours of all kinds were abundantly scattered over the new work, and the way was strewn with myrtle. At the same time Xerxes poured out libations into the sea ; and turning his face towards the East, worshipped that bright luminary, which is the god of the Persians. Then, throwing the vessel which had held his libation into the sea, together with a golden cup and Persian scimitar, he went forward, and gave orders for the army to follow. This immense train was seven days and seven nights in passing over ; while those who were appointed to conduct the march, quickened the troops by lashing them along ; for the soldiers of the East, at that time, and to this very day, are treated like slaves.

This great army having landed in Europe, and being joined there by the several nations that acknowledged the Persian power, Xerxes prepared for marching directly forward into Greece. After a variety of disastrous and adverse events, suffered in the prosecution of his vain-glorious design, this haughty monarch was compelled to relinquish it. Leaving his generals to take care of the army, he hastened back, with a small retinue, to the sea side. When he arrived at the place, he found the bridge broken down by the violence of the waves, in a tempest that had lately happened there. He was, therefore, obliged to pass the strait in a small boat ; which manner of returning, being compared with the ostentatious method in which he had set out, rendered his disgrace still more poignant and afflicting. The army which he had ordered to follow him, having been unprovided with necessaries, suffered great hardships by the way. After having consumed all the corn they could find, they were obliged to live upon herbs, and even upon the bark and leaves of trees. Thus harassed and fatigued, a pestilence began to complete their misery ; and, after a fatiguing journey of forty-five days, in which they were

pursued rather by vultures and beasts of prey than by men, they came to the Hellespont, where they had crossed over; and marched from thence to Sardis. Such was the end of Xerxes expedition into Greece: a measure begun by pride, and terminated in infamy.

THE HORROR OF ADAM AND EVE ON THE DISCOVERY
OF THE DEATH OF ABEL.

GESSNER.

CAIN wandered in despair among the bushes.—He roved from place to place, but change of situation decreased not the horror that had lodged itself in his convulsed heart. Thus the traveller in vain quickens his pace, in vain exerts his skill and strength, to avoid an irritated serpent; the reptile pursues him with his poisonous breath: it encircles his limbs; it fixes its sting. Where shall he fly from torture? Already convulsions seize his wounded breast, the mortal poison flows to his heart. So Cain vainly strove to fly his pain. Oh, that I could no more see the streaming blood! he cried. I fly, but the blood follows me still—still it runs to my feet. Where shall I fly?—Where?—Miserable that I am!—His last look! What have I done? The dreadful deed is the work of hell—I already feel its tortures! I have, with him, murdered his unborn offspring.—Ah! what noise is that among the bushes? Why sighs the dead?—Away, haste feet far away from the pursuing blood—far away from the dreadful sight of death!—Drag me away, ye trembling knees, sprinkled with a brother's blood, to hell! At these words he walked with fast and unequal steps.

A black cloud alighted at his feet, from the midst of which issued an awful voice, saying—Cain, where is thy brother?—I know not—miserable me!—Am I my brother's keeper? answered he, stammering and retreating back, pale as the lifeless corpse of Abel. Loud thunders now burst from the cloud; the grass and bushes blazed around him, and Michael the archangel stood before him, arrayed in terror. On his majestic brow were imprinted the menaces of the Lord. In his right hand he held the forked lightning, and extended his left over the appalled sinner. He spoke and it again thundered.—Stop, trembler! Hear thy sentence: Thus saith the Lord—What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood cryeth to me. Thou art cursed on the earth, which hath drank the blood of thy brother, shed by thy hand. To thee it shall be for ever barren, and thou shalt be a vagabond on its surface.—The terrified sinner was mute and immoveable: his head bent, and his eyes fixed on the ground, while his heart was torn with anguish, like that of the impious atheist, when God, terrible in judgment, shakes the earth, and he sees the profaned temples, and the sumptuous palaces of sinners, shake to their foundations, and fall into ruins; while his ears are terrified with the groans of the dying, the sobs of grief, and the shrieks of despair. In this convulsion of nature, thick smoke and flames burst from the cleft earth.

Wild with horror, he attempts to fly. He staggers on the tremulous ground. He reels: he falls. Equal terror shook the fratricide. He attempted to speak; but only inarticulate stammerings came from his trembling lips, while dread still kept his eyes fixed on the earth. At length he cried, in a voice which spoke his anguish—My crime is too great—ah! much too great, ever to be forgiven! Now, O inexorable God! thou hast cursed me on the earth, and—Where can I hide myself from thy presence?—Banished from society—

a vagabond—the first who meets me will slay me, and rid the earth of an infamous murderer !

A vengeance, seven-fold more dreadful than thine, shall fall on him who sheds thy blood, said the angel, speaking again in thunder. Dark disquietude, and gnawing remorse, are strongly imprinted on thy brow. By these marks shalt thou be known, and all, on seeing thee, shall quit the path made by thy wandering feet, crying—There goes Cain, the murderer!—The angel, having thus announced the divine anathema, disappeared. Thunder again issued from the rising cloud—a dreadful whirlwind tore up by the roots the trees and bushes, with a noise that resembled the howlings of a malefactor suffering under the agonies of penal torture.

Cain stood motionless. Despair glared in his eyes ; yet fierceness was still seen in his bushy brows. The furious winds shook his erect hair. Wild fear, at length, forced from his livid and quivering lips these horrid accents. Why has he not annihilated me ?—Wherefore not annihilated me, that no traces of me might remain in the creation ? Why was I not blasted by his lightnings ? Why did not his thunder strike me to the depths of the earth ?—But his ire reserves me for perpetual sufferings—torments without end.—Detested by my fellow-creatures—all nature abhors me—I abhor myself!—Already the attendants on guilt haunt me ; shame, remorse, despair !—Shut out from human society, banished from God, I shall, while on earth, feel the torments of hell—I feel them now. Cursed be thou, O arm, which so hastily executed the impulses of passion ! mayest thou wither on my body, like the blighted limb of a tree ! Cursed be the hour when a dream from hell deceived me---and thou, infernal fiend, who suggested it ! Where art thou now, that I may curse thee ? Art thou returned to hell ? Mayest thou there suffer incessantly what I now feel ! Nothing

worse can I wish thee. This is your triumph, ye spirits of darkness! Gaze on, ye devils, and wonder at my misery!--Spent with agony, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and remained without strength or voice, motionless as the dead. Then starting, he cried---Ha! what noise is that? It is the voice of murdered Abel!--He groans---I see his streaming blood! O my brother! my brother! in pity to my inexpressible anguish, cease to haunt me! He now continued sitting in speechless agony, sighs only bursting from his tortured heart.

In the mean time the father of mankind, with his amiable spouse, having left their cottage, came forth to enjoy the fragrance and beauty of the early day. With what majesty does the sun dart his first rays! cried Eve. How they gild the flimsy mist that hovers over yonder field! How charming the appearance of the country! Let us walk out, Adam, amid the dew, till the hour of labor calls thee to the field, and me to our dwelling. O my beloved! this earth is still lovely. See, Adam, how all the creatures rejoice: each bush, each eminence pours forth its melody! The beasts, too, how they frisk and bound, and chace each other! with what gaiety and life they welcome the morning rays!

Adam answered---Yes, my love, the earth is still beautiful; it bears visible marks of the presence of God, and of his infinite goodness, which our folly and ingratitude have not yet been able to exhaust. Yes, his mercy, his munificence, exceed the power of words to express; are too great for the rejoiced heart to conceive. Let us hasten, Eve, through these flowery fields, to the smiling pastures where Abel feeds his flock. Perhaps we may find that amiable, that dutiful son, chaunting his morning hymn, and, in devout melody, praising his Creator.

Dear Adam, returned Eve, let us first go to the field of Cain. I have in this basket brought a little present

for my first-born. I have culled out some of the best of my figs, and a few bunches of my finest dried grapes. They will be an agreeable refreshment for him, when at mid-day he retires to the shade, faint and fatigued with labor. Let us go to him first, my spouse ; for fain would I erase from his mind the idea, that he is not beloved by us with the same affection that we love his brother.

How attentive, my dearest, is thy tenderness ! replied Adam : I will accompany thee with joy to the field of Cain. Let us carry him thy present, that he may not say all our concern and love are lavished on Abel. May the serenity of this delightful morning dispose his heart to the impressions of tenderness ! They now redoubled their pace, and walked towards the open country. How happy, said Eve, as she was going on---how happy should I think myself, if when nature thus smiles, and awakens every sentiment of tenderness and joy, our first-born receives us with affection ! if his heart is open to the soft sensations of filial love !

They now came from behind some bushes, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice---who lies there ? Adam, who's that lies there !---He lieth not like one asleep---His face is on the ground---Those golden locks are Abel's---Adam, why do I tremble ?---Abel ! Abel ! awake---awake, my son ! turn to me thy face ! Awake, ah ! awake, dear son, from a sleep that freezes me with terror !---They approach nearer.---What do I see ! cried Adam, trembling, and retiring back. Blood !---blood, trickling from his temples ! His head is covered with blood !---O Abel : O my son !---my son !---my dear son ! cried Eve, lifting up his arm, stiffened by death ; then sunk, pale as the object she lamented, on Adam's throbbing breast. Horror and grief deprived them both of voice, when Cain, frantic with despair, came without design to the place where

lay the dead body of his brother, and seeing near the corpse his father motionless, and his mother pale and lifeless in his arms, he cried out, trembling---He is dead!---I killed him!---Cursed be the hour, O father of men! when thou begattest me! And thou, woman! cursed be the instant when thou broughtest me forth!---He is dead!---I killed him! repeated he, and fled.

Two lovers, united by a sense of their mutual perfections, enjoying sweet converse, sit near each other. A tempest suddenly rises: the subtle lightnings dart---the blue flames quiver o'er their heads. Each strives to succour each---alas! in vain---embracing still, they living seem, though void of life. Thus our first parents sat, pale and silent, without sign of life, except an universal trembling. Adam first recovered from his lethargy of stupid grief. Where am I? he cried, in broken accents---How I tremble! My God! my God!---Ah, there he lies!---wretched father!---What horrors shake my soul! How can I support the dreadful thought!---His brother killed him!---he has cursed us!---O Abel! O my son! My veins are chilled; my blood runs cold. Ah, miserable parent! One son has cursed thee; the other lies before thee, embued in his own blood. What evils, what torments have I brought on myself, and my wretched offspring! Ah, fatal sin!---and thou too, Eve, thou awakest not!---How my terrors increase! Art thou dead, too?---Am I left alone, a prey to anguish? Yet, O God, in the midst of desolation, I adore thy decrees, I revere thy justice---I am a sinner---An icy coldness insinuates itself into my beating heart. My eyes fail. O death! why delayest thou? O Abel! O my dear son!---He then again cast a look on the body: the tears flowed down his venerable face, and with them ran the cold sweat. Thou at last awakest, dear Eve, he continued, but alas! to what inexpressible tortures dost thou awake! Ah! what distress is seen in thy weeping eyes, dear companion of my misery!

Adam, replied Eve, in a fearful accent, is the murderer gone? The voice of cursing thunders no more--- I no longer hear the voice of his cursing. Curse me--- me alone, barbarous fratricide! I was the first sinner. O my child! my child! O Abel, my dearest son!--- She now sunk from the arms of Adam on the dead. My son---my son! she cried, speaking to the insensible clay, thine eyes are fixed: no more they turn on me. Awake, awake! Alas! I call in vain: he is dead!---That is death---the death with which we were threatened, when cursed by God after the fall. O insufferable torment!---I was the first sinner!---O my husband! spouse beloved and dear! thy tears rend my heart. It was I that seduced thee Of me---of me, O weeping father, demand thy son's blood! of me your brother, my wretched children!---Me---me curse, murderer of brothers! but spare your father---I was the first sinner! O my son! my son! thy blood rises against me!---it accuses me, unhappy parent!— Thus lamented the mother of the human race, while her tears streamed on the congealing blood.

Adam cast on his wife looks full of tenderness and grief. Dear Eve, said he, what exquisite pangs thou givest my bursting heart! Cease, I entreat thee, cease thus to torment me! I conjure thee, by our miseries, by our tender love, I conjure thee cease thus reproaching thyself! We both have sinned; we both are guilty. The bitter consequences of our crimes are but too sad remembrances of our ingratitude and folly. But the Almighty, whom we have offended, the God who chastises us, still regards us with a pitying eye.--Yes, my God! we are yet allowed to supplicate thee in our distress. Thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinner. We yet live, Eve, and our souls are out of the reach of death. It can only strip us of this body, subject to pain and grief. Our immortal souls will, if we are virtuous, triumph over death, and enjoy permanent felicity in the realms of happiness and glory, where we

shall behold the light of God's countenance, and incessantly praise him to all eternity. This, my beloved, ought to be our consolation---our great consolation ; but his murderer is his brother ! Ah ! my first-born killed his brother !

Yes, dear son ! cried Eve, her tears still flowing ; death has delivered thee from solicitude, pain and grief. Thou art no more exposed to suffer. We should wish to follow thee. Alas ! we must still endure tribulations and inquietudes, from which thou art now exempt. But I can cease to weep, while I remember thy virtue, thy piety, thy filial love ! O Adam ! what a sight of horror is now that precious body ! Where are those smiles, the sweet emanations of filial tenderness, that used to be seen on his countenance ? How faded, how livid are his bloody cheeks ! We shall no more hear from those lips seraphic harmony ! no more have our souls raised to God by his angelic converse ! no more will they express the endearing sensations of his heart ! Those eyes, now fixed in death, with what delight and transport have I seen them shed tears of joy, when I have given him signs of the love, the inexpressible love that warmed my heart, charmed with his spotless virtue ! Ah, my son ! thy weeping mother must for ever deplore thy death. O sin, sin, dreadful are thy inroads ! what hideous forms dost thou assume ! Abel, dear Abel ! I, thy mother, thine unhappy mother---exquisite woe ! am also the mother of thy murderer ! Here her speech again failing, she remained motionless on the cold corpse, void of sensation. When Adam, with a deep sigh, cried---How am I abandoned ! All around me is a gloomy desert. Nature seems to have changed her face. No longer she smiles on me. Alas ! he is dead !---he who filled my life with soft consolation, sweet pleasure, and gladdening hope, is no more ! Dear Abel ! is it true that thou art dead ? Is it---can it be true, that it was Cain, that horror of na-

ture ! who——O God ! thou beholdest our extreme desolation. Oh ! pardon, pardon our lamentations ! Forgive us, that we lie mourning in the dust like a worm ! and what are we more in thy sight ? Pardon us, though we mourn in the dust like the trampled worm, half crushed by the heedless foot of the passenger.

Adam now stood pale and silent as the statue of Grief on a mossy tomb surrounded with funeral cypress. At length he turned to the body of his murdered son, and stooping to Eve, gently withdrew her feeble hand from the corpse, and pressed it with ardor to his breast. Eve, my dear companion, awake ! said he, hanging over ; awake, dear spouse, awake ! Turn thy looks on me ! Cease to wash with thy tears the insensible dust ! Sink not thus under the weight of thy grief ! Has thy sorrow for thy son stifled all tenderness, all concern for me, thine husband ? Turn, dear spouse, turn thy looks on me ! It is just that we should feel, keenly feel our loss ; that the horrors of death should terrify us ; that we should mourn the fatal consequences of our sin : but to be thus overcome by grief, thus overpowered by dejection, is criminal. It is as if we reproached Eternal Justice, as punishing with too much severity. O Eve ! give not way to this culpable despair, lest Divine Mercy, irritated by our obstinacy, should deem us unworthy of consolation. Eve immediately turned her face from the body towards Adam, and, raising her humid eyes to heaven, said, Forgive, O God ! Forgive my grief ! pardon my tears ! Do you, my dearest spouse, my love, my life, forgive my sorrow ! My distress is beyond all words ! yet thou still lovest me---me, who seduced thee to commit the crime we now deplore. Thou hatest me not, though this frightful murder of one of thy sons by the other, is the result of my transgression. Ah, Adam ! let me weep in thine arms ; let me once more weep on my child's body, and mingle my tears with his blood ! She then

pressed her face, bedewed with tears, on Adam's hand.

YOUTH THE PROPER SEASON FOR GAINING KNOWLEDGE, AND FORMING RELIGIOUS HABITS.

GILPIN.

THE duty which young people owe to their instructors, cannot be better shown, than in the effect which the instructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to consider the advantages of an early attention to these two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great use of knowledge, in all its various branches, (to which the learned languages are generally considered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance ; and to give it juster and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, we add the experience of others to our own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man ; and gives one man a real superiority over another.

Besides, the mind must be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much engrossed by those employments, in which the necessities of life engage them ; and it is happy that they have. Labor stands in the room of education ; and fills up those vacancies of mind, which, in a state of idleness, would be engrossed by vice. And if they, who have more leisure, do not substitute something in the room of this, their minds also will become the prey of vice ; and the more so, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that

house mentioned in the gospel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, they took possession. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each succeeding vice becomes more depraved. If then the mind must be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquisition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he has afforded us; and not turn into a curse those means of leisure, which might become so great a blessing.

But however necessary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more so. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, superiority and rank in life; but the other is absolutely essential to his happiness.

In the midst of youth, health and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires; and, in a degree, satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us: and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seasons, and, above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where shall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a studious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we shall never do it: that we shall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice, by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fittest season. The mind is then ready to receive any impression. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is stronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge ; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more suited to those parts of learning which are conversant in words. Besides, there are sometimes in youth a modesty and ductility, which in advanced years, if those years especially have been left a prey to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice ; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge. But, above all, unless habits of attention and application are easily gained, we shall scarcely acquire them afterwards. The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this ; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue : it will make every thing smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting ; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside ; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation : whereas he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. In the common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever. How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best ; and to form these habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed !

There are persons, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge

for themselves ; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also ; and the minds of youth left void of all impressions ? The experiment, I fear, in both cases, would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else should find entrance, vice certainly would : and it would make the larger shoots, as the soul would be vacant. It would be better that young persons receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind comes to reflect, it may deposit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last : but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which will qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adopted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood ; to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted. If we have sauntered away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life, and make us a burden to ourselves and useless to society. If again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and end in dissolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life ; and

what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation as soon as it appears.

THE VISION OF ALMET.

HAWKESWORTH.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose ;
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear.

POPE.

ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the East, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly on him, with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

‘ Almet,’ said the stranger, ‘ thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess ; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment ; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off ; and my heart sinks, when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the

path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me. For this purpose I am come : a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.' Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality : but the serenity of his countenance soon returned ; and stretching out his hands towards heaven, 'Stranger,' said he, 'the knowledge I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee.'

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, my eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me ; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which were visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy ? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves, whom I see leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendor of the tints, regarded with delight by those, to whom custom has rendered them familiar ? Or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert ; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon ? where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the travellers from a sense of toil and danger ; of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay ? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost

by the wretch who seeks them in the mine ; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature ; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known ; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of sensibility and labor ? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man ! And if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made ?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared. I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast my eyes upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. ‘ Almet,’ said he, ‘ thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipices of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding : It is again open before thee ; look up, consider it, and be wise.’

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk ; at the end, a wild desert ; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty. On the one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on

the other, were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace. His eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power. His features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eyes were again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to inquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: 'The book of nature,' said he, 'is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.' I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren. On the path there was no verdure. and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active. He kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence. Sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of

his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again towards the angel, impatient to inquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected ; but he again prevented my request : ‘ Almet,’ said he, ‘ remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another ; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end. The value of this period of thy existence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy. The song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen ; the river glided by unnoticed, and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

‘ What then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed ? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue ; and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen ; and let my words be written on the tablets of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to man.’

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me. and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts, to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee; but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou 'rejoice in hope,' and look forward to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spoke, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

The following Extract from the Memoirs of Marmontel, contains some wholesome advice, and will be serviceable to those who prefer good eye-sight and a clear head, to the pleasures of hard drinking.

MORE happy than he, I found, in study and occupation, consolation for the little frowns I endured from fortune. But as my character was never that of a stoic, I paid less patiently to nature, the tribute of pain she every year imposed on me. Though I habitually had good and full health, I was subject to a headache of a very singular species. This disorder is called the CLAVUS: its seat is under the eye-brow. It is the beating of an artery, each of whose pulsations is a dart that seems to pierce to the very soul. I cannot express the pain of it; and lively and profound as it

is, one single point is only affected by it. This point is above the eye, the place to which the pulsation of an interior artery corresponds. I explain all this, the better to make you understand an interesting phenomenon.

“ For seven years, this head-ache returned to me at least once a year, and lasted twelve or fifteen days, not continually, but by fits, like a fever, and every day at the same hour, with little variation ; it continued about six hours, announcing itself by a tension in the neighboring veins and fibres, and by pulsations not quicker, but stronger, in the artery where the pain was. At its commencement, this pain was almost insensible ; and it gradually increased and diminished in the same way before it left me : but during four hours, at least, it was in all its force. What appeared astonishing was, that the fit once finished, no trace of pain was left in the part ; and that neither the rest of the day, nor the following night, until the next day, at the usual hour, were the least remains of it felt. The physicians, whom I consulted, had in vain attempted to cure me. Bark, bleeding at the foot, emolient liquors, fumigations, sneezing powders, were all tried without effect. Some of these remedies, the bark for instance, only served to irritate my complaint.

“ One of the Queen’s physicians, whose name was Malouin, a very skillful man, but a greater Purgon than Purgon himself, conceived the idea of prescribing for me injections made of the infusions of herbs. These did me no good ; but at the end of its accustomed period, the disease ceased : and Malouin was proud of so fine a cure. I did not disturb his triumph ; but he took this opportunity to give me a gentle reprimand, “ Well, my good friend,” said he, “ you will in future have faith in medicine, and in the knowledge of physicians ?” I assured him that my faith was very strong. “ No,” he replied, “ you sometimes suffer

yourself to speak of it rather lightly. This does you harm in the world. Among men of letters and science, the most illustrious have always respected our art." To prove this, he cited some great name. "Voltaire himself," added he, "who censures so many things, has always spoken with respect of medicine, and of physicians." "Yes, Doctor," answered I; "but there was one Moliere!" "Aye," said he, looking at me with a fixed eye, and pressing my hand, "and how did he die?"

"The seventh year, my complaint again attacked me, when one day, whilst the fit was on me, I saw Genson, the farrier of the Dauphin's stables, enter my room. Genson gave some distinguished articles to the *Encyclopædiæ*, on the subjects relative to his art. He had made a particular study of the comparative anatomy between the man and the horse. Not only for the diseases, but also for the nourishment and treatment of horses, no one was better informed than he; but he was little practised in the art of writing, and he had recourse to me to retouch his style. He came with his papers at the moment when, for three hours, I had been suffering torture. "M. Genson," said I, "it is impossible for me to peruse your labors with you to-day; I suffer too cruelly." He saw my right eye enflamed, and all the fibres of the temple and the eye-lid palpitating and spasmodic.—He asked me the cause of my complaint; I told him what I knew of it; and after some account of my constitution, my manner of living, and my habitual health—"is it possible," said he, "that the physicians can have suffered you to linger so long under a disease, of which it was so easy to cure you?" "What!" answered I, with astonishment, "do you know its remedy?" "Yes—nothing is more simple. In three days you shall be cured; and even to-morrow you shall be relieved." "How?" asked I, with a feeble and timid hope. "When your ink is too thick, and does not run," said he, "what do you do." "I put water to it."

“ Well then, put water to your lymph ; it will flow, and will no longer choak the glands of the pituitary membrane, which at present confines the artery, whose pulsations bruise the neighboring nerves, and cause you so much pain.” “ Is that indeed,” asked I, “ the cause of my disease ?” “ Certainly ” said he. In the bone there is a small cavity, call the FRONTAL SINUS. It is lined with a membrane which is a tissue of little glands. This membrane, in its natural state, is as thin as a leaf. It is now thick and choaked ; it wants to be disengaged ; and the means are easy and sure. Dine temperately to-day ; no RAGOUTS, no pure wine, nor coffee, nor LIQUORS ; and, instead of supper this evening, drink as much clear and fresh water as your stomach can properly bear : to-morrow morning drink the same ; observe this regimen for a few days ; and I predict that to-morrow the pain will decrease, that the day after to-morrow it will be almost insensible, and that next day it will be nothing.” “ Ah ! M. Genson you will be my guarding angel,” said I, “ if your prediction be realized.” It was indeed realized. Genson called on me again ; and, as I embraced him and announced my recovery, “ It is not enough to have cured you,” said he ; “ you must be preserved from a future attack. This part will still be feeble for some years ; and, till the membrane shall have resumed its spring and elasticity, it will be there that the thickened lymph will again depose itself. This must be prevented. You have told me, that the first symptom of your complaint is a tension in the veins and fibres of the temple and the eye-lid. The moment you feel this inconvenience, drink water and resume your regimen at least for a few days. The remedy of your disorder will be its preventative. Beside, this precaution will only be necessary for a few years. The organ once re-established, I ask nothing more of you.” His prescription was exactly observed, and I obtained from it the full success that he had announced.”

FINIS.

THE AMERICAN PROSE MISCELLANY
Philadelphia, 1809

Bound in full brown marbled leather.

When received the leather was rotten and part of the spine was missing. The sewing structure was sound.

Treatment: The sewing was reinforced with stabjoint endsheets of Nideggen. A 50/50 mixture of Jade 403 and methylcellulose was used against the text-block. The book was cased in full maroon buckram with a maroon Canson Ingres paper label inlaid onto the spine.

Ellen Anne Owings

1985

